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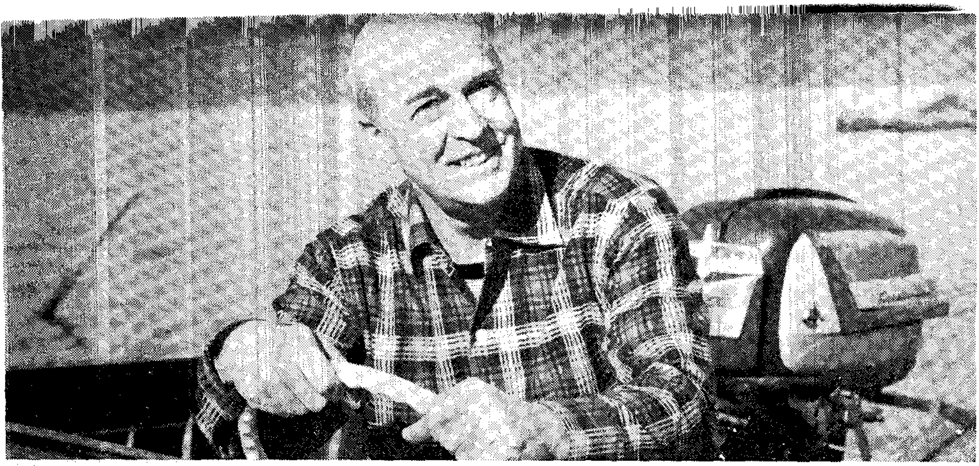

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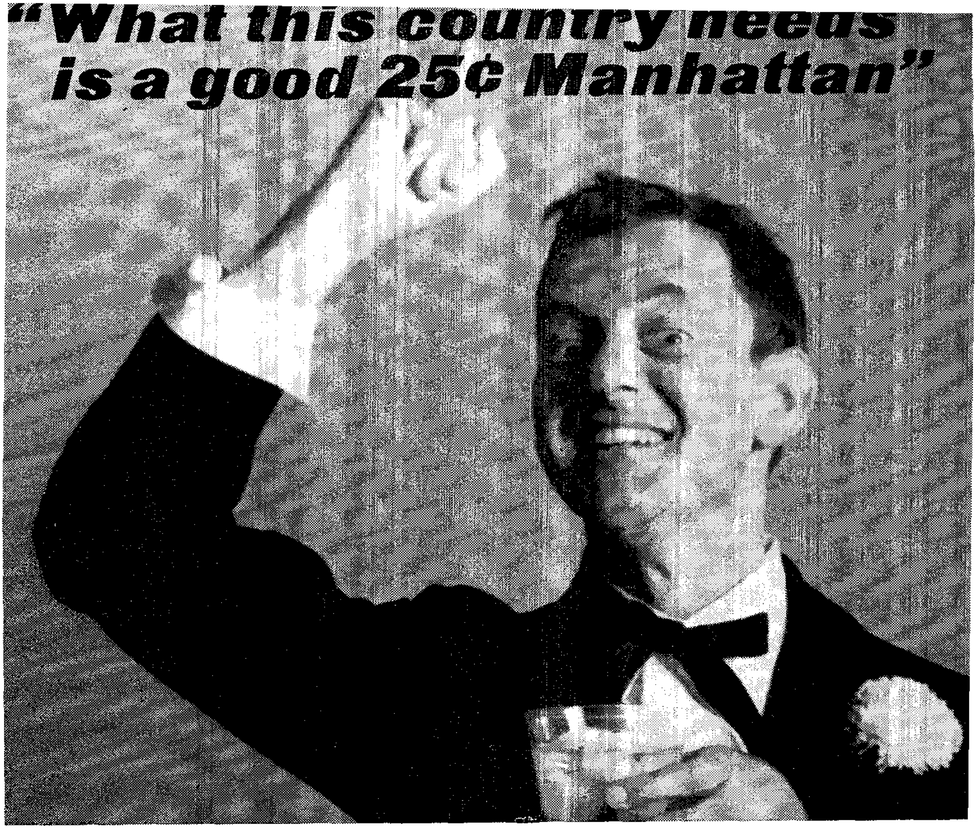

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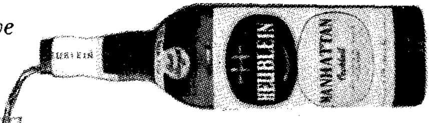

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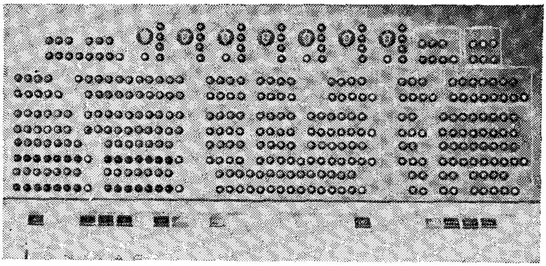

Circulation Department's Univac can "remember" 3,600,000 names.

DID YOU EVER wonder what happens when you write us about a CORONET subscription or change of address? It's a complex business for a magazine with a growing circulation, now nearly at the 3,200,000 mark. Once our circulation department was only an office in our Chicago headquarters; today it occupies a handsome brick and stone building in the foothills of the Rockies in Boulder, Colorado. There 240 employees operate a pioneering electronic plant that uses the most modern equipment available. Heart of the system is a Remington Rand Univac File Computer. This remarkable machine can store 3,600,000 names in four square feet and can rattle off 35,000 addresses on gummed tape in an hour. Most magazines still use stamped metal address plates to print the tapes; these only handle 8,000 names an hour, and require more office space. Our equipment's increased efficiency means 60 percent less delay in entering subscriptions. It is so sensitive that power variations caused by a snowstorm resulted in a number of malfunctions last winter, and our Boulder colleagues regret the inconvenience to a few readers. But scientists from Remington Rand, working with our technicians, now say that their "brain" should have no more headaches. The rest of us in CORONET's editorial and advertising offices in New York, and publishing plant in Chicago, envy the Boulder crew out in that mountain air, with ski trails and camping sites just minutes away. We also envy their tranquil offices where, like a man with his memories, the Univac silently spins off the friendly names of the cities and towns and streets of America, and of all of you, dear readers.

The Editors

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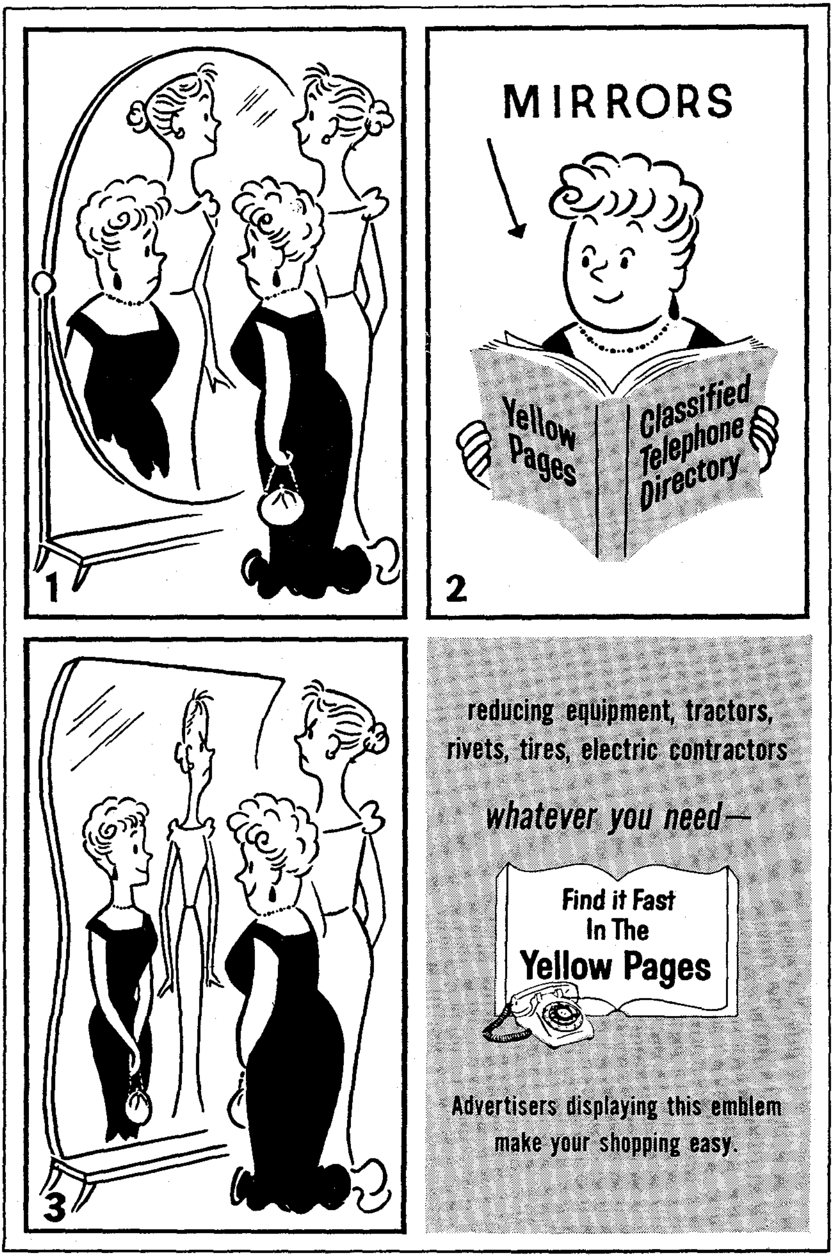

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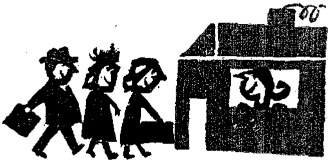
Cover ....PHOTOGRAPH BY PHOEBE DUNN

all about you

Healthy blushes; who's boss?; relatively close; just between us

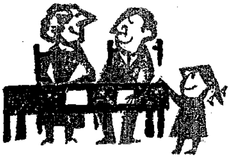


FAMILY TIES

Family ties in America today are strong, despite the move to the suburbs and the smaller family unit. Separate studies in Buffalo, Detroit and Los Angeles show that half the middle-class families saw relatives at least once a week. In New Haven, three out of four families interviewed were providing essential help to relatives. Wives are almost twice as likely to get homesick and to visit with parents as their husbands, a Utah survey found. But more men than women felt that their spouse's family strengthened their marriages. There was no significant difference between the husband's and the wife's parents as a source of in-law trouble.

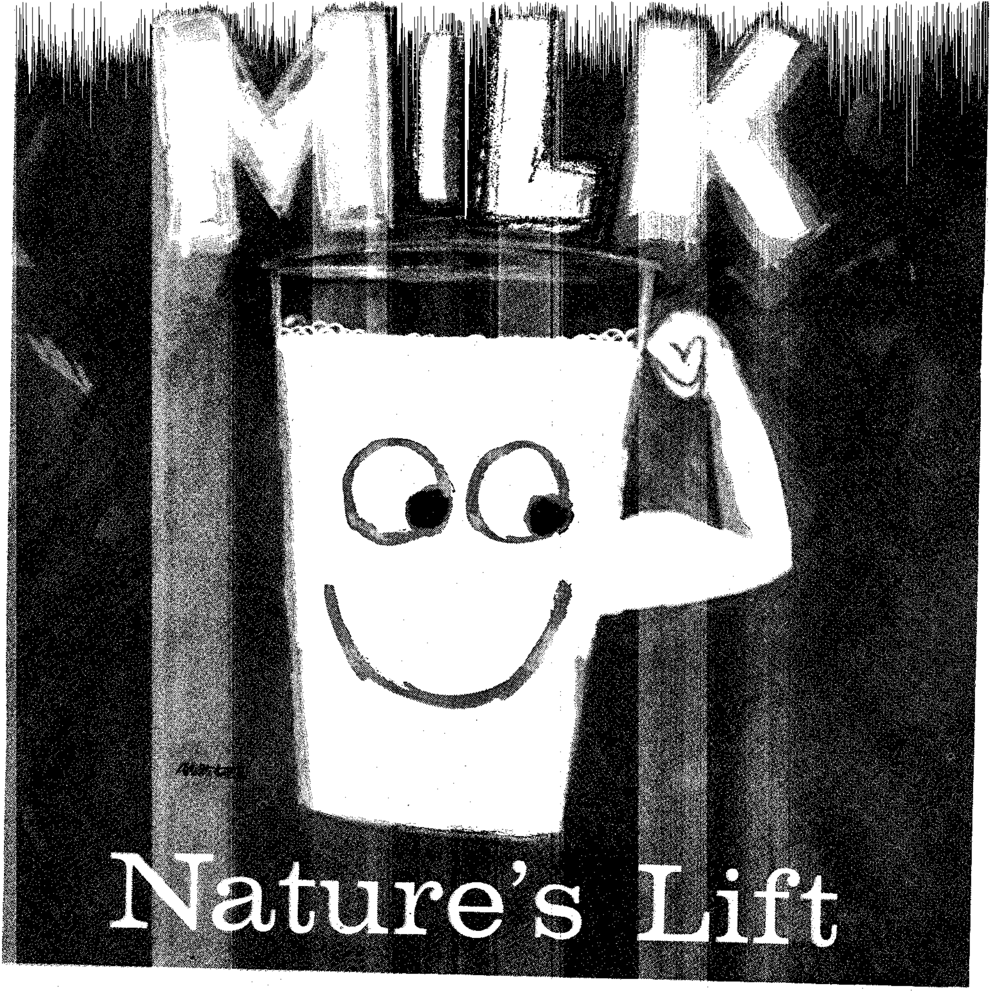
WHY WE BLUSH

"Man is the only animal that blushes—or needs to," Mark Twain caustically observed. Dr. S. Sandor Feldman of the University of Rochester says that blushing is a healthy sign. He has found that it is prevalent everywhere, even among savages who live naked. What brings the blood to our cheeks, however, is not shame at the truth, but a guilty feeling that we are concealing the truth. When truth is hidden, we give ourselves away by blushing, Dr. Feldman believes, and this is why children, who are innocent of deceit, only begin to blush as they grow older and learn the ways of adult hypocrisy. Perhaps the English 18th-century playwright William Congreve was close to the mark when he said, "I always take blushing as a sign either of guilt or ill-breeding." All of which speaks well for the modern woman: on her tanned cheeks the blush is rare.



WHO DOES WHAT?

Instead of centering on paternal authority, families today are like "a corporation which makes its decisions in staff conferences," according to a University of Michigan research team. Interviews with 731 Detroit families disclosed how husbands and wives divide household decisions and chores. More than two-thirds of the husbands always mow the lawn, shovel snow and make home repairs;



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about the same number of wives always do the dishes, cook breakfast for working husbands and tidy the living room when guests are coming. Wives tend to pay the bills (41 percent) and buy groceries (56 percent). But many husbands share equally in these tasks (34 and 29 percent). In decision-making, the husbands usually controlled what kind of job he should take and what kind of car to buy. Wives predominated only in deciding how much to spend a week on food. Such matters as buying life insurance, where to go on vacation and what house to live in were usually joint decisions. The researchers found that there is "a new generation of American wives who are more resourceful and competent than their grandmothers. They are no longer content to sit quietly by while their husbands make the decisions."

A FRIEND IN NEED

Being able to "let one's hair down" and disclose innermost feelings to a friend is an advantage most women have over men. It may even be one reason women live longer, according to Dr. Sidney Jourard, University of Florida psychologist. Most of us have to play a part in life, live up to roles that "may be so restrictive that they fit a person in a manner not too different from the girdle of a 200-pound lady who is struggling to look like Brigitte Bardot," Dr. Jourard notes. Women seem better able to make the kind of relationships that allow them to shed this girdle now and then—be themselves and express their feelings. Men feel they must keep up a solid front. The strain is often to blame for loneliness, ulcers and more serious illness. These are times, says Dr. Jourard, when "being manly," whatever that means, is slow suicide.

MIDDLE-CLASS DELINQUENTS

Why do well-off families who live in good neighborhoods and have no record of divorce or family tension sometimes have delinquent sons? In a study of "good" and "bad" boys from good homes, Drs. Albert Bandura of Stanford University and Richard Walters of Toronto University found that the chief difference was a lack of conscience in the delinquents. These boys behaved themselves *only* when afraid of being caught misbehaving. Disciplining the unruly teenagers, the psychologists found, was relatively ineffective. But the good boys had been disciplined from infancy, when their complete dependence on their parents made it easier to teach them. They had developed a sense of conscience. The key to the problem, the scientists agreed, was starting discipline at an early age.

Common sense about the common cold

You catch cold quicker when you haven't taken care of yourself and your defenses are down.

So the most sensible way to *combat* a cold is to give your body a chance to build up again. Otherwise, the cold can make you still weaker, and more serious infections can take hold.

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TV's Pied Piper

"Captain Kangaroo" and furry friend on camera.

ACCLAIMED by parents, psychiatrists and winner of numerous awards, Bob Keeshan, 33, this month begins his sixth year on C.B.S.-TV as **Captain Kangaroo.** Six mornings weekly, "TV's Pied Piper" entertains—and subtly educates—his devoted followers, aged three to nine, and numbering about 7,000,000.

"I want to remain a children's entertainer," says Keeshan. "*Captain Kangaroo* is not so much a show as a visit between two friends—the child at home and me." To protect this happy relationship he bars audiences from his TV studio.

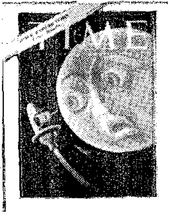
Keeshan's genial gentleness tends to hide the hard-working man of action behind it. He tapes an average of eight shows a week—52 weeks a year—conducts "Fun with Music" concerts across the country for children, records music albums and supervises the planning of other TV shows by his company. This ambitious, heavy-jowled (5′10″, 180 pounds) producer-actor has three projects earmarked for the future: a daytime television serial, a situation comedy and movies aimed at family entertainment.

"I'm a character actor," says Keeshan. "Losing my own identity to Captain Kangaroo doesn't disturb me. Actually, we try to de-emphasize my other self, because we treat the Captain as a real person."

The old captain he portrays reflects Keeshan's analytical shrewdness: "I've always been intrigued by the warm relationship between older men and youngsters. And children love adults whose pockets bulge with treats for them. So we devised the big, pouchlike pockets from which the character could pull out surprises. We chose a suitable background and dubbed it The Treasure House. Since captains go well with treasure and his pouch pockets were so prominent, we named him Captain Kangaroo. To make me look older, I use a graying mustache and hairpiece."

The Captain's helpers include Mr. Green Jeans (portrayed by Hugh Brannum, an ex-bass player for Fred Waring), assorted hand puppets (manipulated and acted by Gus Allegretti) and guests ranging from jet pilots to jazz musicians. He parades an astonishing variety of animals—over 200 different kinds shown so far—before his wide-eyed viewers weekly.

Behind the scenes, Keeshan has a staff of 23—most of them parents and under 35. Finding material for



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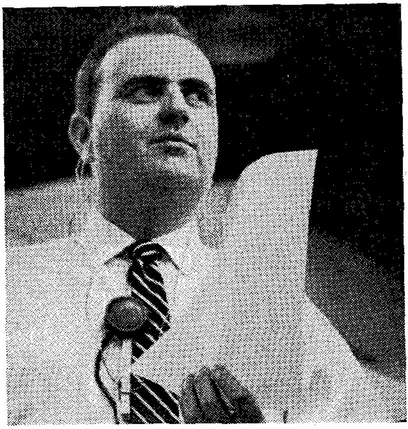
the show is no problem, Keeshan claims. "The problem is editing the abundance of ideas we have. We build programs around one-word themes: walking, clocks, elections. Kids can grasp almost anything; adults underestimate them."

Armed with only a general outline, Keeshan ad-libs most of his dialogue. The blue-eyed, brown-haired actor prefers a casual approach to cliff-hanger excitement. "Violence and slapstick don't belong in children's programs," he says.

Keeshan never appears before small-fry fans without his Kangaroo costume and make-up. "It bothers me when parents point me out to their kids if I'm dressed as myself," he says. "I'm out of character—too fat, too young and I don't look at all like the Captain. It's like telling a child there's no Santa Claus."

Off-camera, Keeshan resembles a young, balding Robert Morley. He wears the same ensemble daily: white shirt, black tie, black socks and loafers. "I hate decisions about clothes," he explains.

Keeshan describes his own childhood as "delightfully free from worries and insecurities." The third of four children born to a New York grocer and his wife, the Irish-descended Bob found a daytime job as an N.B.C. page boy while he attended evening pre-law courses in 1947. Bob Smith, creator of *Howdy Doody*, noticed Keeshan at N.B.C. and cast him as a clown, Clarabelle, on the show. Keeshan played the part for five years, evolving his own ideas about programming for children. Along the way, he abandoned his law studies. "At the rate I was going, I *might* have graduated in 1964," he calculates. "I've never regretted the turn in my life. But I've retained an interest in law, and most of my leisure reading is devoted to the subject."



The man behind **Kangaroo's** make-up: Bob Keeshan.

Keeshan met his attractive, red-haired wife, Jeanne, in 1950 when she was working as a TV-studio receptionist. Five months later, they were married. They have three children: Michael, nine; Laurie, seven, and Maeve, five. Bob's hobbies include collecting antique mustache cups from which he often drinks coffee on the set; and sailing his cabin cruiser, *The Self-Defense*, "bought for that reason," he explains. "Around Babylon, Long Island, where we live, everybody is boat-conscious and boat-owning." —MARK NICHOLS

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Heiress with a legacy of pep

COMBINING AN acting career and a busy social life with the task of rearing children takes super-energy. But **Dina Merrill** says she "inherited it from my hyperactive parents"—Mrs. Marjorie Post May, heiress to the Post Toasties fortune, and stockbroker E. F. Hutton.

With three films already completed this year—*Butterfield 8,* co-starring with Elizabeth Taylor and Laurence Harvey; *The Sundowners,* with Deborah Kerr and Robert Mitchum, and *A Matter of Conviction,* opposite Burt Lancaster—Dina has had few idle moments.

Driven by a consuming ambition and the knowledge that she had resumed acting late for leading lady parts—she is in her mid-30s—wealthy Dina Merrill works hard to prove she is no dilettante. She interrupted her acting career in 1946 to marry Stanley Rumbough Jr., management consultant and heir to the Colgate empire, and to rear their children: Lee, 13; David, 11, and Nedenia ("Nina"), eight. "I may not eat off the money I earn," she says, "but I resent society people who condescendingly comment about my work in surprised tones. It's taken a lot of time and training to get where I am."

Producers regard Dina as "another Grace Kelly" because of her blond hair, blue eyes and "lady-like" demeanor. Television accelerated her acting comeback. An eight-minute scene opposite Jackie Gleason in *The Time of Your Life* won Dina three movie parts, including *Operation Petticoat,* opposite Tony Curtis and Cary Grant.

On the set, co-workers refer to this native New Yorker's dressing room as "The Office," because between takes she is constantly answering mail, paying bills, planning charity drives for the New York City Mission Society and telephoning her household staff of three.

Dina Merrill: a new Grace Kelly?

Dina also studies singing daily. "I have a tiny voice now," she says, "but I'll make it bigger. It's my ace in the hole!"

Playing tennis with her husband helps keep Dina's 5′7″, 120-pound figure trim.

Nedenia Hutton is her real name; for the stage, she chose Diana ("a name I've always liked") Merrill ("borrowed from my brother-in-law"), but a fellow actor persuaded her to drop an "a" from Diana.

"I've wanted to act since I was 14," she muses, "and it's been all the fun I imagined it would be."—M.N.

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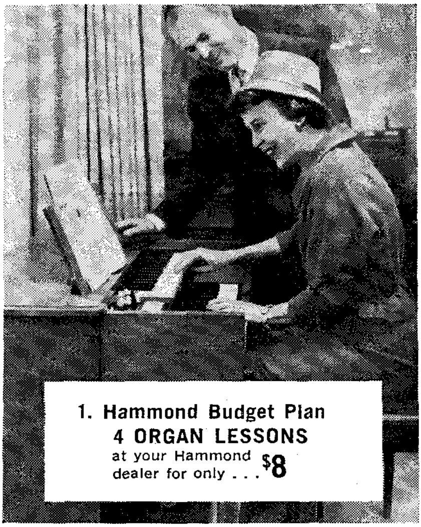

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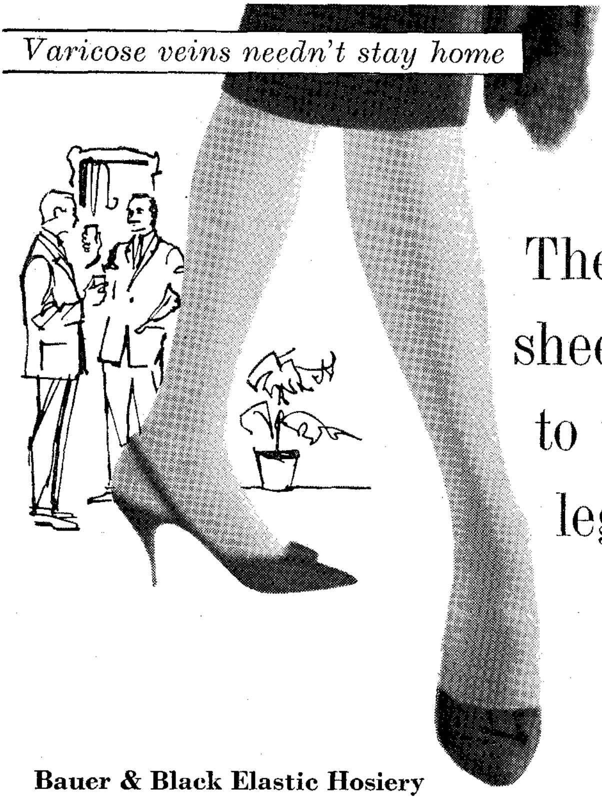

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These elastic nylons are knit with rubber in every supporting strand. Only rubber has the true "snap-back" action needed for full support. For complete comfort and relief.

The world's largest manufacturer of elastic hosiery, Bauer & Black, provides a style for every occasion. Available—with expert fitting—at leading drug, department, surgical stores.

Write for Free Booklet

For booklet of complete facts on varicose veins and elastic hosiery, write Bauer & Black, Dept. C-10, 309 W. Jackson Blvd., Chicago 6, Ill.

Bauer & Black Elastic Hosiery

THE KENDALL COMPANY
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DIVISION

Gunsmoke's dancing doctor

"PLAYING DOC ADAMS is a bit like reliving a piece of my childhood," says character actor Milburn Stone, whose crusty portrayal of a frontier physician enlivens **Gunsmoke** on C.B.S.-TV Saturday nights.

"I based my characterization of Adams on Doc Hempstead, our old family doctor, and my paternal grandfather, Joe Stone. They were both always ribbing—but completely deadpan about it."

Stone, a theater and movies veteran for over 30 of his 55 years, hails from Burrton, Kansas, 140 miles from Dodge City, the setting for *Gunsmoke*. "I used to pick up Indian arrowheads as a boy," he recalls. His father was manager of a grain elevator, and Milburn was the second of three children. His brother Hugh is now a San Francisco newspaper editor.

"My brother named his son after me," says Stone. "Everybody likes the name but me—but I was acting before I could change it. People on the show all call me Millie."

The 5′ 9″, 162-pound Stone has worked out his own concept of Doc Adams' past. "He's a Midwesterner who served his internship in the East, got into trouble and arrived in Dodge City as a cynic. He gets paid in livestock and vegetables, but his only concern is, 'Are you sick?' "

Milburn Stone: proud and busy.

His make-up for the role takes him only three minutes to put on. "All I do is accentuate facial crevasses, darken lines around my eyes and gray my hair more. Then I add flopping glasses and I'm ready to work," Stone reveals.

Now in its sixth year, *Gunsmoke*'s ratings "rival the popularity of the Amos & Andy shows of the '30s," Stone proudly tells you. "Why, McCook, Nebraska, had to change late-shopping night to Thursdays because of us."

Together with co-regulars Amanda Blake ("Kitty") and Dennis Weaver ("Chester"), Stone has formed a personal-appearances act featuring songs, soft-shoe dances and acrobatics. Highly successful, the trio keeps busy playing arenas across the U. S. during show sabbaticals and weekends.

Adept at furniture and cabinetmaking, Stone builds household items for *Gunsmoke* co-workers. His first wife died in 1937, and he is a grandfather today via his only daughter. He married Jane Garrison, an executive of the Ralph Edwards organization, in 1940.

Stone often travels 300 miles from their Van Nuys, California, home to fish in Lake Mead, near Boulder Dam. "I catch more fresh air than fish," he says, "but I love the country around there."—M.N.

Troublemaker

He is the silent one. He never speaks up on issues. He never sounds off in the letter column of his local newspaper. He never writes his Congressman. He is quiet as a clam. And in his wish to offend nobody, he offends Democracy. How could Democracy succeed...if all of us, like this one, withheld our opinions, our ideas, our criticisms? Voting on election day is only part of a citizen's duty. Active, day-by-day participation in government, in society, in business associations, is a responsibility for each and every one of us. The *silent* troublemaker fails to understand this. In his worship of "law and order," he never dares to question an oppressive law, never distinguishes "order" from stagnation. He is the apostle of social decay, not democracy.

P. S. *Democracy* begins at home. NATIONWIDE, in a unique experiment in economic democracy, seeks the counsel of its many policyholder-citizens by bringing them together with top management each Spring for a round-table discussion on personal, financial and insurance affairs. For more information on NATIONWIDE's Advisory Committee of Policyholders, ask your neighborhood NATIONWIDE representative.

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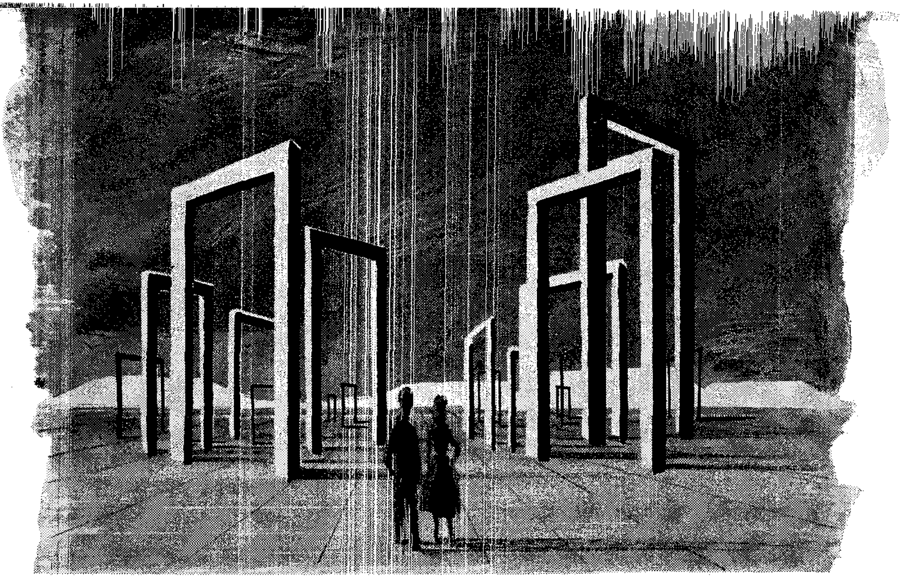

CORONET FILMS FOR GUIDANCE

Films help teen-agers find new approaches to educational, career, and personal problems.

Young people today confront a complicated, often perplexing, world. Concerned with programs of study, careers, and relationships with other people, they turn for guidance to parents, school, and church.

Recognizing these needs, many schools and churches have retained the skilled personnel to meet them. These trained counselors, in turn, rely upon such modern techniques as Coronet guidance films to make their efforts even more effective. Now, almost 100 motion pictures, produced with the aid of experts, are available to enrich the guidance program in junior and senior high schools.

These films pioneered in the field by featuring a device which has proved its value in countless situations. Not content with pat answers—or with the same answer for everyone—Coronet guidance films help youngsters gain clear definitions of their problems . . . and, through real-life stories stimulate discussion and critical thinking.

Guidance counselors everywhere are turning to Coronet films for the materials which will make good programs even better.

Purchase under National Defense Education Act

In many states, Coronet guidance films may be purchased by schools for certain programs under provisions of the National Defense Education Act (Title V). Those considering such purchases should consult their school superintendent for full details.

The films listed on the next page are designed primarily for use in high school. Coronet has produced many other guidance films for the lower grade levels. For a complete catalogue describing all these 16mm sound motion pictures, use the coupon on the next page.

AND COUNSELING

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College: Your Challenge
Good Sportsmanship
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Making the Most of School
School Spirit and Sportsmanship
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How To Judge Facts
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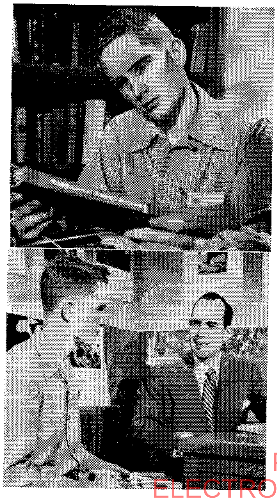
How To Prepare a Class Report
How To Read a Book
How To Remember
How To Study
How To Think
How To Write Your Term Paper



How We Learn
Importance of Making Notes
Keep Up With Your Studies
Know Your Library
Learning from Class Discussion
Library Organization
Look It Up! (Dictionary Habits)
School Rules: How They Help Us

PERSONAL GUIDANCE

Act Your Age (Emotional Maturity)
Benefits of Looking Ahead
Better Use of Leisure Time
Control Your Emotions
Developing Friendships
Developing Leadership
Developing Self-Reliance
Developing Your Character
Earning Money While Going to School
Feeling Left Out? (Social Adjustment)
The Fun of Being Thoughtful
Good Grooming for Girls
Good Table Manners
How Friendly Are You?
How Honest Are You?
How To Get Cooperation
Make Your Own Decisions
Overcoming Fear
Overcoming Worry
Planning for Success
Respect for Property
Right or Wrong? (Making Moral Decisions)
School Activities and You
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Shy Guy
Snap Out of It! (Emotional Balance)
Understand Your Emotions
Understanding Your Ideals
What Is Conscience?
Your Thrift Habits

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(Family Living)

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Date Etiquette
Family Life
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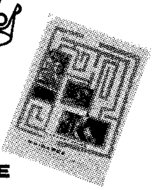
The Meaning of Engagement
Mind Your Manners!
Social Courtesy
Who Should Decide? (Areas of Parental Authority)
You and Your Parents



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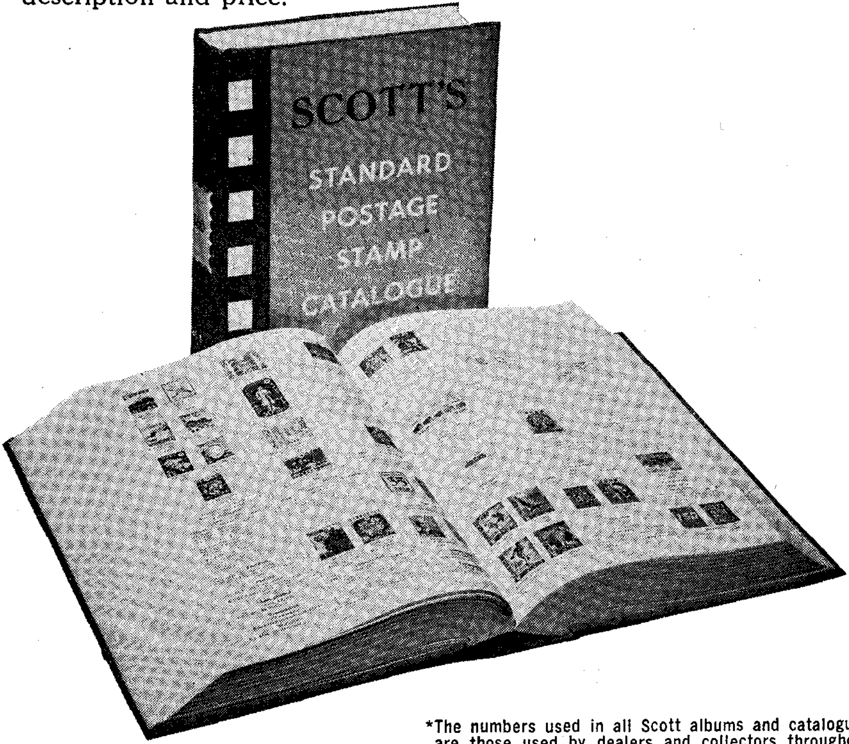

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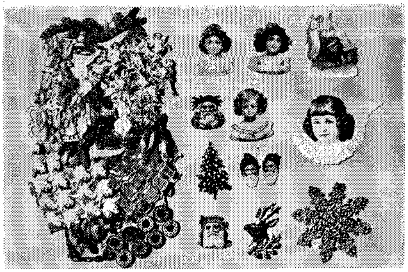
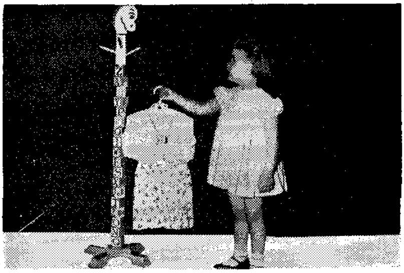
PRODUCTS ON PARADE

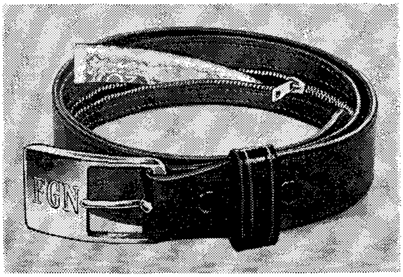
edited by Florence Semon



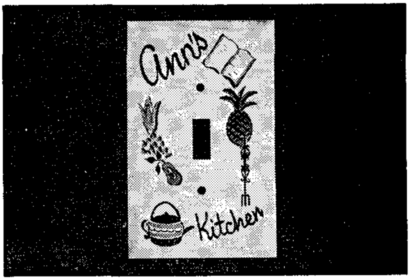
Christmas kit of rare Victorian scrap pictures is excellent for making unusual cards, decorating boxes or enhancing gift packages. Contains 150 items of 30 different designs including gold borders and snowflakes. $2.75 pp. A.L. Brandon, C, 215 E. 59th St., N.Y. 22, N.Y.



Clotheshorse. Pony Block Tree makes hanging up clothes fun for the younger set. Shiny enameled ABC blocks can be arranged to spell out child's name. Solid wood throughout with four hangers. $5.95 pp. Childcraft Equipment, CC, 155 E. 23rd St., New York 10, N.Y.



He can stash cash in this handsome belt with zippered inner pocket. Top-grain cowhide; 1¼" wide. Two or 3 initial monogram on buckle. Gold-plated buckle on brown belt or silver rhodium on black belt. Sizes 28 to 44. $3.98 pp. Zenith Gifts, 5290 P.O. Bldg., Brighton 35, Mass.



Personalized switch plate for a woman's domain, the kitchen. White metal switch plate has silk-screened fruit and kettle design in gold and black. First name is hand-painted. Permanently screened. Available in single plate only. $1.75 pp. Wales, Dept. C, Box 241, Hartsdale, N.Y.

Merchandise may be ordered by sending check or money order to the source indicated. Prices listed include postage. Firms agree to accept all but personalized items for refund.

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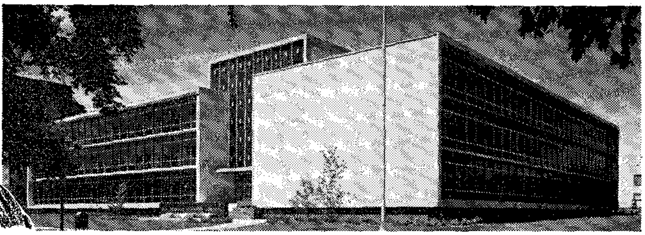
Chairman of the Board



More than a decade ago Joseph McGee pursued a family belief that "age alone need not make you uninsurable" and today—

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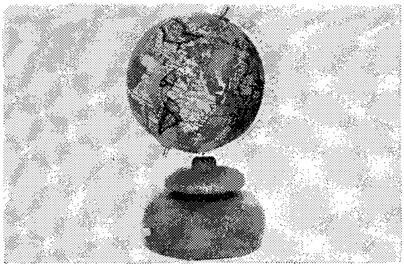
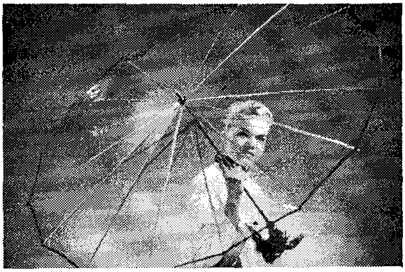
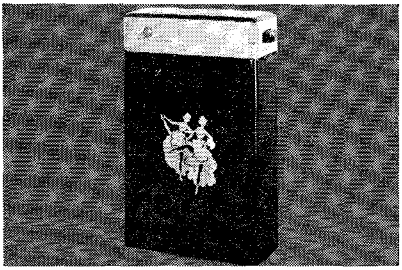


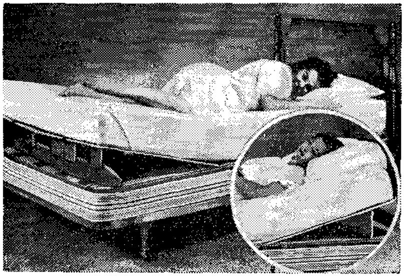
Musical globe. Wind the base of this world globe and it will play "Around The World In 80 Days," while turning. Knob on side to turn it off and on. Blue-painted wood base. Globe measures 4″ in diameter, 8½″ high. $4.98 pp. Medford Prod., C, Box 39, Bethpage, N.Y.



See-Brella is huge 52″ rain-stopper. Heavy-gauge, clear vinyl plastic lets two or even three see and walk safely. Fine for rainy football games, golf, etc. Natural root handle; 16 rib nickel-rod frame. $9.95 pp. Bradford's Inc., Dept. COR, Box 535, Englewood, N. J.



Time-Lock cigarette case helps you curb excessive smoking. Built-in timer can be set from ten minutes to one hour. Case cannot be opened until set time elapses. Of aluminum in black, gold or silver. By Memo-Smoke. $8.95 pp. Barbara Lynn, Box 83-C-1, Upper Montclair, N.J.



Nu-Slant head or leg elevator raises mattress like a hospital bed to improve circulation. Adjusts to four positions raising height from 5 to 10 inches. Folds flat for storage. Twin size, $8.75; double, $9.95 pp. Better Sleep Inc., Dept. COR, New Providence, New Jersey.

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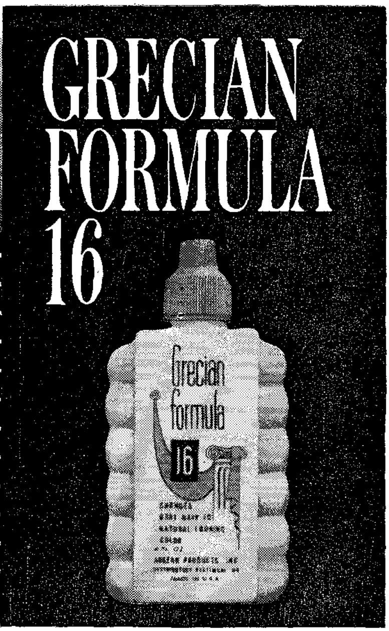

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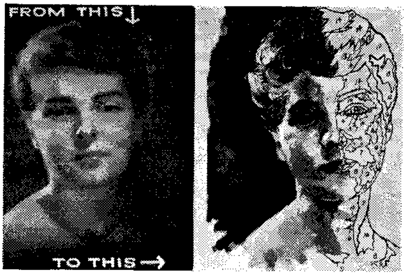
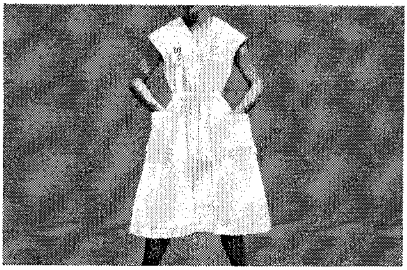
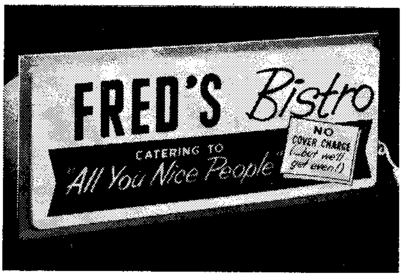


Paint an oil portrait of yourself or loved one with kit made from photo you send. Contains 16″ x 20″ canvas-numbered panel, paints, two brushes and instructions. Photo returned. State hair and eye color. $9.95 pp. Portrait Craft, 620 Avalon Blvd., Wilmington 61, Calif.



Terry wrap can be worn as breakfast coat, bathrobe, beach coat, etc. Wrap-around skirt with elastic gathered back. Heavy Cannon terry. Personalized with 3″ velvet initial. White, yellow, pink or aqua. Sizes 8 to 20. $7.30 pp. Woodmere Mills Inc., C-10, Bennington, Vt.



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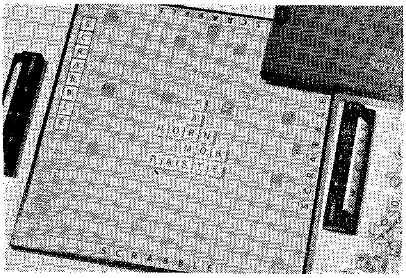

Attention, Scrabble fans. De luxe set has turntable board with indented squares so that tiles do not slip. Complete with 100 plastic tiles, 4 ebony-finished racks with scorekeepers and metal score pegs. $10.25 pp. Selchow & Righter, S.G., 505 E. Union St., Bayshore, L.I., N. Y.

(Continued on page 30)

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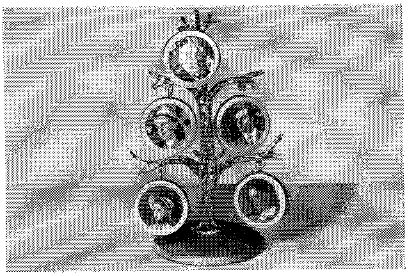
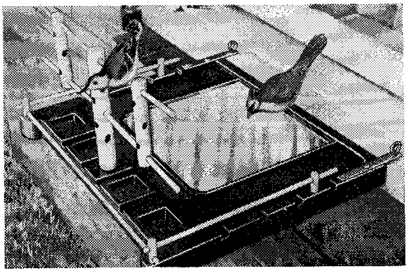
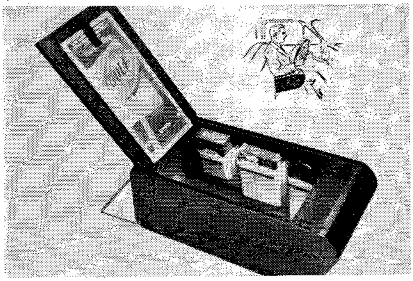


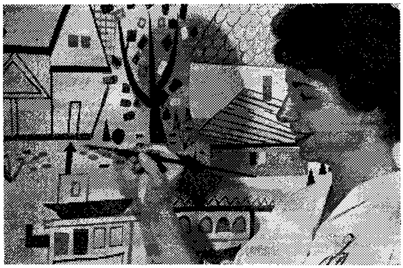
Family tree. The branches of this gold-finish, solid-brass tree hold pictures of the clan. Measures 6″ high, 4½″ wide. Room for 5 photos. Beautifully made, will make wonderful gift for grandmother, teenager, etc. $3.25 pp. Dominique, C-1, 210 5th Ave., N.Y. 10, N.Y.



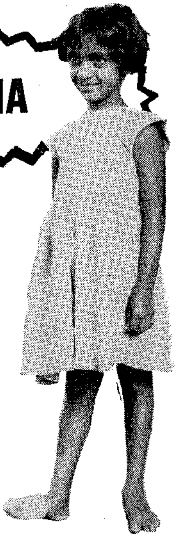
For bird watchers. Attach Flight Deck to window sill and you can watch birds feed, bathe and frolic. Weatherproof duralon in green with white trim. 17″ x 15″, has 4 seed wells, water pool and feeding stick. $6.55 pp. Duncraft, C-10, Dunn Bldg., Penacook, N.H.



Versatile auto accessory fits into front or rear seat of car to use as arm rest and storage space for maps, glasses, tools, etc. Washable fabric covering in blue, red, tan, grey or black. $7.95 pp. Nu-Items Corp., CO, 146-45 Horace Harding Expressway, Flushing 67, N.Y.



Murals are decorating news and you can paint your own. Kit contains instructions, transfer pattern to cover 4′ x 6′ wall, 3 latex colors and brushes. Circus or train scene for child's room, floral for living or dining room. $6.99 pp. Damar's, 717 Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N. J.



A FAIRY WAND TOUCHED HEARTHA

of Columbo, Ceylon, who now is a happy and healthy little girl of eleven. But she could not walk until she was seven due to malnutrition. She was a deserted child left like an animal to forage for herself. When admitted to a CCF affiliated Ceylon Home, she could hardly sit up and could only slowly, by holding on to something, struggle up on her feet and stand on legs that trembled under her pitifully thin body. She has a bright, alert mind, a winsome personality and her little heart is as warm and kind as an angel's.

There are lots of Hearthas in Ceylon and in India, just across a few miles of sea—deserted and orphaned children—hungry, neglected and homeless. Unless you could see how they look and exist, you would not believe life could be so cruel to a human being, much less to a child. But your hand can hold a fairy wand and touch and bless such a child, transforming some half starved boy or girl as Heartha's whole life has been changed. You can "adopt" a Heartha and receive the child's name, address, picture and story and then correspond with your child. The cost is the same in all countries listed below, $10 a month.

Christian Children's Fund incorporated in 1938, with its 385 affiliated orphanage schools in 41 countries, is the largest Protestant orphanage organization in the world, assisting over 34,000 children. It serves 28 million meals a year. It is registered with the Advisory Committee on Voluntary Aid of the International Cooperation Administration of the United States Government. It is experienced, efficient, economical and conscientious.

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For Information write: Dr. J. Calvitt Clarke

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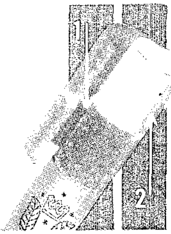
Tareyton has the taste— Dual Filter does it!



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1. It combines a unique inner filter of ACTIVATED CHARCOAL... definitely proved to make the taste of a cigarette mild and smooth...

2. with a pure white outer filter. Together they select and balance the flavor elements in the smoke. Tareyton's **flavor-balance** gives you the best taste of the best tobaccos.

NEW DUAL FILTER ***Tareyton***

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CORONET

He was a roughneck from
the slums, but his toughness
softened in the warmth
of love and summer sun

"Joey: our fresh air kid"

An experience as told to
ARDELLE COGSWELL BREBNER

NEARLY ALL the 32 children gathered at the country railroad station were under control. A few were shoving and giggling. Most stood and shuffled in patient embarrassment. Only one little fellow was in open rebellion. Darting in and out and around, yelling obscenities, hurling gravel at the parked cars, he was putting on a one-man show of remarkable proportions for his size. "That little toughie," a man behind me said, "he can't be more than four or five." A striped jersey three sizes too big for him hung off his knobby shoulders. His trousers had been stitched in a grotesquely amateurish alteration job. His sneakers, bright and new, served to point up the age, filth, and otherwise comic aspects of the rest of the ensemble. Only by brute strength did one of the chaperons manage to drag him to the group of children and hold him there so that the process of assigning the children to their adult "hosts" could begin.

These were "Fresh Air" children, children from the tenement areas of New York, invited to spend two weeks in the country with families who volunteered as hosts in The Herald Tribune Fresh Air Fund's "Friendly Town Plan." My husband, Bill, and I were in that group, waiting with the others for our guests to be introduced

Assignments were started. The name of a child was called and the child stepped forward. Then a name from the adult group was called and, in most cases, a man and woman stepped forward to claim the child. The fourth name called was that of the tough little clown. He pulled away from the group with a swagger and stood in front sullenly.

Then, into the suddenly apprehensive stillness, fell my husband's name. We gave each other a look and, as we stepped out of the group, a general murmur of sympathy arose. Bill and I went forward to meet a boy named Joey.

THE RIDE HOME did nothing to assuage our rapidly growing fear that we had bitten off something we might find impossible to chew. Joey sat in the back and pulled my hair, kicked at the seat, yelled out the window, and doggedly ignored all attempts to interest him in the landscape or to lure him into conversation. His vocabulary of expletives, oaths and curses would have shamed a platoon sergeant.

Finally at home, I tackled the problem of cleaning up Joey and trying to get him settled for the night. While I was sorting his meager wardrobe, Joey approached me like a locomotive, almost knocking me over, and informed me that he wanted to go home, that he didn't like me or anybody or anything here. To prove it he dumped a vase of flowers on the living room table.

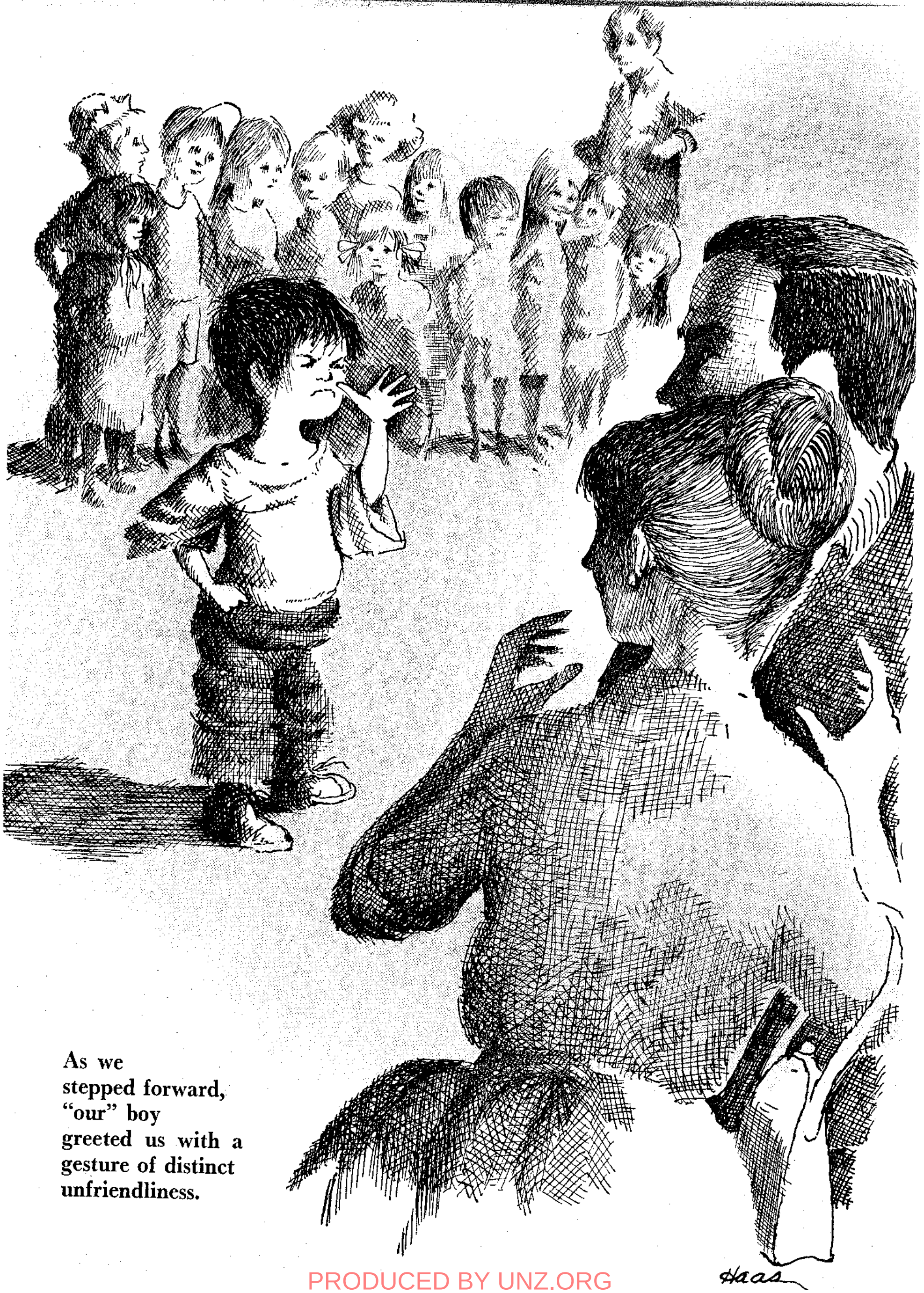
Using the only method I could, plain strength, I dragged him to the bathtub for a struggle which did nothing to his personality but accomplished a near miracle in physical transformation. Suddenly he was a very small and quite handsome dark-eyed little boy. Defenseless he was not. He continued to be fresh, wise and aggressively disinterested during supper, which he ate ravenously. Afterward he demanded to be shown his bed, announcing again that he didn't like it here and was going home right after he slept.

Frightened and exhausted, I put him to bed, cleaned up the deluge he had created in the bathroom, put his clothes to soak and joined Bill in the living room where we sat staring at each other in mutual horror.

"Well," Bill said finally, "we didn't do it for *us*."

I put my hand in his in gratitude for the helpful reminder, and we sat there for a while remembering why we had done it.

It had started on the previous Christmas Eve. After a long day of wrapping and delivering gifts Bill



As we
stepped forward,
"our" boy
greeted us with a
gesture of distinct
unfriendliness.

and I filled our baby Peter's sock and sat down to survey the lavish display that covered the better half of the floor space in the room.

"One small year-and-a-half-old boy," Bill said, shaking his head. "And just look at all this.

"There's something immoral about it," Bill went on, quite seriously. "Think of all the little children who don't have anything, kids who *know* it's Christmas. We don't do enough."

I'd often felt it. We gave to the Community Fund drive, a few national charities and to our church in the annual pledge. But we seldom *did* anything, seldom gave anything of ourselves.

I told Bill about the neighbor I'd known as a girl. Every summer she had taken a child from the city slums for a two-week vacation here in this beautiful seaport town of ours.

"How about it," Bill said, eagerly. "Let's give some little kid a ball next summer. Let's give someone a little bit of what we've got to give, a good home in a good town. Time, fun, good food."

I was gnawed at by doubts. I considered the grim possibilities: getting a child who might in some way hurt our own Peter; being, myself, utterly useless to help a homesick little stranger; having a child in our home who resented us for the presumption that we had more to give him than his own parents; giving a child a taste of comparative luxury, then sending him back to a world of poverty. "Well, let's find out about it," Bill countered.

We did. We learned that, thanks to contributions raised by the Fresh Air Fund, each summer about 7,500 underprivileged New York children escape their hot and overcrowded homes. Police, church and welfare groups select the neediest children; "Friendly Town" committees in the country and suburbs, which are organized by local clubs and interested groups, provide host families. All transportation, liability insurance and medical costs are met by the charity. Friendly Town hosts supply hospitality.

NOW, seven months after that Christmas Eve when we had first thought about it, a little boy named Joey was sleeping in our guest room, and I was exhausted and troubled, worried about how I was to manage the next two weeks. But Bill was right. We hadn't done it for us. I went to check little Peter and then in to Joey. To my shame I found that he had apparently been sobbing quietly ever since I had said good night. I went over and sat next to him on the bed.

"It'll be all right, Joey," I told him. "We'll have lots of fun."

"No," he sobbed. "I want to go home to my own Mama."

"But your Mama wants you to stay and have boat rides and go to the beach for a few days before you go home."

"I don't want no boat rides," he cried. This was not the aggressive, wise, wound-up little clown of the railroad station, but a homesick, lonesome child, a very small child, barely five. Almost a baby. I tried to comfort him the way a baby needs to be comforted, not with logic and argument but with a kiss and hug, sitting with him, stroking his head and shoulders until he fell asleep. It didn't take long, but it was long enough so that my own strength was renewed by the knowledge of his helplessness, his dependence on us. I knew simply that we must do the best we could for him.

For those first few days it wasn't easy. Joey distinguished himself in the neighborhood by fist fights, stone hurling and a snarling attitude toward the children. He pulled the buds and blossoms from the flower garden. He turned the garden hose on hanging laundry. He dumped the rubbish barrel and pulled down the rose trellis.

He even stole. Once, he darted through the gang crowded around an ice cream vendor, clicked a handful of change out of the man's change clip, and scooted back out of the crowd again. For a moment even the chattering children were shocked into a stunned silence.

Shocked too, I had to remind myself to keep calm and handle this firmly, unhysterically. Sending Joey into the house, I returned the money to the ice cream man.

"Quick, isn't he?" I commented lightly.

"Fastest thing I ever saw," the man answered with a touch of both humor and admiration.

Instead of focusing on his small crime we had stressed Joey's speed and that was what remained in the children's minds.

There was the time he escaped me in the supermarket and returned laden with a whole ham, a chicken and a package of chops.

"Send dese to my mudder," he ordered peremptorily. "Right away. She wants dem right away." Could you scold a child for such a thing? I couldn't.

His fierce and affectionate loyalty to his family was always heartwarming.

"When my fadder gets da money he's gonna buy me one of dose," was a statement we heard several times daily. It might refer to a toy or to a beach, a car, a park overlooking the ocean, or, as it did once, to a museum of marine history. More often than not his "Dat's nuttin'!" was accompanied by a brightening of his eyes and we learned to recognize that Joey was enjoying himself somewhere underneath his preoccupation with money.

Joey was always gentle and affectionate toward Peter although he was ever watchful that we weren't giving Peter more than him. I was reading *Peter Rabbit* to the boys when I suddenly noticed that tears were rolling down Joey's cheeks.

"What's the matter, Joey?"

Through his sobs he managed to explain that he was unhappy because I kept saying "Peter Rabbit" and hadn't once said "Joey Rabbit." From then on every story I read to him was sure to have one major character named Joey.

The poverty which Joey knows in his own home was evident and heartbreaking. I remember his surprise at being given a toothbrush "just for *myself*," his wonder and appreciation of the big bed in which he slept "without my brudders." I think of his incredulous horror when other children idly fed ends of hot dogs or ice cream cones to their dogs. Always, always, even at his best, money was foremost in his mind.

In his finest moment with us he was still unable to shed his concern for the cost of things. It was on his last night. We had arranged a farewell cookout for him. When the guests had all left I went into the house to find Joey sitting pensively in the middle of the living room floor. He looked up as I came in.

"Dat was a bee-u-ti-ful cookout you bought for me," he said. "You were very nice to buy it and when I get da money I'm gonna buy one for you and one for my mudder and fadder." And he responded warmly to my affectionate hug.

This incident does not indicate that Joey changed while he was with us, only that at last he allowed us to see some of his natural childlike sweetness. And we learned not to expect or want change in him but to love him just as he is.

Joey was, I think, not only for us but for others in our community an experience in democracy. Friends and neighbors contributed so much good clothing, both new and used, that we had to mail two large boxes to his home. The owner of the local children's clothing shop refused payment for the socks and underwear I selected for Joey. When I took out a bill to pay the barber for Joey's haircut, the barber waved it aside with, "That's a Friendly Town haircut." When Joey developed a small infection on his knee our family doctor treated it without charge. One ten-year-old boy devoted hours to teaching Joey the arts of fishing, rowing and swimming.

What we gave to Joey, if anything, we are not sure. He had a good time, we know. He looks forward as we do to his coming back to us next summer. (A high percentage of Friendly Town children *do* repeat visits.) We fed him well, certainly, but Joey is a healthy child. He gets enough to eat. Love we gave him, but he is secure in his own family's love.

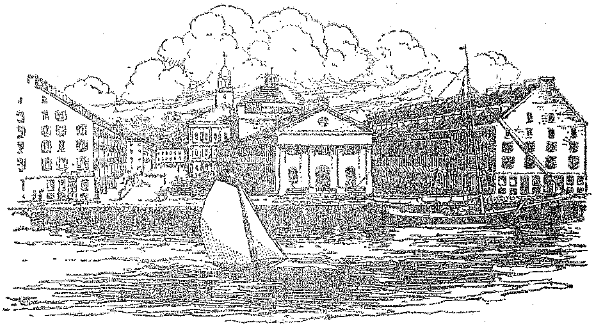
Perhaps in learning to love us, as we are sure he did, Joey learned something of acceptance of different ways. It may be that in being with us for a while he gained some small insight that will give him hope and incentive to escape the economic insecurity that is so patently a part of his personality. Most important, we made it possible for him to obtain a new view of America, giving him a broader picture of the great heritage he shares with all of us. His father needn't buy it for him. It is already his.

ALL TOO TRUE

THE BEAUTY of the old-fashioned blacksmith was that when you brought your horse to be shod he didn't think of 40 other things that ought to be done to it.

—*Wall Street Journal*

For 200 years
Durgin-Park
has been
titillating
Yankee palates
with a glad
goulash
of toothsome
foods, gas-jet
atmosphere
and giveaway
prices



Boston's venerable beanery

BY ARTHUR WHITMAN

SINCE 1866, DURGIN-PARK, a hurly-burly enclave of Yankee chowder, roast beef rare and molasses beans, in the heart of Boston's ramshackle old Market District, has had only four chefs, four owners and not one major change in its hearty menu. This endears it to the regular clientele of aproned marketmen and genteel Bostonians who are willing, for the sake of their favorite foods, to tolerate the celebrities, tourists and assorted screwballs who throng the restaurant daily. Situated in three adjacent, ancient warehouses across the street from Peter Faneuil's market hall, Durgin-Park can be entered only by joining the end of a long line of supplicants to honest Yankee cooking who are almost always waiting to get into the place. Though the line weaves through a block of dripping fish barrels and stacked vegetable crates, it moves with astonishing speed.

Spreading from one large, dingy room to another, the restaurant seats 225 people at peak time, which is always. On a slow Saturday, 2,000 people crowd the restaurant. "Supper" is any meal served between 2:30 P.M. and closing time at 8 P.M. Slow days or brisk, the customers are balanced shoulder to shoulder upon slender cane chairs set 12 and 20 to long tables covered with white or red-checked cloths. The restaurant is made up largely of walls painted a drab dun color, tin ceilings from which ancient gas fixtures poke down beside naked electric light bulbs, tantalizing smells and the roar of a hundred conversations.

If you come to Durgin-Park between 10:30 A.M. and 2:30 P.M. for "dinner"—which is lunch in other parts of the world—you can eat more chowder, meat and dessert for 95 cents than you can handle. After 2:30, you can spend up to $3.95, for your choice of roast beef, steak or broiled live lobster. The explanation for the low prices is a typical bit of New England reasoning: "You can afford to lose money on dinner, provided you make a profit on enough suppers."

A new element among the Durgin-Park regulars is a group of scraggly, bearded young beatniks, mostly from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. The beats were almost the center of an international incident last year when a group of bearded young men in Army fatigues came into the dining room and were seated next to them. Tempers flared when one of the beats innocently reached for the beard of the tallest newcomer.

A riot was averted only because the altercation caught assistant manager Jimmy O'Toole's attention. It dawned on him that the newcomers were Fidel Castro and some members of his staff, who had come to see the sights of Boston during their tour of this country. Once the food was served the Cuban and his revolutionaries relaxed enough to see the joke and compare beards with their tablemates.

Broiler Cook Bumbles, who was named something like William Bomboulis when he got off a ship from Greece 34 years ago and walked the three blocks to Durgin-Park, speaks an English so primitive it is doubtful he has understood even one of the thousands of slurs hurled at him over the years. He was moved from the upstairs kitchen to his present job in the dining room 19 years ago.

In constant commiseration with Bumbles are two other preservers of the Yankee tradition. One is Michael Elias, who left Lebanon to become a saxophone player and gave up the saxophone when the birth of his ninth child convinced him, seven years ago, that he ought to settle down to something steady, like charcoaling steaks at Durgin-Park. The other is Mike Buonopane, a sure-enough Bostonian who has been counterman in Bumble's Hell for 16 years, and has eaten nothing in the restaurant but aspirin for the last ten of them.

To some 41,000 customers each month they dish up two-inch thick slabs of roast beef that extend four inches in every direction over the edges of the plates. For variety, they dish up sirloin steaks only slightly smaller. Though their meats need not be ordered rare, they have a message printed on all menus: "We are not responsible for any steak ordered well done."

In addition to roast beef, steak, halibut, scrod and a vile-looking but popular mess of string beans, peas and potatoes known as "bale of hay," Bumbles and his helpers serve up 40 gallons of fish chowder a day and 2,000 boiled New England dinners in a week. In a busy month, they slice up and serve just over 5,000 large pans of corn bread, which has been mixed by hand in the bakeshop upstairs. The quantity of Boston baked beans they dish out in a year is so staggeringly large no one has ever had the strength to estimate it.

All year long they serve up a gritty concoction of molasses and corn meal that used to go down to the sea in clipper ships, must be baked seven hours and allowed to set 12 to 24 before being served, and is called Baked Indian Pudding. Though no Indian has been known even to taste it, elderly ladies from Beacon Hill pile vanilla ice cream on it and consume it by the tub, as do masses of blond and pink girls from Radcliffe College who descend on Durgin-Park each Saturday.

Though Bostonians-in-exile have been known to fly from Chicago and even California for a mere taste of Indian Pudding, the record for consumption is held by a 90-pound lady who has been coming to the dining room every Friday for 31 years. She celebrated the end of World War II with a binge of her own devising. The Friday after the Japanese surrender, she ordered and ate five quart-sized portions of the glop, left for an hour and returned to consume two more servings.

DURGIN-PARK goes back to about the time George Washington was chopping down cherry trees in Virginia. Washington was born in 1732. In 1742, Peter Faneuil built his hall in Boston. A narrow, five-story warehouse was erected soon after to accommodate the farmer's needs for short-term storage. A corner of the second floor was devoted to a small eating place for the merchants, and its food soon attracted pigtailed sailors from the harbor, and even some of Faneuil's soon-to-be-embattled farmers. The beanery began to grow.

Shortly after the Civil War, the beanery was bought by three partners: liveryman Eldredge Park, commission merchant John Durgin and dry goods man John Chandler. Durgin and Park, for whom the restaurant is named, died within a few years. Chandler, the youngest of the partners, lived long enough to make himself a millionaire on the sale of his beans and halibut. The dining room went to his son, then his grandson. When the latter was killed in World War II, the place was bought by James Hallett.

Hallett ruled that since so many

HERE ARE SOME DURGIN-PARK SPECIALTIES

Boston baked beans

- 2 pounds California pea beans
- 1 pound salt pork
- 8 tablespoons sugar
- 2/3 cup molasses
- 2 teaspoons dry mustard
- ½ teaspoon black pepper
- 4 teaspoons salt
- 1 medium-sized onion

Soak beans overnight, then parboil for ten minutes in enough water to cover, mixed with one teaspoon baking soda. Rinse beans in cold water. Dice rind of salt pork, making one-inch squares. Place half of diced salt pork, plus whole onion in bottom of a two-quart bean pot. Add the beans. Mix remaining ingredients with enough hot water so the mixture pours easily and add to beans. Put remaining pork on top of beans. Bake in a 300-degree oven for six hours, adding water in small amounts to keep the beans moist. Will make ten portions.

Baked indian pudding

- 1 cup yellow granulated corn meal
- ½ cup black molasses
- ½ cup granulated sugar
- ¼ cup butter
- ¼ teaspoon salt
- ¼ teaspoon baking soda
- 2 eggs
- 1½ quarts hot milk

Mix all ingredients in one-half the hot milk, pour into a well-greased stone crock and bake in a 500-degree oven until the mixture boils. Add remaining milk and bake in a slow oven for seven hours or until the mixture thickens. Cool to room temperature, then refrigerate for 12 to 24 hours. Serve with vanilla ice cream or whipped cream. Yield is a half-gallon, which would hardly fill cavities of Durgin-Park regulars, but will be enough for ten-12 ordinary servings.

Corn bread

- ¾ cup sugar
- 2 eggs (beaten)
- ¾ teaspoon salt
- 1 cup granulated yellow corn meal
- 2 cups flour
- 1 tablespoon baking powder
- 1 tablespoon melted butter
- 1½ cups milk

Sift corn meal, flour, baking powder and salt together. Mix sugar with beaten eggs and stir in meal and flour mixture. Add melted butter and milk. Beat quickly until lumps disappear; pour into large, shallow, buttered pan. Bake in very hot oven until crust is golden-brown. Cut in squares for about 24 servings.

women were coming to Durgin-Park, the marketmen should no longer wear their traditional battered straws while eating. He had little success enforcing his decree.

One terrible blow came six years ago when the Maine supplier of spruce gum, a foul-tasting forest product long sold as a confection at the cashier's desk, died without passing on his recipe. Mints were suggested as a replacement, but Hallett and assistant manager O'Toole defied mints and spent three years tasting sleazy spruce gum imitations until O'Toole came upon a Canadian farmer who gave him a sample he knew was just right. "It tasted as rotten as the old stuff and it pulled a $6 filling right out of my tooth. Perfect."

A constant worry is the struggle for reservations. Hallett and his predecessors have long broadcast the fact that "The worst thing in the world is to have some people standing in line while you're holding empty places for other people who haven't arrived yet." If standing in line is good enough for Cabots, Lodges, Marilyn Monroes and beatniks, it ought to be good enough for everyone. O'Toole's scornful, "We cahn't hold empty tables here," applies as well to the occasional calls from France and Italy as to those that come in each week end from New York, Dallas, Kansas City and Nigeria.

Another problem for Hallett has been the preservation of the Chandler tradition of long-term family ownership. He put in a number of anxious years wondering what would happen after him, and has relaxed only since his son James Jr., who does all the buying for the restaurant, brought *his* son, aged one, to the dining room recently, and set before him a portion of Durgin-Park beans. "You never know whether they'll like them," says Hallett. "But he finished them all and asked for more. Imagine!"

RULES ARE RULES!

IT WAS THE HARD AND FAST rule of a small airline that each plane fly the company flag at take-offs and landings. This was the copilot's responsibility and any infraction of the rule meant a $5 fine. One dark and stormy night a veteran pilot was flying with a young copilot on his first flight for the company. As the weather closed in and wings iced up, the copilot became visibly nervous. Suddenly an engine conked out—and the youngster looked fearfully at the altimeter.

"Good grief!" he cried. "Look how we're falling. We're practically on the ground."

"Don't just sit there," snapped the pilot. "Stick out that flag! Do you want to get fined five bucks?" —*Quote*

human comedy

TWO OLD-TIMERS were discussing a mutual friend. Said one, "Old Herb seems to be living in the past these days."

"Why not?" said the other, with a resigned sigh. "It's a lot cheaper."

—MAUDE LEE DAVENPORT

DESCRIBING HER RIDE in a friend's private plane, the young lady said: "As we went into a sudden dive, all my past sins flashed before me. It was so interesting that I made the pilot dive seven more times."

—SUSAN CHAPIN

ONE OF THE HOTEL guests, an elderly spinster, called the desk clerk to complain, "There's a man across the court taking a shower and he's got the blinds up."

The house detective was sent to the woman's room to investigate. He looked out her window and then said, "I can't see a man over there."

"You can't?" replied the spinster. "Get up on that trunk and look again."

—PAUL HIGGINS

TYPING IS an exacting profession. A typist's error can change a person's entire mode of living. Take the case of a certain doctor's typist whose fingers got tangled up when she was typing a prescription for a young lady patient. In part, the prescription read: "Eight full glasses of water daily. Three hearty males a day. Ten hours sleep . . ."

—ANTHONY POST

AN APPLICANT for employment gave his reason for leaving his previous job, which had been that of a temporary sorter at the post office: "Done all the work."

He had also served in the Army and to the formal question: "Why did you leave the Forces?" he replied: "Won the War."

—SIDNEY KLEIN

YOUNG AND VERY GREEN, the new medical officer was doing his best to ignore the baby-blue eyes of his patient, the prettiest civil service employee in headquarters. With great dignity he prepared to give her a routine checkup and in the process dropped his stethoscope. "Is anything the matter, sir?" she asked sweetly, enjoying his discomfort.

"Of course not," he replied, collecting himself and his equipment. "Now then," he ordered in his most professional tone, "deep breathely."

—LAWRENCE MOORE

It was wintertime and my five-year-old daughter was finishing her bedtime prayer.

"Dear God," she said "be careful if you go out tonight, 'cause it's slippery out."

—MRS. CHARLES A. RADER

Sign on marquee of New York's Madison Square Garden on the night of a rally sponsored by the National Committee for a Sane Nuclear Policy:

Save the Summit
The Hope of Humanity
A World Without War
Boxing Tomorrow

—SUSAN BROWNMILLER

One day, after an exceptionally long spell of good weather, a local farmer, well-known for his pessimism, was standing in his field gazing sadly at the bumper crop.

A car stopped and the driver leaned out to congratulate the farmer on the fantastic growth of the produce.

"Yes, it's true," the farmer lamented, "the vegetables are bigger and better than ever, and the wheat is coming along well enough, but just think how it's exhausting the soil."

—NATALIE BATES

A Vermont village pastor, who had a weakness for trout, preached against fishing on Sunday. The next day one of his parishioners presented him with a fine string of fish and said hesitatingly: "I guess I should tell you, parson, that those trout were caught on Sunday."

The pastor gazed appreciatively at the speckled trout and said, "The fish aren't to blame for that."

—PETER BUTLER

A Scotsman called on his pastor to tell him he was going to be married. "Ah," said the minister, "I see you've found a handmaid at last."

"Well," replied the Scot, "I dinna ken whether she's a handmade or a machine-made, but she's weel put together."

—BEN CORRIGAN

My teacher sister-in-law had to attend an afternoon funeral. Before her first-grade pupils were dismissed for their luncheon she tried to prepare them for her substitute teacher. Individually they were asked, "How are you going to help the new teacher?" One youngster replied, "I'm going to stay home so I won't be a nuisance."

—GEORGE VANDERBILT

Week after week I watched my three-year-old son stretch himself on tiptoes in a vain attempt to reach the light switches in various rooms throughout the house.

I thought he had given up trying until one evening he came running excitedly to me.

"Mommy, mommy, I can do it!" he shouted, "I can turn the lights off and on."

"Oh, my goodness," I said, "let me see."

He closed his eyes tightly. "They're off," he said. He opened his eyes wide and declared triumphantly "Now they're on!"

—MRS. C. T. BATES

A St. Louis, Missouri, free lance writer, the victim of a purse snatcher, was missing her pocketbook containing $9 and an article she'd just written on crime.

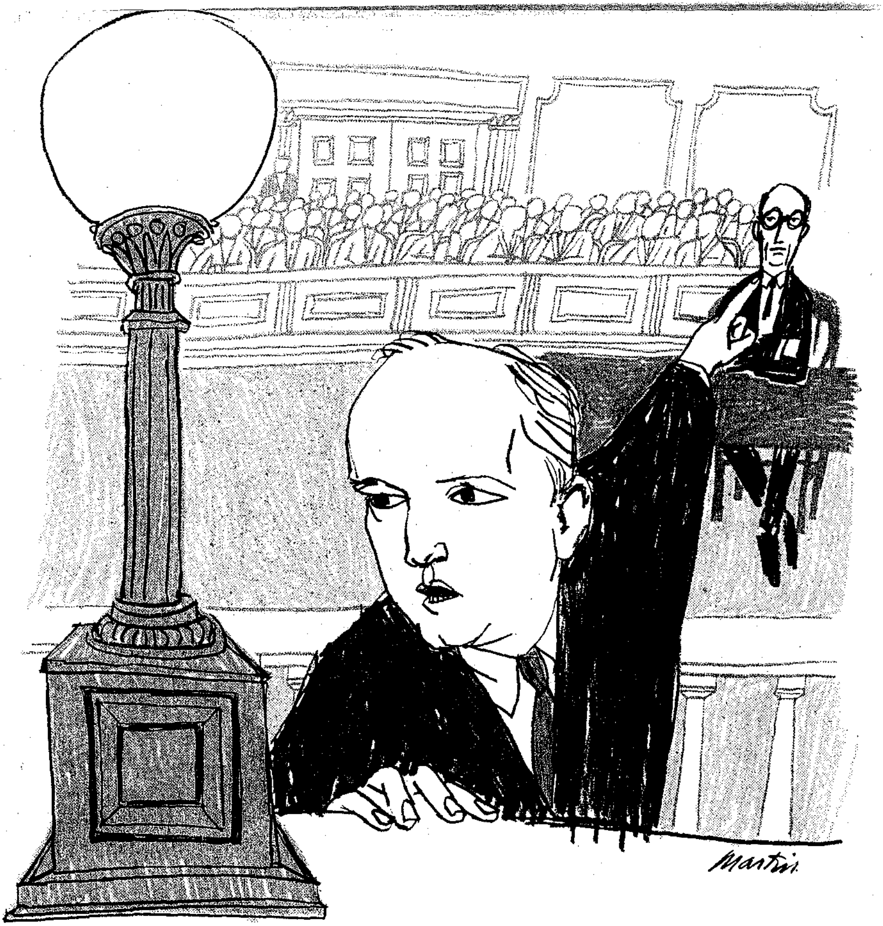
—HAROLD HELFER

Attacked by cranks, self-styled patriots
and even fellow lawyers—
his family threatened—James B. Donovan
lived up to his professional principles

He defended a Soviet spy

BY BARD LINDEMAN

AT 7 A.M. on June 21, 1957, three F.B.I. agents, led by Special Agent Edward F. Gamber, pushed into Room 839 of the Hotel Latham in New York City and surprised Col. Rudolf Ivanovich Abel lying on top of the bed sheets. "Colonel," said Gamber, "we have information concerning you, involving espionage." ■ This was the dramatic beginning of a classic spy story of our time. It also marked the first peacetime prosecution by a civilian court of an alien spy, the highest-ranking, most dangerous Soviet intelligence agent ever captured in the U. S. Could a colonel in the Soviet Secret Police, sent to steal atomic



and military secrets, find a capable American defense lawyer and receive a fair trial? "It wasn't so much the trial of Colonel Abel, as it was the trial of the American bar," said Justice Miles McDonald of Brooklyn Supreme Court. "Not since John Adams defended the British soldiers for the Boston Massacre in 1770, would a defense lawyer take on a less popular client." ■ The tall, balding, 55-year-old Russian asked the court, in flawless English, to assign him counsel. The Brooklyn Bar Association began a search for a capable lawyer. There were no volunteers. "We wanted all the world to know the man we chose was a man of character and ability and that his loyalty was beyond question," said Raymond Reisler, Brooklyn Bar president. "When someone hit upon Jim Donovan's name, we knew he was our man."

James B. Donovan, 44, a stocky, white-haired New York trial lawyer, was a Naval intelligence officer in World War II and a member of the late Supreme Court Justice Robert H. Jackson's prosecution team at the Nuremberg war crimes trials.

"When I told my wife I'd been asked to defend a Red spy, she screamed," recalled Donovan. "I talked to everyone I met about it. Most said 'Why should anyone defend him?'" Jim Donovan would have to live with that question.

"Every man is entitled to a fair trial and the right of counsel," he begins. "Even a man coming here to plan our destruction, if that's what it was, should get the best possible defense lawyer."

No authority could have forced the lawyer to accept the assignment. After a day of deliberation, he decided to take on the case on one condition: that it be a public service.

Agent Abel, who had entered the country illegally in 1948, was charged nine years later with the capital crime of conspiracy to commit espionage.

In addition to hollowed-out coins and other miniature containers for carrying messages, F.B.I. agents found in the Russian's Brooklyn studio a short-wave radio, microfilm and maps of major U. S. cities. Cash and bankbooks totaling more than $21,000 were found on Abel at the time of his arrest. He had lived as "Emil R. Goldfus," a struggling artist who painted scenes of Bowery life, and was fond of reading Hemingway, Tolstoi and Victor Hugo.

"If the allegations are true," Donovan said, "it seems that instead of dealing with Americans who betrayed their country, we are dealing with a Russian citizen, in a quasi-military capacity, who has served his country on an extraordinarily dangerous mission. As an American I would hope that my government has similar men on similar missions in many countries of the world."

The fact that Donovan is a devout Roman Catholic, a commander in the Naval Reserve and an American Legion post commander, was never discussed between the two men when they met for the first time.

"FROM THE START, we had no differences," Donovan said. "I called him 'Rudolf' and he called me 'Mr. Donovan.' He was an intellectual, a gentleman and he had a fine sense of humor. I found him fascinating and, as a man, you couldn't help but like him. He looked like a schoolmaster and he could easily have assumed the role. He spoke English and five other languages. He was an engineer, he knew photography, electronics, nuclear physics and, of course, he posed successfully as an artist. He also played the classical guitar and kidded me that Elvis Presley was no musician; he was simply a 'strummer.'"

It wasn't long before vindictive personal attacks upon the lawyer and his family began. There was a steady stream of crank letters and threatening phone calls. Finally, Donovan ordered the phone cut off.

"I told the local precinct police we were being bothered," says Donovan, "but they couldn't monitor the phone simply because some drunks wanted to call up and blaspheme me as a Commie-lover."

If Donovan was prepared for the attacks from outside his profession, he was unprepared for the taunts from inside the bar. "One day a lawyer I knew said to me, 'Here comes the million-dollar Commie lawyer.' "

Without raising his voice, Donovan replied, "Counselor, that remark is as valid as most of your legal opinions."

"At a bar meeting," recalls Donovan, "I was asked by a fellow Catholic if my sense of guilt wasn't overwhelming. These people should understand that for a lawyer to become deeply and personally involved is just vanity. It's an exaggeration of the importance of the individual lawyer's role. He doesn't determine the outcome of a case. You have a judge and jury for this."

Jim Donovan was born in a comfortable old residential section of the Bronx. His father was a prominent New York doctor. Today Donovan's home is a 15-room duplex apartment overlooking Prospect Park. The lawyer is an omnivorous reader and a collector of rare books.

Preparing for the trial, Donovan pushed his own practice—mostly insurance law—into the background. For three months he worked on nothing but the Abel defense. "The number of hours I spent on it was fantastic," he says. "I saw Abel a hundred times in those months."

At the end of each day, the lawyer set aside a half-hour for keeping a personal diary on the case. Much of it is devoted to Abel and a record of conversations the two men had, which ranged over art, literature, book collecting and trial strategy.

"This is a classic case," the lawyer wrote one night, "and it demands a classic defense."

"I was working against the Justice Department and the F.B.I.," says Donovan. "I felt I couldn't afford a single mistake, for it might cost the colonel his life. I had the uneasy feeling that if this happened, someone would point out that it was a former U. S. Naval intelligence officer who sent a Russian intelligence colonel to the electric chair."

On Monday, October 14, 1957, the testimony began in Federal Court, Brooklyn, before a jury of nine men and three women. The grimy Gothic towers, which stand like sentinels at the corners of the 68-year-old building, looked across to 252 Fulton Street, where Abel had quietly carried on espionage from his $35-a-month studio.

World-wide attention focused on the courtroom. Only the Soviet press had chosen to ignore the trial. Mention of it finally in *Literaturnaya Gazeta* broke a five-month silence and branded the case as a hoax and low-brow crime fiction concocted by F.B.I. Chief J. Edgar Hoover.

Abel took his seat at the defense table with Donovan and two young court-appointed assistants, Thomas M. Debevoise II, and Arnold G.

Fraiman. Brooklyn Federal Court Judge Mortimer W. Byers, 80, and since retired, called for order in the court. Tension bristled. "People seemed to be on the edge of their seats waiting for a knockout," says Donovan. "When I stood up to make my first objection, I felt as if I were all alone."

Donovan produced no witnesses; and with the death penalty hanging over him, Abel chose not to take the stand and subject himself to intense questioning by the prosecution. Donovan ripped into the credibility of the Government's two key witnesses: Reino Hayhanen, the loud-talking, hard-drinking Russian agent who betrayed Abel, and Roy A. Rhodes, a U. S. Army master sergeant, who confessed during the trial that he had sold the Russians information while serving at the American Embassy in Moscow.

In his summation, Donovan paid particular attention to why Abel should receive a vigorous defense and a fair trial. "Our principles are engraved in the history and the law of this land," he said. "If the free world is not faithful to its own moral code, there remains no society for which others may hunger."

When the jury, after three and a half hours, reached a verdict of guilty, reporters rushed Abel. Had it been a fair trial? The colonel's answer was a penciled message, which was signed "R. I. Abel" and read:

"I would like to take this opportunity of expressing my appreciation of the way in which my court-appointed attorneys conducted my defense. I wish to express my thanks for the tremendous amount of work they put into their efforts on my behalf and for the skill and ability they have shown in doing so."

The Christian Science Monitor called the trial "proof of the maturity of the system of due process of law and its capabilities to deal on its own terms with representatives of the system which seeks to destroy it."

On November 15, Abel was brought back to court for sentencing. Before Judge Byers imposed a 30-year prison term on the spy and fined him $3,000, Donovan stepped forward and made a dispassionate plea that Abel's life be spared. He emphasized that the death penalty would eliminate the possibility of Abel's ever "cooperating" and would preclude any possibility of exchanging him for an American of equal rank, should a U. S. intelligence officer fall into Russian hands.

The logic of Donovan's plea was recalled last May when the Russians dramatically announced the capture of the U-2 flier Francis Gary Powers.

On August 7, 1958, Abel's appeal reached the U. S. Supreme Court. Donovan claimed Abel's Constitutional rights had been violated when F.B.I. agents, along with Immigration and Naturalization Service men, searched the colonel without a warrant. Following the arrest, Abel was secretly flown to an alien detention camp at McAllen, Texas. Six weeks later, he was returned to Brooklyn and indicted as a spy.

"The Fourth Amendment, which says a man's home is his castle, was clearly violated," the lawyer said. "They searched his room and arrested him on the strength of a civil alien detention writ. Similar writs, called writs of assistance, were used by the British in the 1760s to harass Americans. John Adams said that when James Otis, the great Boston lawyer, denounced these writs, 'American independence was then and there born.'

"This was the first time the U.S. Supreme Court had to rule on secret espionage by an alien and our whole system, the maturity of American justice, was being tested here," Donovan declared. "The Constitutional issues have nothing to do with whether Abel really was a Soviet spy. At issue were the rights of us all."

At dinner recently, a friend abused the lawyer because he had spent hundreds of hours on Abel's defense—time, the friend said, he could have been devoting to something worthwhile, "like the legal problems of American businessmen."

"Some night this fellow will be arrested for drunken driving," says Donovan. "He'll scream then for the best lawyer in the county to defend him and he'll demand every Constitutional right to which he's entitled. These people never think about rights and privileges until they personally feel the need of them."

On February 24, 1959, Donovan argued the appeal before the U. S. Supreme Court. "As I walked up the steps of the court," the lawyer said, "I looked up at the inscription, 'Equal Justice Under Law.' 'This is why I'm here,' I said to myself. 'This is all I'm asking for.' "

In his plea, Donovan attacked the contentions of the Justice Department, saying it had devised a scheme whereby it could abuse deportation power to seize evidence that could be used later to indict a man on criminal charges. The lawyer said the Abel case posed a challenge: civil liberties vs. internal security.

On March 28, 1960, the Supreme Court upheld Abel's conviction. The 5-4 decision and the filing of two dissenting opinions, by Justice William O. Douglas and William J. Brennan Jr., indicated how deeply divided the court was on the Constitutional issue raised by the spy's lawyer. Chief Justice Earl Warren paid Donovan the highest praise. "I think I can say that in my time on this court no man has undertaken a more arduous, more self-sacrificing task," he said.

Donovan made one last try, appealing to the court for reargument. This was refused on May 16 and, after nearly three years, the case was closed. Lawyers assert the defense figuratively cost Donovan $250,000, a fee he might have earned had Abel been president of a U.S. business corporation. As it was, the court approved a fee of $10,000 and the lawyer donated the money, sent through East Germany by the spy's wife, to Fordham University, Columbia and Harvard Law Schools.

"I don't want to sound like a martyr," says Donovan, "but the whole thing turned out to be more like a career than a case. The fact that Abel received due process every step of the way was, I believe, extremely important to my profession and to the United States."

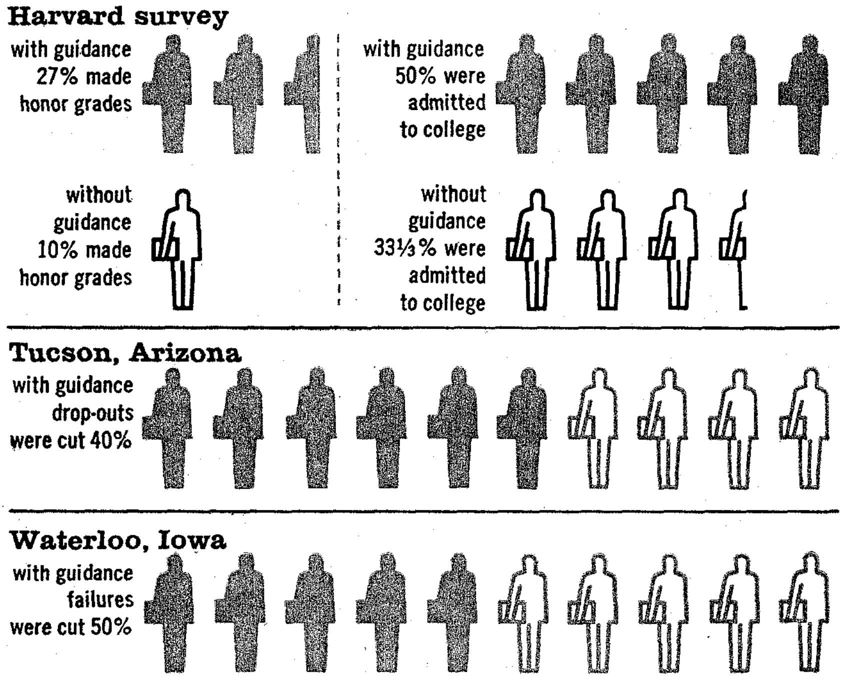
Your child's
future may
be imperiled by
the serious
shortage of
these specialists—
the newest in
our educational
system

We need 20,000 guidance counselors

BY THEODORE IRWIN

IN A LOS ANGELES high school, a 16-year-old girl attacks a classmate with a knife for flirting with her boy friend. In Cleveland, a high school senior with a "C" average insists on applying for admission to Princeton. In Minneapolis, a boy is about to quit school for a job in a supermarket although ability tests show he could be a good engineer. Elsewhere, a confused girl wants to know what high school courses to take to prepare her for a career in advertising, a shy youngster says, "I can't get along with the other kids," and parents worry about their child because he has no idea what to do after graduation. All these problem students turn to the guidance counselor—if the school is lucky

Graphic evidence of the value of guidance counseling



to have one. Today, according to noted educator Dr. James B. Conant, "one of the chief features of the American education system is the guidance program," and the guidance counselor is a vital link between students, parents and teachers in helping to shape a child's future.

The need for constructive personal guidance in our high schools has been increasing steadily. The curriculum is more complicated than ever and the diversity of higher education bewildering. About one-third of all high school graduates now enter college. For those who don't go, many more vocations are open today than a generation ago. Expert guidance is essential for youngsters who generally can't get it from their parents.

Moreover, with approximately 40 percent of U.S. students dropping out of high school each year, there is a huge waste of our human resources. Yet at least 40 percent of our secondary schools have no guidance counselor at all. And many of the existing guidance men and women are inadequately trained.

To handle the problems of our 10,772,000 public high school students, there are only 9,000 full-time counselors and fewer than 19,000 part-timers. Dr. Conant and other educators recommend one full-time guidance specialist for every 250 to 300 students. On this basis, the U.S. Office of Education estimates that we should have 35,900 full-time counselors—leaving us about 20,000 short of this goal.

Even when a school has established a guidance department, too often the counselor is overburdened with clerical chores. With a heavy load of 1,500 students, a guidance man can spend perhaps half an hour or an hour with each student during the year. No wonder many high school students complain about lack of advice. A statewide survey of 25,000 youngsters by the Michigan Youth Commission last March found they were especially dissatisfied with the lack of good counseling on personal problems, vocational choice, college preparation and planning.

UNQUESTIONABLY, however, where schools have launched good guidance programs, the results have been enlightening. In Waterloo, Iowa, for example, West High School had a seven to eight percent failure rate; after a guidance program was launched, the incidence of failure was cut in half. Dropouts in the Tucson, Arizona, high schools were reduced by 40 percent after guidance services were made available. Harvard researchers, in an experimental study with two groups of high school students, found that 27 percent of those students given guidance made honor grades, compared with only ten percent among the unguided; after graduation, only a third of the unguided students were admitted to college while over half of the guided made the grade.

Guidance counseling is a relatively new concept, unique to the U.S. Starting in the vocational field in 1908, it slowly expanded its scope, then spread rapidly after World War II.

Frequently, guidance counselors are drawn from the ranks of superior teachers. Their unofficial title may be "dean of discipline" as well as of career-planning. Many, known simply as guidance counselors, spend part of the day teaching. Salaries range about $300 to $500 above that of regular teachers, and sometimes not at all higher. In many states, counselors must have at least a master's degree in guidance or its equivalent; all up-to-date schools demand a good educational background in psychology.

Fairly representative of our guidance men is George Wilber at Edgemont High School in Greenburgh County, New York. Knowledgeable and levelheaded, Wilber advises the male students, while a female associate counsels the girls.

On a typical day recently, Wilber started by helping a sophomore plan his courses for the following year. Next came a disciplinary problem—a youngster caught smoking on school grounds. The father of a football star stormed in, protesting that his son's poor grades should not bar him from school sports. A batch of psychological tests was dumped on his desk. Later, Wilber pored over college catalogues to assist a senior student in making a choice; the boy wanted to be an atomic physicist but he was best in liberal arts. Finally, an angry mother stopped in to lodge a bitter complaint against the advice Wilber had given her son.

The mother's attitude spotlights the potential friction zone between parents and guidance personnel. "The function of the counselor is not to supplant the parents but to supplement parental advice to the youngster," says Dr. Conant, after visiting and observing 55 high schools. To help parents realize their child's real potential, counselors—particularly in college-oriented high schools—must confer with parents, referring to achievement and aptitude tests, the child's grades, teachers' observations and related factors. One of the counselors's toughest tasks is to convince a mother that her youngster isn't the genius she thinks he is.

But the skilled guidance man's range of activity goes far beyond college preparation. He can salvage young lives by clearing up their befuddlement and directing them toward a logical future. Guidance men often work wonders with "underachievers." At a Philadelphia school, a sophomore named Bill failed all five subjects, although he had average intelligence. His guidance counselor learned that Bill's father, a Yale graduate, had forced his son to take a heavy liberal arts program so that he could enter Yale. Bill, who wanted to work with his hands, rebelled by flunking the courses his father prescribed.

In conferences with Bill's father, the guidance counselor finally convinced him that his son would never be an Ivy Leaguer but that he did have an aptitude for electronics. The boy's program was changed so that by his senior year he was able to pass all his subjects and was admitted to a two-year college. As an electronics technician, Bill will be a semiprofessional, at least partially fulfilling his father's need to maintain family status. And, where before his change of program Bill had felt he was "nothing," soon afterward his teachers could readily see his remarkable growth as a human being.

Sometimes the counselor does become a father or mother substitute. One youngster, for example, had a long record of poor grades despite his 140 I.Q. Highly sensitive, Warren cried easily and kept insisting, "I can't do anything well—I'm not as good as the other kids." The guidance man called in Warren's mother and discovered that her husband had committed suicide when the boy was five. Warren felt his father had "deserted" him. For a year, the counselor saw Warren once a week, giving the boy a sense of his worth while Warren unburdened his feelings. "He talked to me," reported the counselor, "as if I were his father." Now in his junior year, Warren is on the Honor Roll.

Given adequate counseling, youngsters do much better at school and in later life. But educators find it difficult to attract qualified teachers to the counseling field. It takes time and money to obtain a master's degree in guidance. Many teachers consider counseling a "nasty job," because it involves prolonged, often strained contacts with parents. Women teachers are reluctant to go into counseling because many are married and dislike working after the last school bell rings, holding conferences with parents and attending numerous other meetings. And the financial rewards are too meager to warrant such sacrifices.

Fortunately, some far-reaching steps are being taken to alleviate the shortage. Most significant was the enactment in 1958 of the National Defense Education Act, which allotted over $87,000,000 to expand guidance programs, aid state agencies and train guidance counselors. This past summer, Federal funds supported 84 Counseling and Guidance Training Institutes at colleges to provide short-term tuition-free courses for thousands of high school teachers and guidance counselors, each of whom was paid for undertaking this extra training. During this academic year, 22 colleges will conduct similar institutes. Several states are also pitching in. Minnesota and Oklahoma report a large increase in teachers taking counseling training programs, while Ohio, Virginia, Oregon and Georgia have voted special funds for guidance projects. These appropriations are a drop in the bucket, however.

Coming up strongly are organizations such as B.O.C.E.S. (Board of Cooperative Educational Services); there are 90 now operating in New York State. Outstanding among them is the B.O.C.E.S. at Bedford Hills, New York, which provides roving guidance counselors as well as librarians and teachers in art, remedial reading and speech for nine school districts in upper Westchester County. For schools which do have staff counselors, B.O.C.E.S. also makes testing facilities available and appraises a student's aptitudes, interests, abilities and personality. On the B.O.C.E.S. staff are psychologists, counselors, a psychometrist (who measures and analyzes the student's mental processes), a social worker and a psychiatric consultant.

While progress is evident, too many high school students around the country are still drifting along without proper guidance. A recent nationwide survey revealed that schools in 30 states had inadequate guidance staffs and 28 states reported they had not enough funds for guidance. Warns U.S. Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare Arthur S. Flemming: "We are not being fair to those who are rendering us a tremendously important service."

An "adequate" guidance program costs between $5 and $13 per pupil a year. That's a small enough investment to assure that every youngster will have the chance to make wise decisions that will mold his life.

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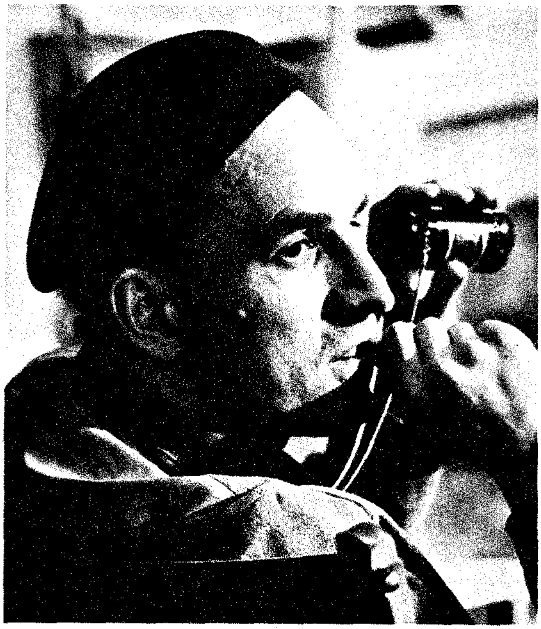


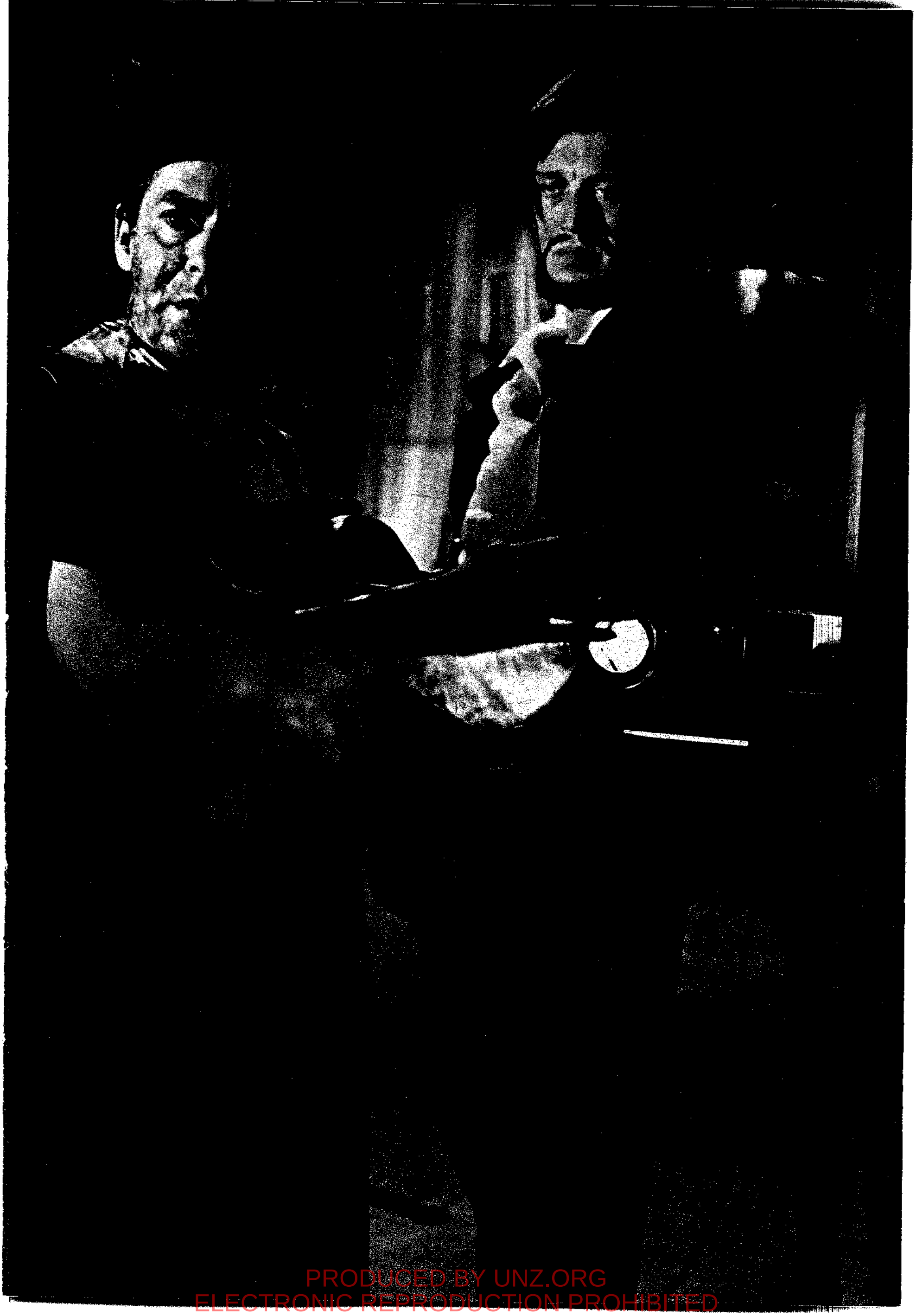
THE STRANGE VISION OF INGMAR BERGMAN

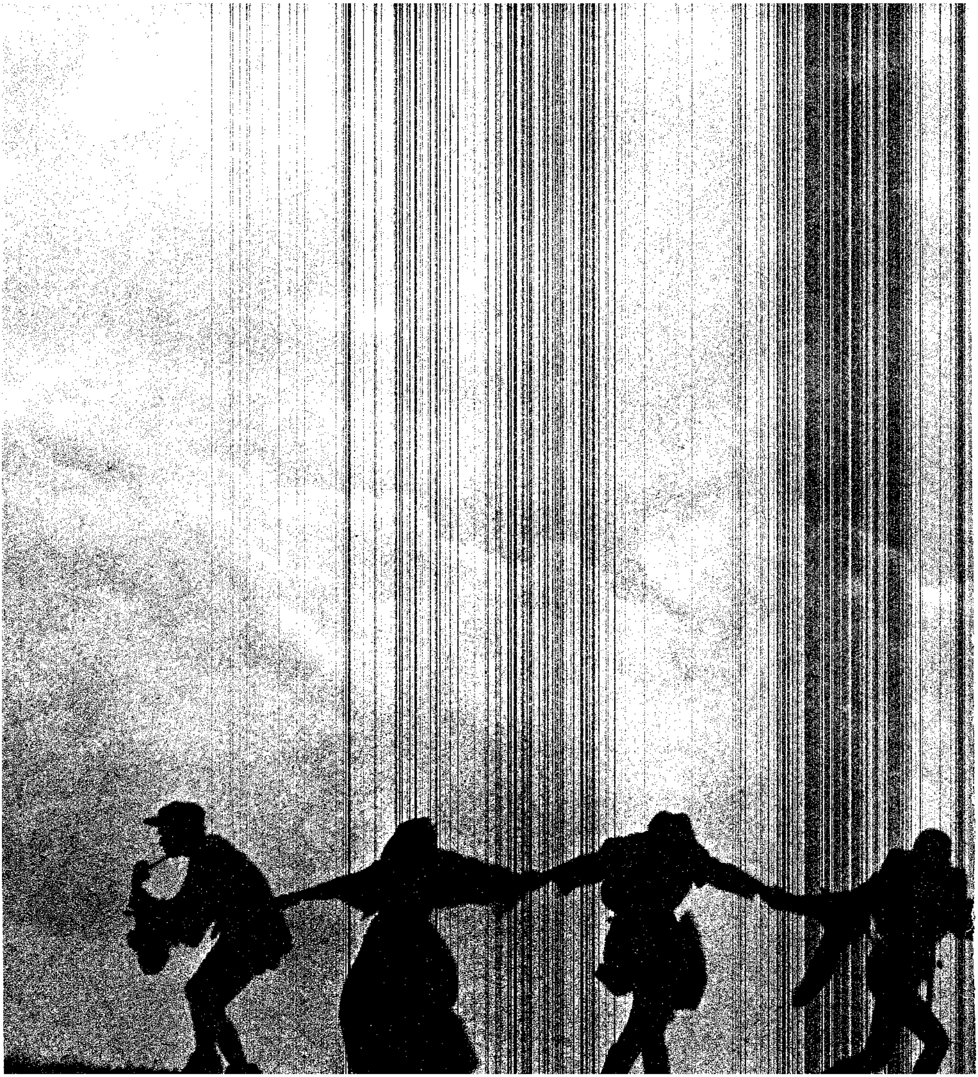
The pensive man behind the view finder is Ingmar Bergman, sensationally successful Swedish movie director, who sees beauty everywhere, is unafraid to look even Death in the face, and has created vivid scenes—such as those on the following pages—in 22 remarkable motion pictures. Drawing deeply on his own intense personal experiences, Bergman weaves love, fear and religion into a steamy tapestry of film.

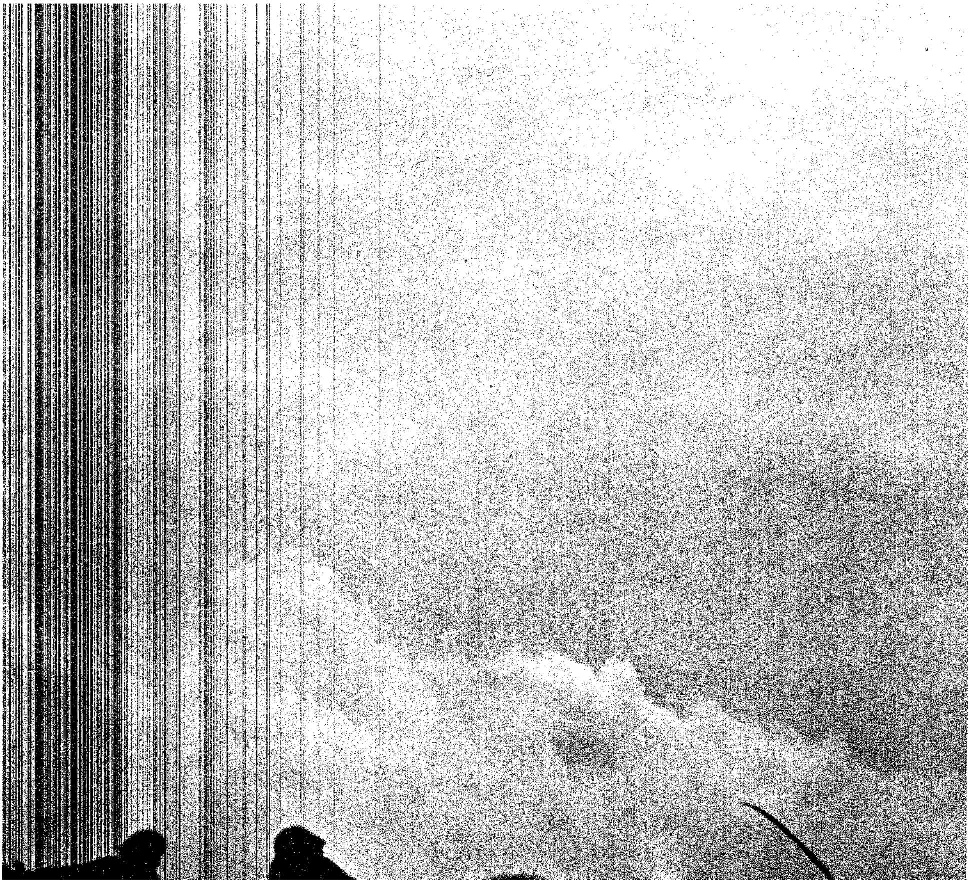
BY WALTER ROSS

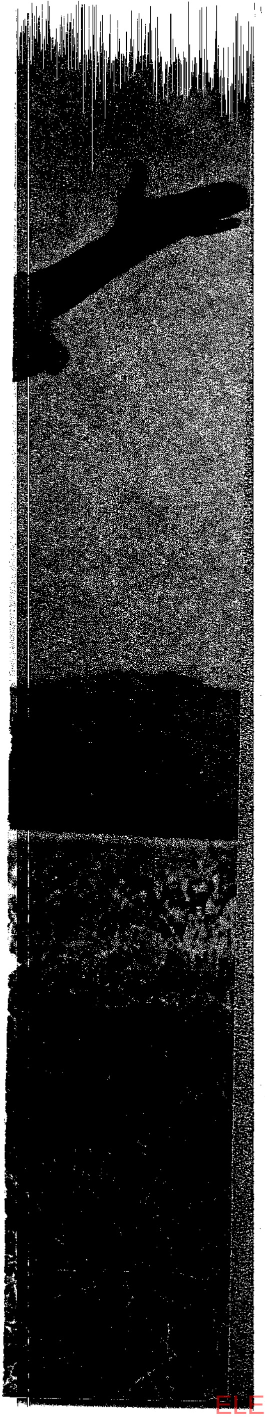
BERGMAN'S MAGIC LANTERN

In *The Magician* (right) Bergman uses a magic lantern like the one he got when he was nine years old. *The Magician* is not for children, however; it tells the story of a mountebank, nearly murdered by skeptics, who is finally victorious over his tormentors. In his hero, Bergman sees himself. "I am really a conjurer," he says, "and in my work I am guilty of deceit." This sense of guilt stems from a strict Lutheran upbringing—Bergman's father was a minister. The rigid life in the gloomy parsonage caused the young Bergman to retreat into fantasies, which he turned into entertainments with his magic lantern and a Chinese shadow theater. He is still picturing his demons in black-and-white, but now he does it for Svensk Filmindustri. He started as a stage director and playwright—is still most interested in the theater—but has achieved international fame through films. He got his first movie camera when an adult. Returning with it to his home in Gothenburg by train, he exposed his first roll of film and later showed it to his family. Its opening shot was the railroad track, seen from the moving train, and it rolled on and on, nothing but track, to the end. It seemed hilarious to the family. To Bergman it was no joke—but a serious effort at cinematography.









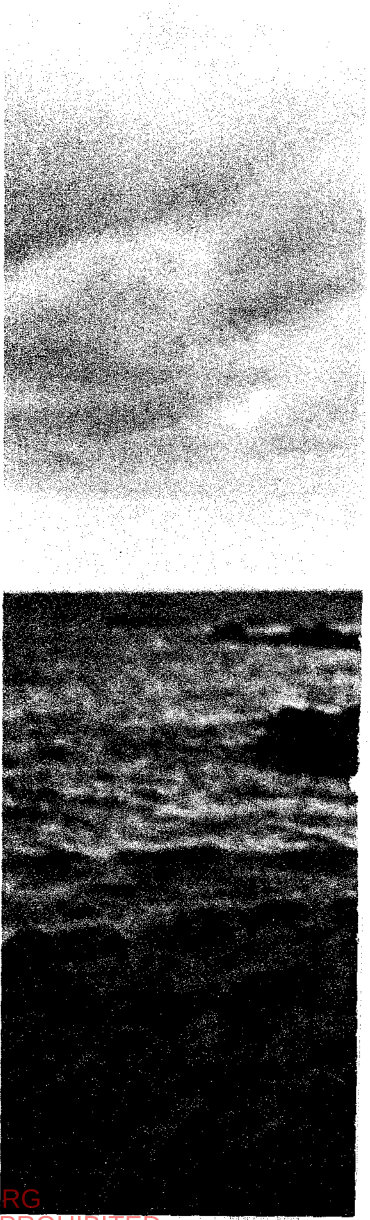
THE PASSIONATE LANDSCAPE

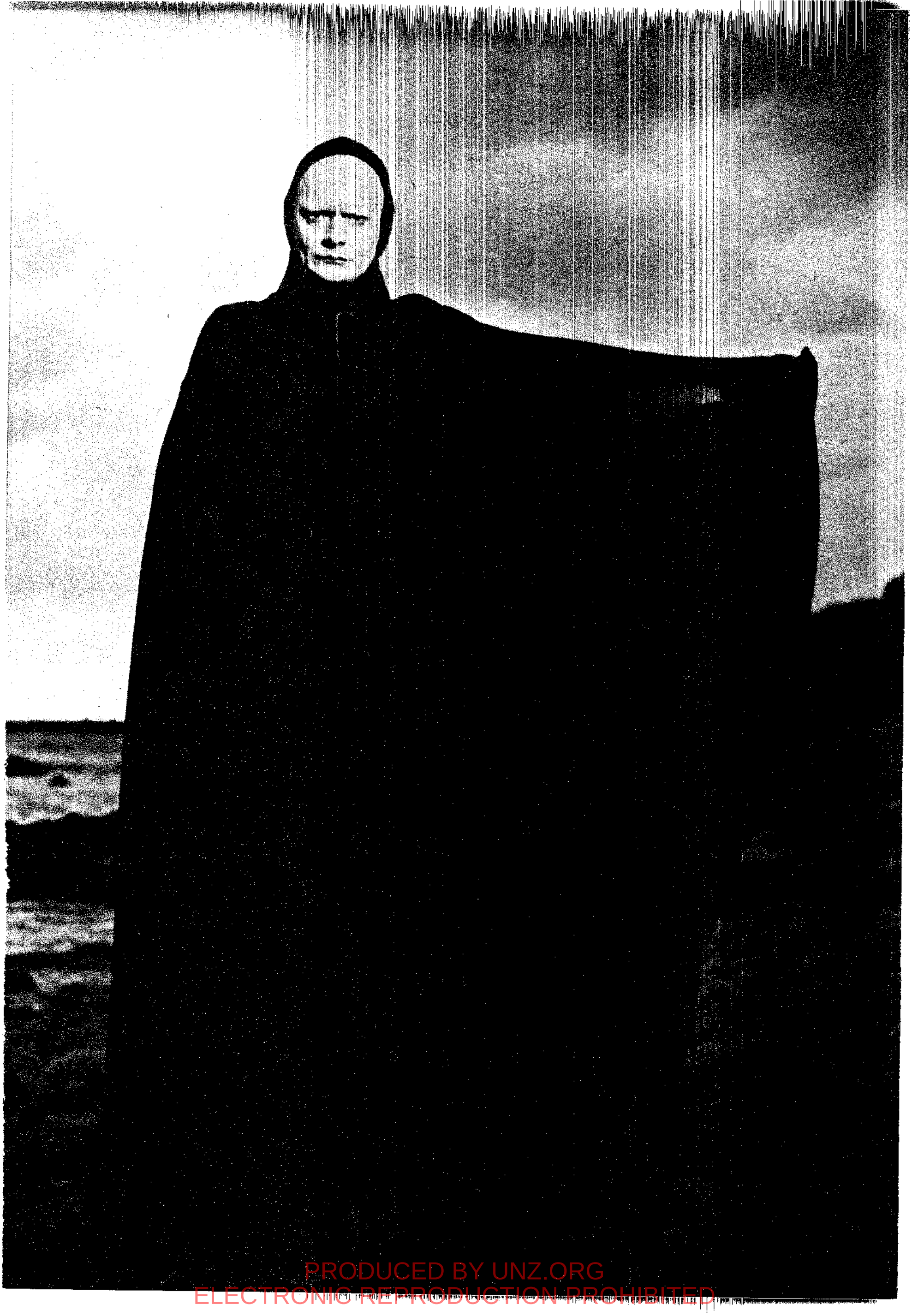
No picture portrays Bergman's lust for life and love of his land better than *Smiles of a Summer Night* (left). Drenched with sunlight and moonlight—pulsing with running rivers, the breathing wind, the lush growths of grass and flowers—it mingles the passions and pursuits of lovers in the caress of summer—a season dearly cherished in Sweden because of its intense contrast with the long, dark winter. When a boy, Bergman often traveled "by bicycle through the spring landscape" with his father, who "taught me the names of flowers, trees and birds." He spent long periods at his grandmother's house in Uppsala, a region of lakes, forests and rolling fields reminiscent of northern Wisconsin and Minnesota. All this is reflected in many scenes of the country whose moods and seasons Bergman knows so well. He resolutely refuses tempting offers to make movies outside of Sweden. He has left his native land for only six months of his 42 years.

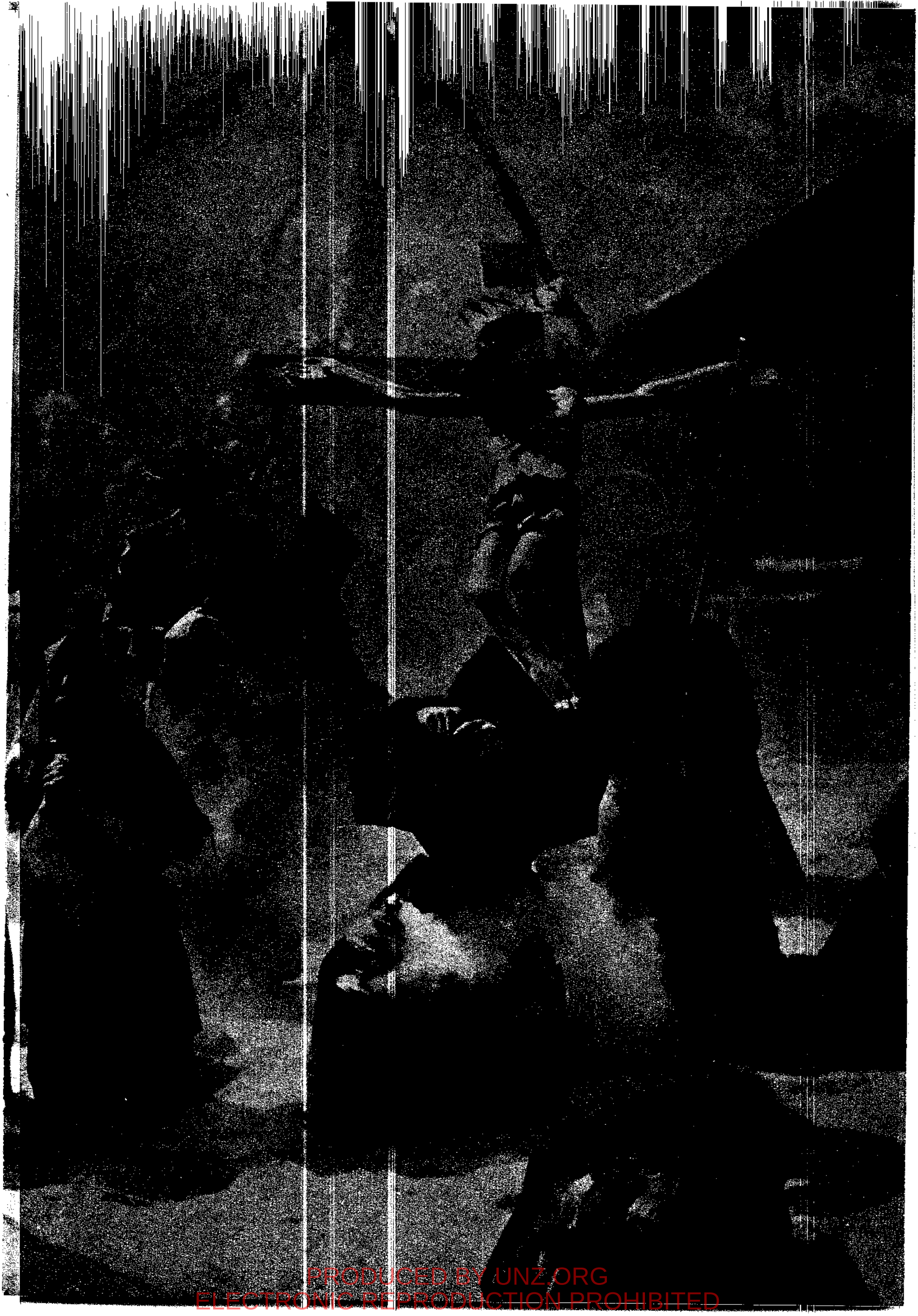
DREAMS OF DEATH

Bergman often dreams of dying; he has even photographed stark black and white Death as in (right) *The Seventh Seal.* In this film, the knight-hero asks questions of Death, who replies: "I have no answers, only appointments." Of this picture, Bergman wrote: "My beings laugh, weep, howl, fear, speak, answer, play, suffer, ask, ask. Their terror is the plague, Judgment Day, the star whose name is Wormwood. Our fear is of another kind, but our words are the same." Dreams of his own death haunt the professor in Bergman's *Wild Strawberries,* a mock death is the climax of *The Magician,* and in his *The Virgin Spring,* a child's death leads to a miracle.

Beside Death, Bergman is disturbed by imaginary illnesses, hypersensitive hearing, insomnia. He often works himself into total exhaustion.

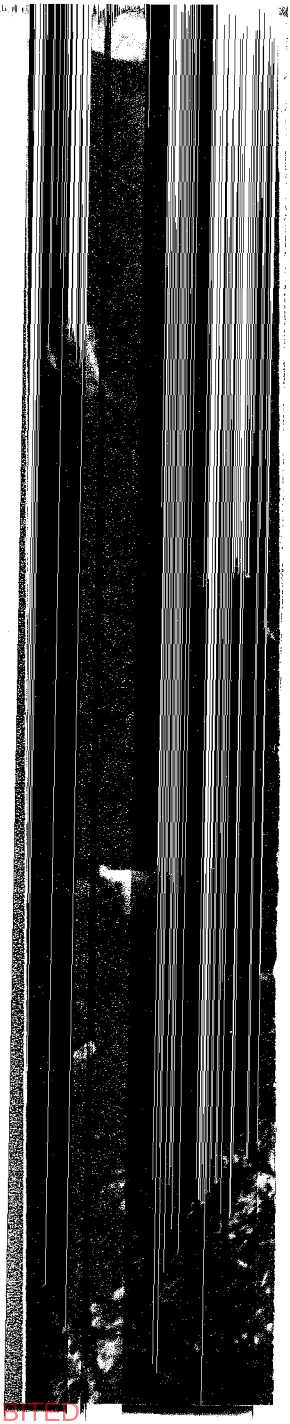


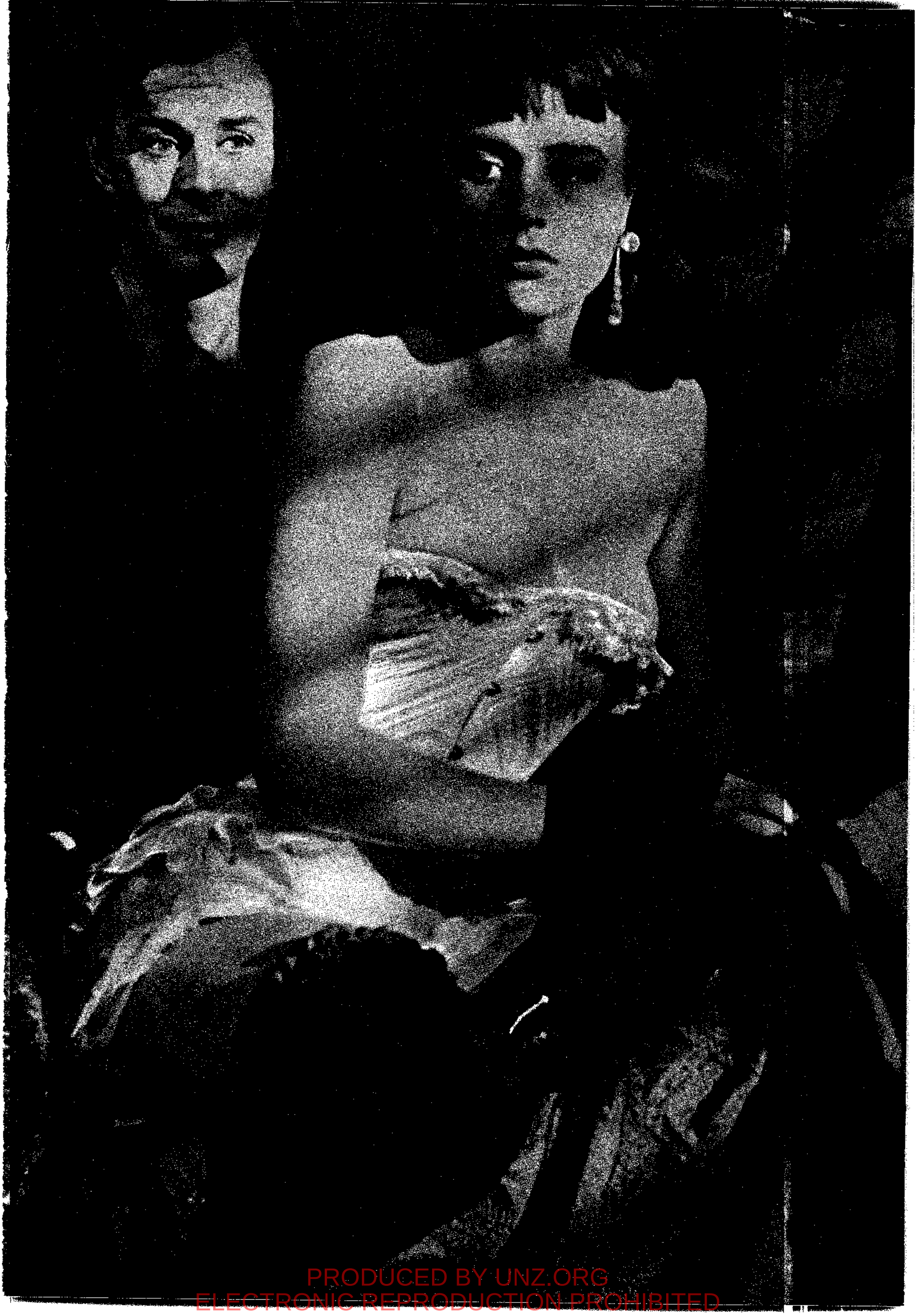




THE LOVES OF BERGMAN

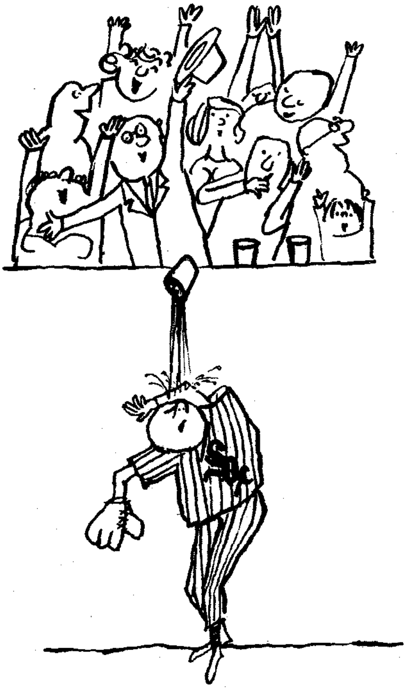
In a country not noted for stern morals, Ingmar Bergman has been a famous lover; and four times a husband. His wives: a dancer, a stage director, a journalist, and (presently) a concert pianist. A friend says: "It took him 40 years to realize he could settle down and still be an artist." Bergman has dealt with all varieties of love in his films: the funny ones, like *Smiles of a Summer Night* and *A Lesson in Love,* and more tender, serious treatments such as *The Naked Night* (right), the story of a seduction among circus people. Bergman obviously enjoys photographing beautiful women. He has a repertory company of comely actresses who play his heroines: Bibi Andersson, Ingrid Thulin, Eva Dahlbeck, Maj-Britt Nilsson. His male stars are often Gunnar Bjornstrand and Max von Sydow. Bergman's gloves-off approach to romance is probably a reaction against his strict upbringing. He has also become known as the voice of Sweden's restless younger generation.





FATHER AND CHILDREN

Bergman is a creature of contrasts—intense concentration, total dedication to work, wild rages and genuine tenderness as (right) with his eldest daughter, 17-year-old Lena Bergman, who acts in *Wild Strawberries*. Unique among directors, Bergman writes most of his own films and casts, directs and edits them himself. Moody, intense, mystical, impassioned Bergman follows his own commandment: "Thou shalt obey thy artistic conscience at all times." This has led him down many strange paths. In his latest film, *The Virgin Spring* (still unreleased in the U.S.), he portrays a rape so candidly that he raised a censorship storm even in broad-minded Sweden. However, Bergman redeems himself in the film by creating a miracle—where the girl is violated and killed, a crystal spring gushes from the bloodstained earth. This is his way of conceding the existence of a Heaven, and saying that from evil, good may come. Bergman mirrors himself in this speech from *The Magician:* "I have prayed one prayer in my life: 'Use me... Step after step after step one proceeds into the dark. Motion itself is the only truth'." That Bergman will keep moving goes without saying. Wherever he journeys in the future, he will doubtless ask searching, biting questions; he will create something beautiful to look at, something concerned with love, life—and inevitably, Bergman.



Zany doings at the World Series

BY JACK ORR

IN THE SECOND GAME of the 1959 World Series, White Sox outfielder Al Smith drifted back to the wall and glumly watched Dodger Charlie Neal's home run drop into the stands. Just as it did, an excited fan knocked over his paper cupful of beer. The beer squished over Smith's head, giving him the appearance of a sodden, unhappy puppy. This Mack Sennett touch to the serious business of baseball's big show delighted everybody. Umpires and players on both sides burst out laughing. Subsequent news pictures and films tickled millions.

Zaniness, accidental or contrived, has often marked World Series competition since its beginning 57 years ago. The games produce a sort of Mardi Gras atmosphere. That may explain the unpredictable behavior of players. as well as fans. "Funniest thing I ever saw in the Series," says Joe DiMaggio, "was Lefty Gomez, in 1936, stopping in the middle of a pitch to watch an airplane. We were playing the Giants and it was a tight game. Mel Ott was the hitter. He and over 43,000 people were waiting. Lefty just stood there on the mound looking up."

Gomez got Ott out, but when he returned to the bench, Yankee manager Joe McCarthy, a grumpy type, said, "That was a crazy thing to do, Gomez. When a hitter like Ott is up, you can't take your mind off the game. He could have hit one right out of here."

"With the ball in my hand, Skip?" said Gomez, innocently.

Usually, playing in a World Series is a grim business. Each Dodger pocketed $11,231.18 last year. One mistake could have meant loss of a bonanza. But uninhibited types like Gomez and the fabled Dizzy Dean always said money isn't everything.

"That Dean!" says Frankie Frisch, who managed Dizzy in the World Series of 1934, when the Cardinals met the Tigers. "He wanted to pitch every game. I told him, 'You're crazy. This is the Series. You can't win four games from the Tigers.' He said, 'I know, but I can win four out of five.' "

As it turned out, Dizzy won two out of three and his brother Paul won two more games for an all-Dean sweep of the classic.

Before the start of the Dodger-Yankee Series in 1952, a reporter came into the press box with a glazed look. "I was just talking to Billy Loes (a zany Dodger pitcher) and he told me that he picked the Yankees to win in six games." Confronted by other reporters, Loes denied it. "I picked the Yankees in *seven*," he corrected.

One of the weirdest games old-timers recall occurred in 1912. Half the spectators at the Red Sox-Giant third game left the park thinking Boston had won. In the ninth inning, with the Giants leading, 2-1, the Red Sox put men on second and third with two out. Games started at 3 P.M. in those days, so the field was in semidarkness and a mist had blown in and hung over right field.

The Red Sox batter cracked a line drive into right field. Josh Devore sprinted after the ball, caught it on the dead run and without stopping ran to the clubhouse. But only fans on the right field side could see the catch. Others thought the ball had gone past. Seeing two runners cross the plate, they were certain that Boston had won, 3-2. Many people who saw the game were amazed when they saw the score in the next morning's papers. Veteran baseball writer Fred Lieb says he was punched in the nose that night when he tried to tell a Red Sox fan the Giants had won.

Comedy bits on the field are most times only funny if they happen to the other side. Thus, Giant fans found no humor when catcher Hank Gowdy tripped over his mask, missed an easy foul pop and set up the Washington victory in the 1924 Series. Dodger supporters do not recall with glee catcher Mickey Owen's miss of a third strike, which allowed the Yankees to win the 1941 set. Nor did Cub rooters see anything funny in outfielder Hack Wilson's performance against the A's in 1929. The Athletics came to bat in the seventh inning of that year's fourth game, trailing 8-0. When Wilson completely lost two balls in the sun, the A's took advantage to the extent of an incredible ten-run inning.

On occasion umpires get into the act. In the second game of the 1922 World Series, with the Yankees and Giants tied after ten innings, umpire George Hildebrand raised his right hand and announced, "Game called on account of darkness."

There was light enough to play another half hour. Fans were so outraged that Commissioner Kenesaw Mountain Landis issued a proclamation ordering all receipts of the tie game turned over to charity.

A goofy incident in the 1957 Series turned out to be one of the key decisions that helped Milwaukee beat the Yankees to win their first championship.

In the tenth inning of the fourth game, pinch-hitter Nippy Jones was hit on the foot by a pitch thrown by Tommy Byrne. But ump Augie Donatelli said his view had been obstructed and that he hadn't seen the play. Jones retrieved the ball and pointed to a telltale smudge of black from the polish on his freshly shined shoes. He was awarded first base and the Braves went on to win.

Ex-Yankee Tommy Henrich tells of the time in a Dodgers-Yankees Series he was caught off second in humiliating fashion. Ump Beans Reardon called the play. Henrich picked himself off the ground and stood nose-to-nose with the ump.

"Don't tell me you weren't out," said Beans.

"No," Henrich said. "Just give me a chance to collect my thoughts and let me look good by arguing with you."

"Go ahead," Beans said.

Henrich pretended to argue, as the crowd roared in anger.

"Thank you, Mr. Reardon," Tommy finally said.

"You're welcome, Mr. Henrich," Beans Reardon said. "Give my regards to the missus and the kids."

In 1955, Yankee pitcher Don Larsen, who a year later turned in the only perfect game in Series history, realized a secret ambition held by many of us: he conked his boss on the head with a baseball.

It happened in the fourth game at Ebbets Field, when Larsen lifted a twisting foul pop high over a field box full of Yankee officials. But when the ball came down it didn't strike an assistant treasurer or any of 36,242 other people; it hit the big boss himself, owner Del Webb, right on the head.

Babe Ruth and the crowd had some fun in the 1926 World Series. In one of the games a rookie named Myles Thomas came in to relieve Yankee pitcher Bob Shawkey. Fans in the bleachers yelled, "Hey Babe, what's the name of the kid pitcher?"

"You know I don't remember names," Ruth said to sportswriter John Drebinger, "so I was awfully embarrassed. I didn't know the kid's name, so I had to yell to What's-his-name in center (that would be Earle

Combs) to find out.

"But from now on I'm going to make it a point to remember names," the Babe added. Then he turned to Drebinger and said, "You'll see, Charlie."

Casey Stengel, who has been managing at the Yankee Stadium for the past 11 years, once was a thorn in the Yankees' side when he played for John McGraw's Giants. He was an effervescent troublemaker and the Yankee bench rode him without mercy throughout the 1923 Series.

Casey singlehandedly beat the Yankees in two games. He hit one home run at Yankee Stadium, the only run of a 1-0 game, and as he jauntily rounded the bases, he thumbed his nose at the Yankee bench for the whole trip.

This brought a complaint from the fastidious Yankee owner Jake Ruppert, who said Stengel's conduct "lacked dignity" and "was an insult to our patrons." But Baseball Commissioner Judge Landis laughed it off and said, "Stengel just has to be Stengel."

Stengel's other home run came in the ninth inning of a tie game. It was a line drive that screeched between fielders and rolled to the deepest point in left-center field. Gasping for breath, the 33-year-old Stengel made it around the bases on his inside-the-park home run.

At the time, Casey was engaged to be married to Edna Lawson. She was at home in Glendale, California, reading the story of Casey's feat to her father, who hadn't met him.

"Well, daddy, what do you think of Casey now?" she said.

Her father raised an eyebrow and said: "Do you think he'll live till the wedding?"

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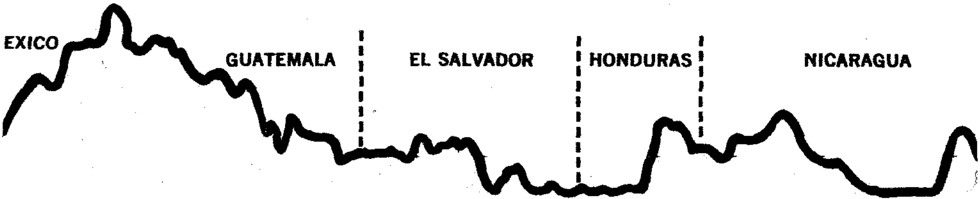
BY FARRELL CROSS

After 30 years and $253,000,000, that 1,500-mile road to Latin America is still incomplete and unusable. Who's to blame for this white elephant?

"WITHIN A FEW YEARS, you will be able to drive from Texas to Panama; before the end of the decade from there to South America."

This dramatic promise was made in October 1929, at a Pan-American conference called to plan a modern new turnpike through the wilds of Central America. A few months later, in 1930, the U.S. Government helped further this dream by authorizing funds for the mammoth engineering project known as the Inter-American Highway.

From that moment on, the American Automobile Association was bombarded with the same question: "What's the best way to drive to South America?" Today, 30 years later, the answer remains the same: "There *is* no way." You can't even get as far as Panama without shipping your car at least part of the way by rail and steamship. Furthermore, on those stretches of highway that have been completed through



Profile view of Highway from Mexico to Panama terminus shows topographical

Central America the hazards and the accommodations are so rugged that the A.A.A. warns its members that the drive is still "not recommended."

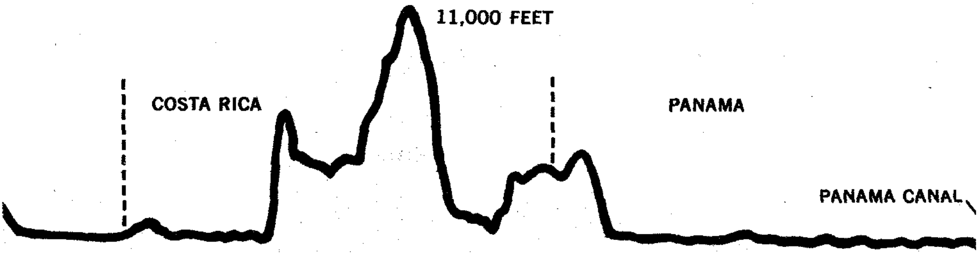
In 1959, when the A.A.A. dispatched two experienced drivers to road-check the 1,100-mile section from Mexico City south to the highway's end in Costa Rica, their year-old sedan took so much punishment that the repair bill came to more than $400. Among other repairs, it required five new tires, brake realignments, eight shock absorber replacements, muffler welding and two transmission overhauls.

That, in a nutshell, is the condition of the Inter-American Highway, whose completion Vice President Richard M. Nixon four years ago termed "the most significant single action which the U.S. can take in Central America and Panama." It has become an international white elephant that devours money and has yet to perform the job expected of it.

Latin American experts agree that the highway is vital to the Americas. It would open up large, hitherto inaccessible areas for trade and tourism; provide a valuable artery for hemispheric defense; develop political stability in Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Panama; foster economic stability and provide a medium for the steadier flow of international commerce.

Yet, the project has been dogged by inadequacy, ineptitude, apathy and petty politics for almost a generation. It was not until 1934—four years after the U.S. decided to take action—that $1,000,000 was allocated for building bridges at strategic points south of the Mexico-Guatemala border. This work dawdled until the start of World War II, when jittery U.S. defense officials gave the highway top priority. Congress promptly authorized $20,000,000, provided that the Central American countries involved would chip in 50 cents for each U.S. dollar spent within their borders. Dipping into this total of $30,000,000, engineers and construction crews launched their agonizing grind.

Frustrations, political maneuvering, blunders and technical head-



hurdles facing engineers. Road reaches 11,000-foot zenith in Costa Rica.

aches so beset American engineers that they soon began referring to the road as "Adversity Alley." Frequently, nature stepped in—violently. During the rainy season, from May to October, operations would bog down completely when the road would become a river of mud.

Even the dry season brought bizarre setbacks. Once, in the rock mountains of Costa Rica, a large blast was set off to break open a cut through a steep ridge. The echo was so intense it vibrated loose a large section of cliff half a mile away, causing a landslide that obliterated a 100-foot segment of completed roadway. Another time, an entire crew of Indian workers deserted the job because they heard that the road was to pass through an area which traditionally brought bad luck to all who transgressed there.

In the lowlands, engineers and construction crews were felled by tainted food, bitten by snakes or laid up for long periods with malaria, hookworm, dysentery, typhoid fever and a wide variety of fungus and other skin infections. In the mountains they were subject to lung trouble, altitude sickness and rock injuries, or delayed for months trying to bridge cantankerous mountain streams. Expensive bulldozers—scarce to begin with—were constantly being damaged by inexperienced operators.

And on several occasions, equipment has simply been usurped by ragged bands of rebels or surly Government troops, while all work in that particular country ground to a halt, pending the outcome of bloody political elections or outright revolution. In July 1959 in Honduras, matters grew tense when rebel troops established a command post right in the office of the Bureau of Public Roads. And on more than one occasion, Communist infiltration has played havoc with local work crews.

To speed work on the project the U.S. has continued to pour in funds. In 1943 an additional $12,000,000 was authorized for unusually heavy construction in the mountains of Costa Rica. But the road was still far from finished when World War II ended. For the most part, it was a collection of muddy trails, washboard surfaces, treacherous ascents and descents, unguarded hairpin turns and river fords that could not be crossed at all during the rainy season. A few more millions were authorized shortly after the war, as Washington sought to bring order out of chaos, raising the total outlay to about $253,000,000, of which the U.S. has contributed more than $170,000,000.

Since the highway sprawls about 1,500 miles through Guatemala, El Salvador, Honduras, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Panama (the Mexican section was built separately, entirely with Mexican funds), each mile of road has been built at a cost of $150,000—not high by modern parkway standards, but monumental considering the results.

Of the 300 miles of highway in Guatemala, less than 100 are paved. The remaining 200 miles comprise an obstacle course of potholes, washouts, fallen rock sections and make-shift bridges. El Salvador, the only country which has paved its entire section, offers 190 miles of what Americans would consider a narrow, winding, bumpy rural road. Honduras has 95 miles of rough gravel that spatters incessantly against the underside of the car and reduces speed to about 25 miles per hour. Of the 240 miles in Nicaragua, about 120 are paved.

The rest range from rough, dusty gravel down to a rutty surface that in some places resembles a freshly plowed potato field. Costa Rica boasts about 200 miles of paved surface, a large section of which is pitted with potholes and eroded along the edges, and another 100 miles of rough gravel.

The highway ends abruptly near San Isidro del General, a small jungle town in the interior, and the remaining stretch of 134 miles to the Panamanian border is still little more than a plan on paper. If you go to Panama—shipping your car from Costa Rica by boat—you will find the remaining 316 miles of the Inter-American Highway just as exasperating: only 100 miles of so-called "paved" road, and the rest nothing but rocks, ruts and bone-jarring potholes.

Alternate roads are a rarity, but when a motorist does reach one there is likely to be great confusion. For no one apparently has given much thought to route markers of any sort, and often the highway looks no different than the rutted, one-lane side road branching off from it. The most frequent markers seen are crude wooden crosses or cairns of stone erected to mark the spots where unfortunate motorists collided on one-lane hairpin turns, or plunged off into deep canyons or rushing rivers.

And there are virtually no traffic cops or other public servants to whom motorists can turn in an emergency. The only sign of civic authority comes at the national borders, where motorists must go through the exasperating ordeal of customs. Tourist requirements vary from country to country. Several countries require special exit visas (obtainable only in the capital) for tourists who take more than 48 hours to traverse their territories.

Customs stations close for holidays, *fiestas, siestas* and week ends. There are no set working hours. Sometimes the border stations on either side of a common boundary—though perhaps only a few hundred feet from each other—observe different hours.

WHO IS responsible for this preposterous inter-American boondoggle? Finding an answer is —appropriately—as frustrating as the highway itself. The U.S. Bureau of Public Roads, which oversees the project, *tries* to acquire the best road building talent and equipment, and to stretch its funds. Hard-headed U.S. and Latin engineers *try* their best to conquer nature and terrain with limited machinery and ill-trained crews. But you cannot keep crews happy with one bulldozer to a 100-mile stretch of road. And you cannot easily satisfy Government penny pinchers who want to know why a new grader happened to be parked where a sudden rockslide picked it up and capriciously tossed it down a 500-foot cliff. A few conscientious Central American public servants also *try*—sometimes to the point of risking their necks—to avoid misuse of funds by corrupt governments.

Guatemala, El Salvador and Panama have established highway departments that are capable of charting plans, making contracts with private companies and hiring workers. And Costa Rica is now setting up an adequate highway department. But in Honduras and Nicaragua, the U.S. Bureau of Public Roads must award contracts directly to private concerns and outline all the plans. Usually, each country pays for construction costs, and is then reimbursed for about two-thirds of the cost by the U.S.

Ironically, U.S. engineers often come in for cynical criticism by Central American governments who are shelling out only half as much as Uncle Sam to build a road within their own borders! In several instances there has even been talk of suing the U.S. for a refund for sections of highway which have been washed out by floods or landslides. Maintenance by local officials seems to be almost impossible. One section in Costa Rica, built less than four years ago, already has eroded badly. And as recently as a year ago, several stretches in Guatemala, hacked out of the mountains at great cost in men and equipment, were badly mauled by rock falls.

The Inter-American Travel Congress estimated four years ago that the highway could be finished "within two dry seasons." And some U.S. officials simultaneously predicted that the entire route—from Texas to the Panama Canal—would be open in three years, perhaps two. But those prophecies did not come true, nor are they likely to in the near future. For the chances are extremely doubtful that Congress will authorize additional funds.

So the great, romantic dream of the American motorist—to drive overland from the U.S. border to South America—is hardly much nearer to realization than it was when the spark was ignited three decades ago. But perhaps it will be better *mañana.*

LIGHTS ALONG THE WAY

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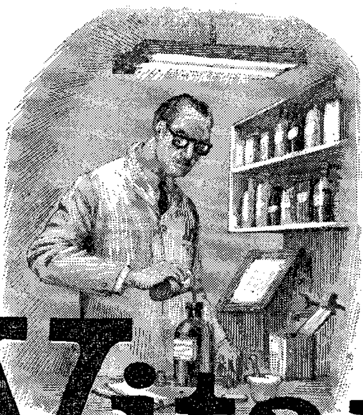
WHEN A MAN finds no peace within himself it is useless to seek it elsewhere. —*Quote*



New York Newspaper Reveals Startling Vitamin Price Facts— Learn How You Can Save On Vitamins

Recently, a leading New York evening newspaper published a public service study of Patent Medicines. The VITAMIN installment uncovered the wide variance in the prices of Vitamins and Vitamin-Mineral combinations.

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"Bearing that in mind, it is interesting to pick up a few Vitamin catalogs and compare the prices charged by different companies for the same Vitamin compounds."

Following publication of the installment we received hundreds of phone calls requesting the Hudson Vitamin Catalog.

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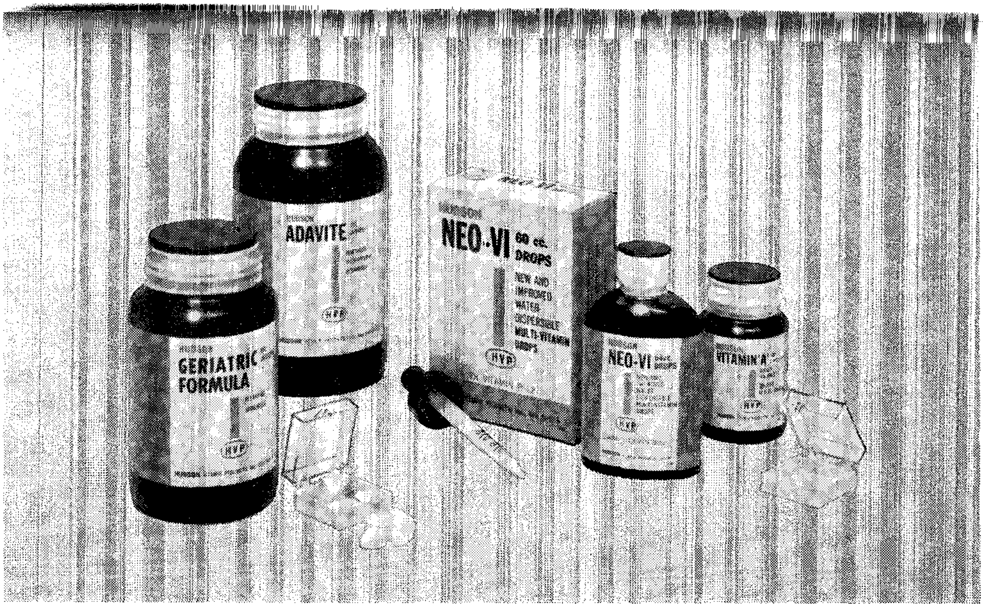
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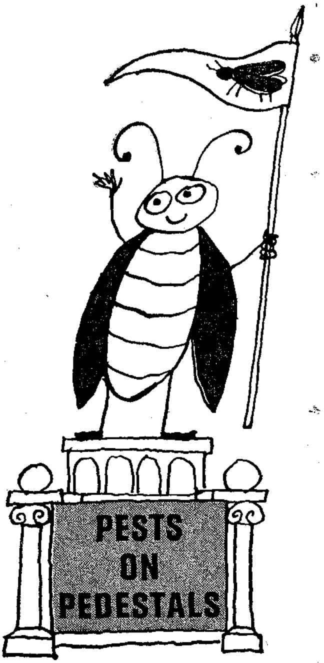

by Charles Schaeffer and Art Cosing

Insects that proved a blessing instead of a nuisance have evoked monumental hallelujahs

One hot day in July 1958, the grateful citizens of Humboldt County, California, thronged into the town of Fortuna to honor the conqueror of a serious local problem—poisonous weeds that had ruined grazing land. But when the speeches were done, the commemorative plaque unveiled and the applause had finally subsided, one departing celebrant heedlessly ground the hero of the day underfoot.

Nobody noticed, and the man could not be blamed. For the object of Fortuna's festivities was a beetle no bigger (even when swelling with pride) than a garden pea: the Klamath weed beetle, now a full-fledged member of a peculiar pantheon of insects to whom grateful mankind has erected monuments.

This small but deserving bug succeeded where all other efforts had failed to eliminate the Klamath weed from pastures in California, Oregon, Washington and Idaho. Imported from Australia in 1944, the beetles exhibited an insatiable appetite for the weed, and by 1958 had brought the problem under control. The shiny monument in Fortuna recalls the event.

Man's penchant for erecting monuments often takes some odd turns. Statues of dogs and horses are not rare. Salt Lake City has a statue to a flock of providential sea gulls; the town of Blue Ball, Ohio, similarly glorifies a favorite pig. But of all these bizarre memorials, none is stranger than those honoring insects—our pests on pedestals.

Consider this: some years ago in Australia a small, dull-gray moth became a national hero and was immortalized by the people of Boonarga, Queensland. In his honor they constructed a building called "Cactoblastis Memorial Hall."

The villain in this story—nearly all insect monument stories have villains—was the prickly pear, a mean type of cactus. Brought to Australia in about 1800 in a misguided effort to establish the dye industry there, the prickly pear soon became a serious weed pest. By the '20s the cactus had invaded some 60,000,000 acres, and had resisted all measures to combat its spread. It wasn't until about 1925, however, and after many failures, that a small moth from Argentina was found to be the true match for the marching prickly pears. (It was constantly dinnertime to the moth, and prickly pears were always on the menu.) This insect, appropriately named Cactoblastis, all but blasted the ugly cacti into oblivion in seven years.

Since Biblical times, the grasshopper locust has plagued mankind. Yet not all have scorned this hungry fellow.

Atop the Royal Exchange in London squats a replica of the infamous pest, wrought in bronze. The little-known 16th-century episode, which enabled the grasshopper to leap to those heights, began in an English hayfield. A baby, abandoned to the elements, whimpered plaintively, but not loud enough to attract aid. Then a passing grasshopper bumbled into the tot's ear. The subsequent wails soon brought rescuers on the run.

The boy, Thomas Gresham, later became the Royal Financial Agent and was knighted by Queen Elizabeth in 1559. Not one to forget a favor, Gresham ordered a likeness of the insect that saved his life installed atop the bell tower of the Royal Exchange.

Before World War I, King Cotton ruled the American South. Then out

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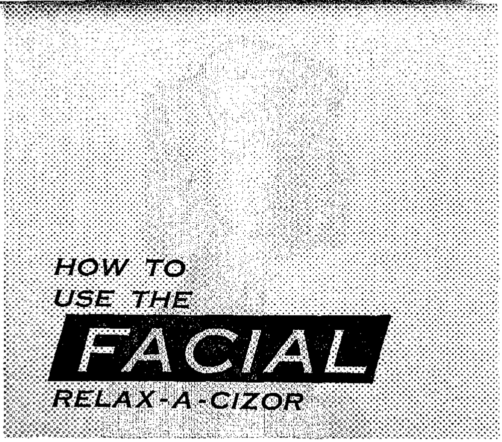
of Mexico came a bug with a snout like a pygmy elephant. Soon the boll weevil was chewing up vast acres of cotton and with it the South's chief source of income. In a decade the pest had destroyed some 25,000,000 bales of cotton, about one-sixth of the crop during that period.

All extermination efforts failed. In desperation farmers facing bankruptcy and starvation turned to other crops. To their surprise, corn, potato, sugar cane and peanut harvests paid better dividends than cotton. By forcing an agricultural revolution against the one-crop system, the boll weevil had unwittingly enriched the South. On December 11, 1919, grateful citizens of the cotton-belt town of Enterprise, Alabama, unveiled a strange monument, a robed female holding aloft a replica of the insect. It bore this inscription:

"In profound appreciation of the boll weevil and what it has done as the herald of prosperity."

Napoleon took as his personal emblem the bee, symbol of tireless constructive energy. When he acquired the royal palace of Fontainebleau as an imperial residence, Napoleon saw to it that gold-painted bees embellished his bedchamber. Bees were also woven into his coronation robe.

But perhaps the ultimate in bug worship was accorded a lowly dung beetle thousands of years ago by the ancient Egyptians. Oval likenesses of the scarab carved in soapstone and precious stones were considered by early dwellers on the Nile as sym-



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bols of eternal life. Egyptologists recognize them as standing for Khepera, the "Creator." To these imaginative ancients, the sharp projections around the beetle's head represented the rays of the sun. The segments in his legs totaled 30, just the number of days in the month; and the ball which the dexterous insect rolled from sunrise to sunset was in the shape of the earth. The beetle then deposited this egg-laden ball into the earth. Legend says that Egyptian priests decided it wouldn't do to have female beetles with all this authority. So, without bothering to look, they appointed all scarabs males. A race of males was a race of warriors, a concept adopted later by Roman soldiers who began flashing scarabs set in rings.

Today, tourists to Egypt can purchase souvenir scarab rings. Genuine scarabs abound in collections of Egyptian art. And stone scarab statues exist in the temples in Luxor, an ancient witness to man's strange homage to a pest.

IN NOVEMBER CORONET

THE MOST HEROIC STORY OF OUR AGE

In the ghost-shrouded remains of the Warsaw Ghetto, Leon Uris, author of the best seller, *Exodus,* relived "the most gripping story of the century." In a CORONET exclusive, he writes for the first time this magnificent saga of courage.

HOW FRENCHWOMEN FEEL ABOUT LOVE AND MORALITY

What Kinsey did in revealing the intimate nature of American women, this searching survey does for the women of France. You may be astonished at some of the attitudes on sex, love and marriage in a nation renowned for its sophistication.

THE HOPEFUL MYSTERY OF "SELF-CURING" CANCERS

Cancers sometimes vanish spontaneously. It is a rare and baffling process known only to nature. Doctors are now fighting to unravel the mystery. If they succeed, it may arm them with a mighty new weapon against the dread disease.

PHOTO CREDITS: Cover Phoebe Dunn from FPG; 10, 12, 14 CBS-TV; 18 MGM; 21, 24, 26 Jack Dressler Studio; 57-71 Svensk Filmindustri from Janus Distributors; 100-101 Culver Pictures Inc.; 108 The Bettmann Archive; 129-143 Jacques Lowe; 171 PARIS MATCH from Pictorial Parade.

how safe are the new birth control pills?

A full,
frank report
on the
new, science-
created
method for
solving
one of man's
most perplexing
problems:
an exploding
population

BY DON MURRAY

A NUMBER OF WOMEN in the U. S. are practicing a dramatic new birth control technique. Each day for 20 days a month, starting with the fifth day of the menstrual cycle, they take a little white pill by mouth, consisting of two female hormones, estrogen and progesterone. This is the first oral contraceptive given full approval by the United States Food and Drug Administration. (The pill was first approved for treating menstrual disorders.) It is sold by prescription only. Laboratory development and field tests are under way that may lead to many other birth control pills—for the male as well as the female. Present research may also lead to contraceptive injections, vaccinations, syrups. Simple surgery which may provide new solutions to one of man's oldest and most sensitive problems—control of conception—is also being investigated.

The problem of birth control is being given special world-wide priority, for the human race is multiplying at an alarming rate. It took mankind until 1830 to reach a population of one billion. In the next 100 years, we doubled our population to two billion. By 1965 we will have added another billion—in a mere 35 years. In less than half that time, by 1980, it is estimated we will be four billion. By the year 2000, the world's population may total seven billion.

THERE ARE two basic reasons for the population explosion. One is the spectacular decrease in infant mortality. As recently as 1915, birth registration records indicated that of every 1,000 babies born alive, 100 died in infancy. In 1959 the infant death rate in the U.S. was cut to 27 per 1,000. This, of course, means that many more survive to reproduce. The second major reason for the population increase is our longer life expectancy. An American boy born in 1789 could expect to live 34 years. This year the male life expectancy is more than 68 years, and the female about 75 years. The result: more people.

The U.S. has been able to handle a growing population with an expanding economy. Other countries have not been so fortunate. In Ceylon, in the past, malaria was the great population regulator. Today, modern medical techniques control malaria. The death rate in Ceylon has been cut in half. The birth rate has remained high, and the population is increasing much faster than the food supply.

For another reason besides population control, medical scientists have been searching for new birth control techniques. The two birth control devices, made of rubber—one used by men (the condom), the other by women (the diaphragm)—considered safe and effective by the medical profession (prior to the approval of the new pill) have several basic faults: they are too expensive for many areas of the world; they are impractical in countries without modern toilet facilities or privacy; they require a climate in which rubber does not deteriorate. Most important, they demand that the user interrupt or anticipate passion, for both devices must be applied during or near the act of intercourse.

Even in the U.S., where married couples can afford these devices and have the facilities to use them, a national study of white married couples showed that only 35 percent employed birth control methods considered effective by the medical profession.

To understand the new approaches to contraception, you must first know the miracles of conception and birth. In a mature woman, each month an egg reaches maturity in one ovary. It lives for about 12 hours. The egg passes down a tube, where it may be met by one of many male sperm swimming up the tube. The female egg is fertilized by the sperm and moves down to the womb, where it attaches itself to the wall and, in nine months, develops into a baby.

Most attempts to control conception in the past put a barrier between the egg and the sperm or used a germicidal substance to kill the sperm. Now scientists are slowly, but with increasing success, discovering the most hidden secrets of the birth process so they can start or halt it at will through biological or chemical means. Only after new discoveries about the process of conception, for example, could the contraceptive hormone pill be created.

The pill grew out of the knowledge that once an egg has been released from the ovary a hormone called progesterone is produced. One of the effects of progesterone is to signal the pituitary to stop secreting the hormones—FSH and LH—which trigger the ripening and release of eggs. When conception occurs, the same ovarian hormone halts the release of eggs until the third month of pregnancy, when the placenta, the structure which anchors the embryo to the womb, takes over the secretion of progesterone and estrogen.

Dr. Gregory Pincus of the Worcester Foundation for Experimental Biology and Harvard Professor Emeritus Dr. John Rock of the Free Hospital for Women, both of Massachusetts, were among many who tried progesterone as a birth control drug. They found it only 85 percent effective, so they talked pharmaceutical companies into developing a stronger synthetic progesterone. The resulting compound, combined with estrogen, a second ovarian hormone, is the new birth control pill.

A woman takes one of these hormone pills each day 20 times a month, starting with the fifth day of her menstrual period. The hormones enter her blood stream and travel to her pituitary gland. They stop the gland from sending out the hormones which would start the egg-producing process.

Hence, while she is taking the pills, she cannot conceive a child. The cost is about 50 cents a pill, or $120 a year. The results? Studies in Puerto Rico, Los Angeles, San Antonio, Boston and Japan on 1,500 women show 99.9 percent effectiveness—if all 20 pills are taken when prescribed.

That is a very important *if*, because very few women seem capable of remembering or following the 20-pill schedule. Thus, the ideal birth control pill would be a single capsule which would make conception impossible for a month, perhaps several months. That pill has not yet been created. Until it is, many women relying on the present pills may forget a pill or two a month—and become pregnant.

It must also be added that pill-taking is a natural form of medication in the U.S. But in some areas of the world pill-taking is not customary. So an extensive educational program would be needed to educate women to take a pill on 20 consecutive days.

Tests show that when women stop taking hormone contraceptive pills they can conceive as easily as before. Dozens of women who have taken the new pill have had normal births after normal pregnancies—and their offspring show no ill effects. But some physicians are still concerned with the eventual effect of the pills. One doctor asked, "What about the grandchildren?" That question, of course, cannot be answered for another generation.

In some women, vaginal bleeding occurs during the course of the medication. However, this is usually corrected by increasing the dosage. Some women report changes in sexual behavior, but there seems no pattern to these and doctors have no physical explanation for them. In one checkup of those who had taken the pills, 13 women reported an increase in sexual libido, 20 a decrease, and the remaining 45 no change. In another phase of the study 50 to 52 percent reported increased frequency of intercouse, 34 to 42 percent a decrease.

Some women who are taking the pills gain weight, while others lose. In neither case are changes severe. But it does indicate that the pills have a physiological or psychological effect. One expert theorizes that the women are eating more because they are relaxed, no longer worried about unwanted pregnancies. Another thinks that their basic metabolism is affected. No one knows the reason as yet.

Some of the women tested in Puerto Rico and Haiti reported dizziness, nausea, vomiting, gastralgia and lower abdominal pain after taking birth control pills. But most of these problems disappeared later. It is interesting to note that when a group was given placebos (pills containing no drugs), they reported almost exactly the same side effects. Yet they did not know that women taking the real pills were reporting the same complaints.

We still have a lot to learn about the full long-range effects of adding extra, powerful hormones to a woman's system. We do know that when estrogen and progesterone are used on the male pituitary, the patient's production of sperm is halted immediately. This pill has not been used for male birth control, however, because the man not only stops producing sperm, but his sex desire and potency are markedly reduced.

THERE ARE almost as many questions as answers about the new birth control pill. Yet, it is an important discovery. And this is only the beginning. Medical scientists, such as Dr. Sheldon Segal of the Population Council (a Rockefeller foundation supporting the scientific study of population), who have devoted their careers to the problem of birth control, are confident that during the 1960s many more new birth control techniques will be developed for both men and women.

Many new contraceptives—some extremely radical—are being tested. For example, certain drugs which act like X rays are being tried in male animals. These drugs settle in the testes and destroy young sperm cells. They would, of course, be hazardous for a human male, since they might do permanent damage to his body or create monstrous mutations among his descendants. Such drugs could be safely adopted only after many years of testing.

A potentially less hazardous birth control drug is being tested by Drs. Segal and Warren Nelson of the Population Council, whose laboratories are at the Rockefeller Institute. It is a white chemical compound called MER-25. This has been effective in laboratory animals. Pills given to the female after intercourse halted embryonic development of the fertilized egg before it reached the womb. So far researchers have observed no serious side effects in clinical tests on women. The drug does not affect the woman's menstrual cycle or hormonal activity.

Other drugs are being investigated which may halt the development of the egg in the uterus, may prevent the sperm from swimming up to meet the egg, may inhibit the development of sperm, or may interrupt the birth process in other ways. These drugs may be given as pills or injections, perhaps even in food.

There is current exploration of surgery which would *temporarily* tie off either male or female tubes so that conception could not take place. Today, a man can go into a doctor's office and there have the *vas deferens,* the tube which carries sperm from his testes, tied off in a matter of minutes. But there is only a 50-50 chance he can have it later restored to working order. Women had even less chance of reconstitution if their Fallopian tubes were tied off in an open abdominal operation. Now a telescope-like device is being used experimentally to allow the doctor to hunt for the tubes through the vaginal wall. Using the same device, he can apply metal clips to the tubes. Thus, major surgery is avoided and there seems to be a better chance of reactivating the Fallopian tubes when the clips are later removed.

One of the most aggressive areas of research is for drugs which will make the "rhythm" method of birth control more effective, for devout Roman Catholics. The church, so far, will not approve the new birth control pill, but scientists recall that the late Pope Pius XII once said: "One may even hope that science will succeed in providing this licit [rhythm] method with a sufficiently secure basis."

The Catholic church-approved rhythm method of birth control is based on periodic continence. The egg matures halfway in the menstrual cycle, normally 14 days after the beginning of one menstrual cycle, and 14 days before the beginning of another, and must be fertilized within 12 hours after it starts down the Fallopian tube for conception to take place. Since sperm only survives about two and a half days, if continence is practiced from day 13 to 16, all is safe. The remainder of the month intercourse cannot result in conception. In theory, this sounds like a practical system, but it depends on female regularity and many women have an irregular menstrual cycle. They may have cycles of 26 or 30 or 32 days. Some women may have a short cycle one month, a long one the next. Too, tiredness, shock, psychic conditions, all sorts of physical reasons, may make a regular woman irregular.

That birth control techniques must be acceptable to religious groups points up that control of conception is much more than a medical problem. The desire to have children is, perhaps, the most basic drive of man. The whole subject of birth control is su[illegible]y a host of economic, political, religious and personal emotional factors. Effective birth control depends not only on workable techniques—but also on the motivations of people to limit the number of their offspring. Science will almost certainly provide the means for simpler, more effective birth control in the near future. But it will be up to the people of the world to use them to control their population explosion.

MARQUEE MISCHIEF

DOUBLE FEATURE at a Virginia Beach, Virginia, theater: "First Man Into Space" "Nowhere To Go"

—HAROLD HELFER

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How economical are the compact cars?
Also: home humidifiers for comfort
and health; Swedish modern
furniture—stylish bargains

money-wise

COMPACT CARS: how much economy?

The present American compacts offer economy at the expense of some luxuries we have become accustomed to in American cars. There is obviously less seating room in a compact. The bigger "standard" has a more stable ride at high speeds, and the "standard" interiors are frequently more luxurious.

Each car buyer has to decide whether the money saved in a compact outweighs what he will give up in style, performance and ride. To help in that decision, we have attempted to compute the savings in driving a compact.

Every item of car expense varies according to locality and driver. To provide information of greatest service to the largest number of people, we have based estimates on a mythical "average" driver in an "average" locality, making "average" use of his car. We have assumed an automatic transmission, in estimating cost, gasoline consumption and resale.

Original cost: Buying a car is a matter of trading, with the manufacturer's suggested retail price serving most often as a starting point. Dealers presently are making more liberal concessions on the prices of standard models than on compacts. This means that the actual difference in cost is less than it seems by a comparison of list prices.

List prices of the "low-priced" compacts range from a low of $1,824 for the Rambler American De Luxe to a high of

$2,053 for the Valiant V-100. Where a Ford Falcon two-door sedan lists at $1,912, a Ford Fairlane two-door sedan is $2,257, an apparent difference of $345.

In most communities, however, dealers are trading so much more liberally on their larger cars that the actual difference is about $200 or less. Whether you buy Rambler, Falcon, Valiant, Lark or Corvair, you may pay about $200 less than for a Chevrolet Biscayne 6, a Ford Fairlane, a Plymouth Savoy 6 or a Dodge Dart Seneca 6.

Optional equipment: Original cost rises in proportion to the optional equipment on your car. One option you cannot buy in compacts: electric windows. Other options are generally slightly cheaper in compacts; the following savings are typical:

Automatic transmission	$20
Radio	5
Heater	7
Whitewall tires	4
Padded instrument panel	5

Assuming that you would choose all these, a compact car will save you $41.

Gasoline and oil consumption: It is impossible to predict just how much fuel a car will use. This depends on the kind of traffic, how well the car is tuned and who drives it. An average driver in average traffic will get about 20 miles per gallon in a compact car with automatic transmission. This is about four miles per gallon better than a full-sized "6." Both will run on regular gas.

The approximate gas saving in 40,000 miles is the cost difference between 2,000 gallons for the compact and 2,500 gallons for the standard. At 28 cents per gallon, the compact saves about $140.

Up to 40,000 miles, it is unusual to add more than a quart of oil between oil change. But most smaller-engine compacts have crankcases that hold a quart less. Since all new cars are equipped with oil filters and can run about 2,000 miles between oil changes, the compact will use about 20 quarts less oil in 40,000 miles, a saving of about $10.

Other savings: There are other categories in which some saving can be expected for the compacts.

1. Insurance: In most states, an insurance company may sell both liability and collision insurance on compact cars at a ten percent discount. There is no way of determining how many companies are doing this or how long they will continue. With careful shopping, however, you may be able to reduce your compact premium by ten percent—$4 or $25, depending on where you live and how you use your car.

2. Repairs: On the compact cars you can anticipate fewer repairs, and these should be

cheaper in terms of labor. Replacement parts, however, cost about the same for compacts as for standard cars.

3. Tires: At present there is a small saving on compact car tires (6.00x13) as against the larger size (7.50x14). It is expected that compact tires will wear out faster simply because they make more turns per mile.

4. Registration fees: These are generally based on weight or horsepower. On either count the smaller compact will be taxed at a lower rate than the standard.

5. Resale: There is no experience to guide an evaluation. Traditionally, however, the lower the original cost of a car and the cheaper it is to repair, the less its value depreciates. The resale value of the compact, three years old, may be the same as that of the standard "6", same age, which means a net gain for the compact car owner.

To sum up: The average driver of a six-cylinder car with automatic transmission and the usual optional equipment, by choosing a compact rather than a full-size car, can expect to save at least $400, and perhaps more in 40,000 miles of use.

HOME HUMIDIFIERS: for better air

When we think of humidity control, we usually mean removing the uncomfortable excess moisture of summer. Air conditioning in most cases performs this task satisfactorily. Equally important, however, is maintaining sufficient moisture indoors during winter months.

Too little moisture in the air is one reason why wood furniture pulls apart at the joints. Dryness also sometimes causes warping in the structural timbers of a house. Excessive dryness causes fibers in carpeting and upholstery to split or snap off, which reduces their life and creates more dust. Uncomfortable drying of nasal passages is caused by too low humidity.

Proper humidification, important for comfort, health and maintenance, can now be secured in most homes at reasonable cost.

For warm-air heating systems two kinds of humidifiers are available. The less expensive type (under $20) operates by evaporation. Known as the "evaporative plate" type, it is connected with the water line. Water is evaporated by furnace heat, and circulated with the warm air. The device is effective, but does not maintain a constant level of humidity.

The "atomizing spray" humidifier ($40-$80) is an electric-powered device that goes on and off with the blower, and adds moisture at a constant rate. It can be regulated to give more or less moisture, and, properly adjusted, should give efficient humidity control. This control can be made automatic by the addition of a humidistat ($25).

The majority of American homes, steam-heated, have available both the cheapest and the most expensive humidifiers. The inexpensive one is a simple shallow pan of water on top of the radiator. You have to refill it by hand and you have no control over the rate of evaporation. It may be tipped over unless it is enclosed in a radiator cover. But it costs practically nothing, and if kept filled will relieve excessive dryness.

The expensive device is the portable humidifier, usable in any type of room that has an electric outlet. Costing about $150, it vaporizes water by electric heat from a good-sized storage tank. It has a built-in humidistat and will operate until the desired humidity is reached.

And for those who can afford to be fussy about the air in their homes, there is a new group of devices that not only humidifies but also filters the air, removing dust and odors. Costing from $250, they are coupled to either the furnace or the year-round air conditioner.

Humidifiers can be bought from heating or air-conditioning dealers or from humidification specialists. You may or may not be charged an installation fee.

SWEDISH FURNITURE: bargain modern

For those who admire handmade Danish modern furniture, but can't afford it, it will be good news that similar-looking furniture at lower prices is now arriving from Sweden.

Made largely by machine, the Swedish furniture costs less to produce than do the Danish handmades. This means lower import duties, so that apparently identical pieces—one Swedish, the other Danish—might vary in price $50 or $100 at retail.

Like the Danish styles, the Swedish furniture is made mostly in teak, jacaranda and oil-finished walnut, well seasoned and not likely to warp or peel. Usually the wood grains are carefully matched, and the upholstery fabrics, stitching and inner construction are good. Straight edges are softened by hand rubbing.

Many department stores in the larger cities across the country have begun to stock Swedish modern pieces.

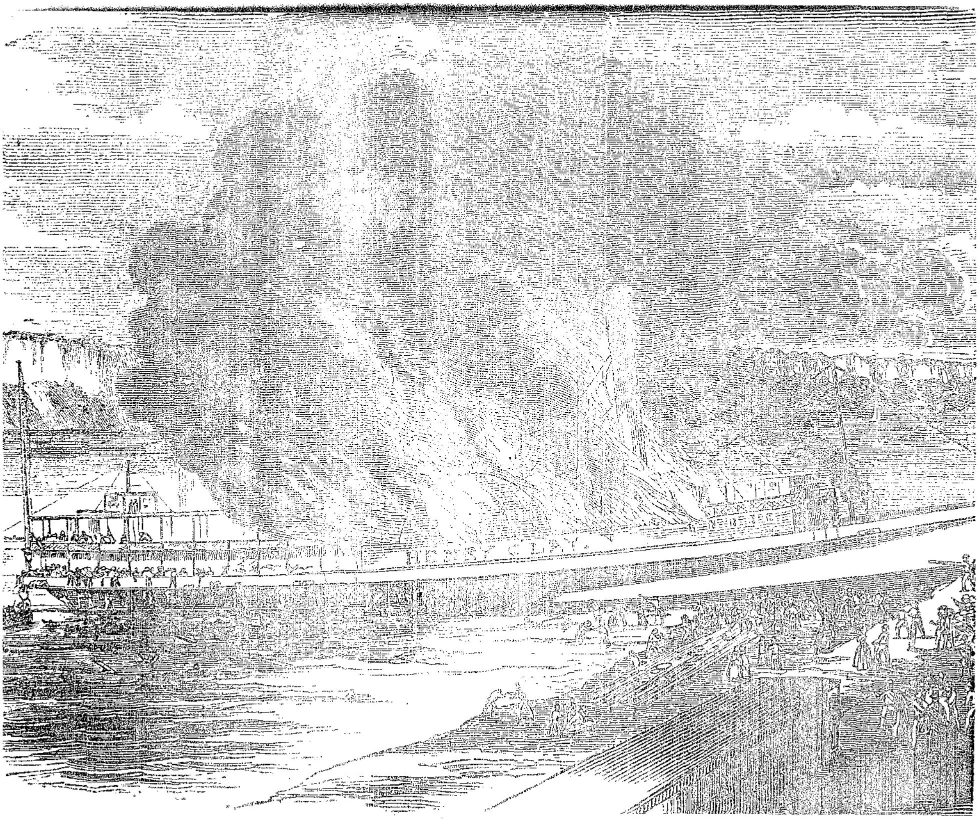
The machine-made, hand-finished Swedish furniture is not "just as good" as the handmade Danish pieces. But the Swedish lines, at moderate prices, are carefully manufactured in the styles made popular by Danes. ♛

BY NORMAN CARLISLE

The steamboat that raced with death

Recklessly routing his rival, vengeance-mad Captain Collyer hurtled down the Hudson to fiery disaster

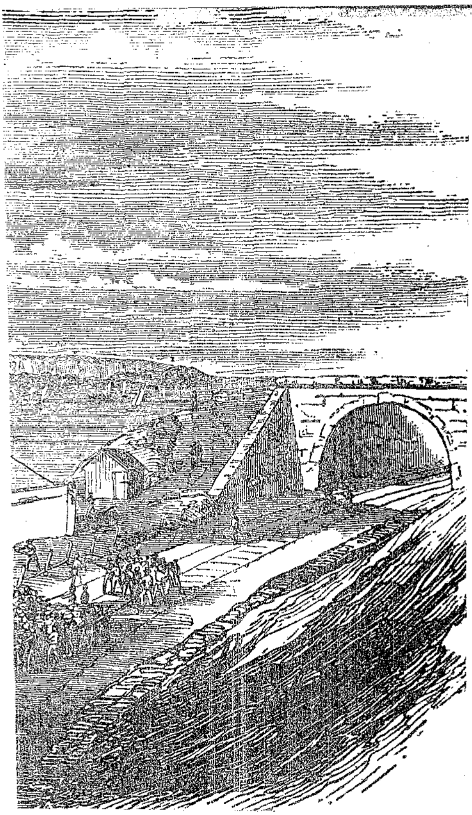
IT WAS A GAY SCENE on the wharf at Hudson, New York, as crinoline-clad ladies and elegant gentlemen said their farewells. Then, abruptly, charm turned to chaos. Sweaty stevedores rudely pushed passengers up the gangplank of the waiting steamboat *Henry Clay*, and threw their satchels after them helter-skelter. Excitement spread as the vessel began to shove off ahead of schedule, bound for New York City. The 300 men and women aboard the *Henry Clay* didn't know it then, but on that hot July day in 1852 they were pawns in a bizarre game that saw the boat's captain gamble his ship, his life and the lives of his passengers on a disastrous 100-mile dash down the Hudson River. It all began



when Thomas Collyer, builder, part owner and captain of the *Henry Clay,* looked out from the landing at Hudson and saw the steamboat *Armenia* puffing by without swinging in for its scheduled stop. The very existence of the *Armenia* was a sore-spot with Collyer, although he himself had built the rival ship. Lack of funds had forced him to sell the *Armenia,* in order to finish building the *Henry Clay.* But the new owners of the *Armenia* had agreed not to operate her on a schedule that would conflict with the *Henry Clay*'s. Yet here was the *Armenia* running in direct competition.

Now, as the *Armenia* steamed by, Collyer suddenly realized that the *Armenia*'s skipper, Isaac Polhemus, meant to beat the *Henry Clay* to New York. Anger quickly pushed common sense out of Collyer's mind. Steamboat racing was forbidden on the Hudson, yet Collyer sent the *Henry Clay* out in pursuit of the *Armenia.* Jim Elmendorf, the *Henry Clay*'s pilot at the time, shook his head. "We can't catch them, Sir," he said.

But Collyer refused to listen. "Get



up more steam!" Soon Elmendorf reported that the pressure on the boilers had reached 350 pounds per square inch—past the danger point. "Tie down the safety valve!" Collyer ordered. By doing so he would get extra speed—and very possibly blow up the ship.

Foot by foot the *Henry Clay* gained, until its bow was just behind the *Armenia*'s stern. It inched forward and there was a heavy thump as the *Henry Clay,* trying to pull alongside, bumped against the rival boat. Both captains ordered crew men up onto the paddle boxes, where they used sticks to hold the boats apart. Still the *Henry Clay* gained, until the two ships were exactly even.

Then, suddenly, Collyer wheeled around, seized the steering wheel and deliberately smashed the *Henry Clay* into the *Armenia*!

"All passengers to larboard!" he bellowed, gesturing to the side of the ship farthest from the *Armenia.* The passengers obeyed, and their weight slowly lifted the *Henry Clay*'s guard rail higher than the *Armenia*'s.

"Back to the other side!" Collyer shouted. Again the passengers obeyed, and the new shift of weight brought his guard rail down tight on top of the *Armenia*'s. Now all could see Collyer's deadly purpose. If the *Armenia* didn't stop her engines, the captain of the *Henry Clay* clearly intended to push her against the shore. Polhemus had no choice. He cut off power, so that the *Armenia* floated free, bobbing like a cork a few yards from land.

The race was over. It would take Polhemus so long to build up steam again that even if she proceeded at only a modest speed, the *Henry Clay* could stay ahead. But the *Henry Clay* wasn't slowing down. Collyer barked new orders at the firemen: "Keep the safety valve tied down! Throw on more coal!"

Hour after hour, the *Henry Clay* churned southward, never slowing, and not stopping at scheduled landings. Showers of burning embers poured down on the decks; children cried, women screamed and fainted, and a group of distraught husbands demanded that Collyer stop at

Poughkeepsie and let them off.

Only 50 or so left the boat when Collyer grudgingly granted this request. Of those who remained, some were in a hurry to get to New York and others had been caught up in the thrill of a run that would shatter all Hudson River speed records.

At 3 P.M., the *Henry Clay* thundered past Yonkers. Suddenly, a crewman, his clothing in flames, burst up onto the deck and leaped into the water.

"Fire!"

Within seconds, the *Henry Clay* was a mass of flames. In the wheelhouse, Elmendorf asked Collyer, "Shall I beach her, Sir? It's our only chance."

"Beach her?" Collyer echoed, dumbly.

Frantic, Elmendorf jerked at the wheel and the *Henry Clay* turned and plowed toward the riverbank. There was a tremendous crash as it hit solid ground and went sliding up on the shore, digging its prow into a railroad embankment 25 feet from the water's edge. Smokestacks fell and passengers were thrown into great, struggling heaps.

Emerging from the debris, Collyer stood for a moment, bloody and dazed; then, sobbing, he tore apart a fence with his bare hands and began tossing boards to those fighting for life in the water. Most of the passengers were at the stern of the boat, out over the water, and a wall of flame amidships separated them from the safety of shore. Worse yet, a strong offshore wind was whipping the flames toward the trapped victims. One by one they dropped into the river, which was soon filled with hundreds of floundering men, women and children.

A few hours later it was all over. The *Armenia* arrived just in time to pull many people from the water, then sailed for New York with a cargo of battered, seared survivors. The *Henry Clay* had burned to the water line. Ironically, the only part still intact were her massive boilers.

As they led him away from the bodies stretched out along the river's edge, the anger was gone from Thomas Collyer's mind. In its place was a horror he would have to live with the rest of his life—the knowledge that 72 people had died because he would not stop a race that only death could win.

BUSINESS-WISE

A SHOE MANUFACTURER, interested in developing the export market, sent two of his salesmen into similar and primitive countries. After a few weeks, he received a cable from the first: "Returning on the next plane. It's impossible to sell shoes here as everybody goes barefoot." The next day a cable came from the second salesman: "Mailing 53 orders. Market possibilities unlimited. Everybody here goes barefoot."

—ALICE COOPERMAN

BY WILLIAM O'HALLAREN

Our war with the skunks

Even though our cause was just, we were always in bad odor

At 9:30 EVERY NIGHT of the dry season, Bucky, our 80-pound collie, raises his head and sounds a long, worrisome cry. There is something in the tone that suggests a Custer scout spotting that sea of Indian bonnets. And as Bucky wails his warning, he backs carefully into the hall closet until he is completely hidden. It is the best place to be when the skunks are coming.

If anyone should be so foolish as to look out the front door at that moment he would see at least one small, black animal with raised tail plodding across our front yard. From then on the looker's problem will be finding likely spots for burying clothes.

Zoologists, in their happy, patronizing way, say that the skunks who are at war with us aren't really at war at all, that they are merely looking for food and water. We know better. They are on hand to fight. Man, dog, car, pole, bush—nothing deters them. No matter what notions have been peddled about lions and tigers and water buffalo, the truth is that the skunk is the fiercest creature in Darwin's book. Even the shark has his sense of caution and the Bengal tiger his qualms, but no skunk ever feared anything. And for some reason they like to come to our house to prove this.

We wouldn't mind so much if we lived in some cabin on the High Sierra or the Cumberland Ridge. But our house, in the Hollywood Hills, is no more than 300 yards from the Hollywood Freeway and only a stroll from Hollywood and Vine. It means we are surrounded by at least 6,000,000 people.

We expected that moving into the center of Hollywood might have its interests—starlets trotting about in brief costumes, a name from yesterday walking the wolfhounds, a man halting his flashy, imported Daimler and crying, "You, there, you're just the type!" Instead—animals. We're sure our hillside has more untamed creatures than the middle of Africa.

WHEN THE real estate lady first showed us the house, she had, after an extended rhapsody on the glamors of Hollywood, waved in the general direction of the hillside and said, "You wouldn't believe it, but there are still wild animals living there. Lovely deer and cute little quail." We gave this more than the usual real-estate discount. After all, there were the traffic noises, the people, the smog, the low-flying planes and the sounds of Stravinsky from the Hollywood Bowl. A mouse maybe, or even a cottontail. Nothing more.

We had not been in the house long when, late one evening, there was a rap on the door. My wife opened it. Without a word she slammed it shut. I saw that she had turned white and was gasping for breath. I thought the Ancient Mariner must be out there, or Hamlet, Senior.

There was another rap. This time I opened it. On the front steps was a grayish animal about the size of a pillow. It was a large, fat possum. It looked at me sadly, turned and ambled away. Obviously it had come to see the new residents and was crushingly disappointed.

The first skunk came a week later, shortly after the lovely deer trimmed all the leaves off our best azalea. I was returning from a night walk with the two collies. Bucky was trotting along in the lead, looking for something to herd. For various reasons he believes he is in full charge of the known universe, an authority he assumed the day he opened his eyes to discover he was the largest of 14 pups.

Trotting behind was his girl friend Christy, who does not have any beliefs about anything, except that life is a joyous romp and the next creature she sees will be the greatest friend she ever had. We were almost home when a small, black shape appeared under our street light. Bucky halted in disbelief. A cat, an unspeakable cat, had not only invaded his domain but was not even fleeing in terror at his presence. Bucky charged. Christy barked happily at the impending mayhem. When Bucky was about six feet away, the skunk let him have it. It was a sad, sad moment. Goliath knew the feeling when that rock hit him.

In every life there is a time to run and this was it. Bucky reversed directions in the whip of a tail, and with the essence of skunk filling the air, all three of us fled. I looked back to see that the demon was in full pursuit, paddling and swishing with all his might. Luckily he was not built for speed. No doubt there was great chortling in the skunk burrows that night.

What can be done with a dog that has been skunked? Nothing much. For hours Bucky just stood about, a glazed look in his eyes, trying to figure out what happened. We bathed him in water, in dog soap, in bubble bath. We poured on a bottle of after-shave lotion and a can of talcum powder and then put him out. Through the night the attar of skunk crept in through keyholes and window cracks. At work the next day people looked at me strangely and edged away.

They got Christy the next night. The three of us were on another walk and sure enough, another black shape went creeping through the gate. Bucky froze, but Christy bounded forward to give a demonstration of her unshakable belief that she can make friends with anything that breathes. The skunk let fly on the third bound.

That night we tried tomato juice. A friend had said tomato juice will remove skunk odor. It will not; it blends with the skunk essence, adding a horrible piquancy. Both dogs spent the night out, at opposite ends of the yard. The neighbor's cat meowed contemptuously at them from his tree and at dawn the hawks screeched in derision.

The next night I gave up the walk and the skunk caught both dogs in the yard. From that moment on we were at war. So far it has been a war with all the victories on one side and all the burned clothes on the other. We soon learned that skunks, whatever their other qualities, and we concede them nothing, are at least punctual. One will arrive at 9:30 every night, give or take a few minutes. For the next half-hour a state of general alarm exists. Bucky makes himself small in his closet. Christy jumps on a sofa and yaps.

Just to keep us off balance, the skunk or a friend may come back again at 2 or 3 A.M. Bucky wakes us to tell us when this happens and Christy rushes to an open window to tell the neighbors.

We discussed our problem with the Los Angeles Department of Animal Regulation, which deals, in confident terms, each day with such problems as unleashed ocelots and abandoned cobras. The Department said our problem was simple. The skunks are looking for food and water. Take away the food and water, and presto! The Department spokesman added, as an icy afterthought, that we were not to pet or fondle the skunks, as they like to bite and are sometimes rabid. We promised not to pet or fondle them.

We took away the food and water, but, presto, nothing. For days we scoured the yard like the cleanup detail of a locust army. We even clipped the bottom leaves off the fig trees, for fear they might hold too much dew. It didn't mean a thing. Every night Bucky sounds the 9:30 alarm and backs into his closet. And every night a chubby little task force comes plodding up the hill, across the street and into our yard.

We searched for a skunk repellent. But here is an animal that isn't repelled by anything. We went to the Griffith Park Zoo and asked the learned men there what skunks fear. The answer, as we expected, is that they fear nothing. Why hasn't this fearless, irresistible force been celebrated in song and story? Why isn't it the emblem of armies? For that matter, how come the skunk has not taken over the world? As far as we can make out, he can, any time he wants to.

A mason came who said he would build us a skunkproof fence. It is a beautiful fence and will be handy in case there is street fighting in our block because it commands the approaches and is thick enough to repel small arms fire. The skunks, when they come, like to walk on top of it. They christened it the first night it was up, in one of their best efforts, and the memory of this little ceremony lingers faintly but surely. We wish we knew how to direct them to the mason's house.

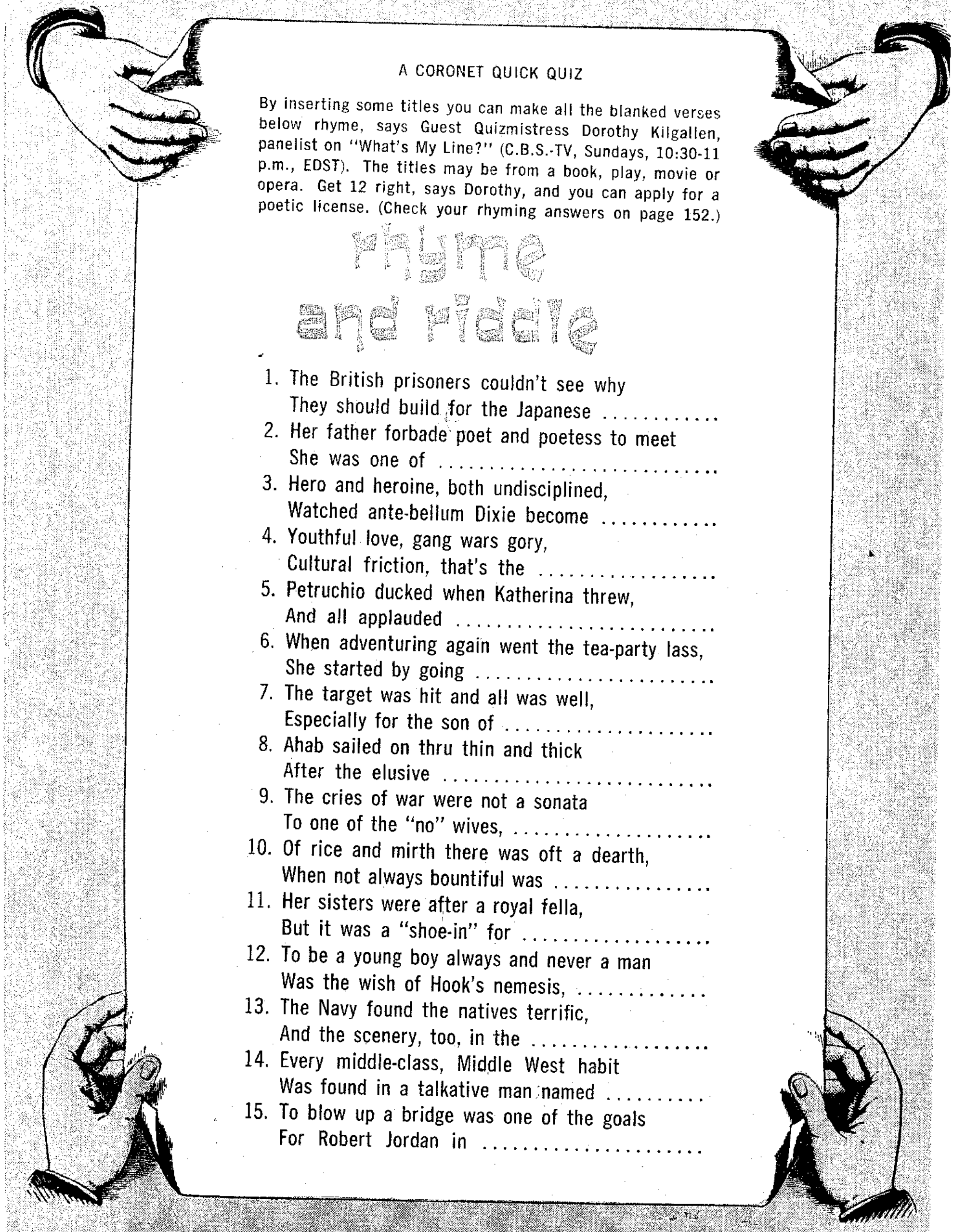
Strangely, as far as we are concerned, the little monsters care nothing about our neighbors. They seldom visit the Hungerfords, next door, or the Schusters, next, next door. They do not seem interested in the premises of the actor, William Demarest, down the street. It is our place they head for when the deep dark settles and they know it is time to be up and fighting.

We tried to think of reasons why we are so energetically singled out, most of them having to do with misspent lives, but none really seemed convincing. It remained for the milkman to offer the first tenable explanation.

The milkman observed that immediately below us is the Dinehart home, owned until his death by the actor, Alan Dinehart. During World War II, Dinehart built the Taj Mahal of chicken houses; it employed every known device for the production of eggs and chickens. The Dinehart chicken and egg works attracted many enthusiasts, according to our milkman, with the skunks from the hillside in the lead.

The egg operation ceased at war's end. But obviously the skunks think the halt is only temporary. The majestic chicken house is still there, so every night they send a scout plodding up the hill, across our yard, to take up a post by our back fence, to see if by chance there is a fresh egg.

When they don't find any more—well, what would you do if you were a skunk?



A CORONET QUICK QUIZ

By inserting some titles you can make all the blanked verses below rhyme, says Guest Quizmistress Dorothy Kilgallen, panelist on "What's My Line?" (C.B.S.-TV, Sundays, 10:30-11 p.m., EDST). The titles may be from a book, play, movie or opera. Get 12 right, says Dorothy, and you can apply for a poetic license. (Check your rhyming answers on page 152.)

rhyme and riddle

1. The British prisoners couldn't see why
They should build for the Japanese ....

2. Her father forbade poet and poetess to meet
She was one of ....

3. Hero and heroine, both undisciplined,
Watched ante-bellum Dixie become ....

4. Youthful love, gang wars gory,
Cultural friction, that's the ....

5. Petruchio ducked when Katherina threw,
And all applauded ....

6. When adventuring again went the tea-party lass,
She started by going ....

7. The target was hit and all was well,
Especially for the son of ....

8. Ahab sailed on thru thin and thick
After the elusive ....

9. The cries of war were not a sonata
To one of the "no" wives, ...

10. Of rice and mirth there was oft a dearth,
When not always bountiful was ....

11. Her sisters were after a royal fella,
But it was a "shoe-in" for ....

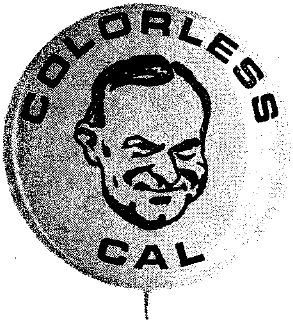
12. To be a young boy always and never a man
Was the wish of Hook's nemesis, ...

13. The Navy found the natives terrific,
And the scenery, too, in the ....

14. Every middle-class, Middle West habit
Was found in a talkative man named ....

15. To blow up a bridge was one of the goals
For Robert Jordan in ....

THEY CALLED HIM



BY DON MURRAY

His jokes were weird, his habits odd. A tight-lipped tightwad, he was shy and surprisingly sentimental

SILENT CAL, Colorless Cal, the man who looked as if he'd been weaned on a pickle—that's the way Calvin Coolidge, the 30th President of the United States, is remembered. He wasn't a great President, or perhaps even a good one, but the mousy little Vermonter was, in his tart, testy way, one of the most eccentric individuals to inhabit the White House. Visitors sometimes caught him padding around its upstairs corridors, his nightshirt flapping about his naked, spindly shanks; or they might see the President stroll by with a yellow cat draped around his neck like a fur piece. Cal Coolidge liked unusual pets—he kept a tame raccoon—and unusual services—at breakfast his valet rubbed Coolidge's scalp with Vaseline. Coolidge often sat in his office with his shoes off and his feet tucked in the wastebasket. Sometimes he'd push every button on his desk to summon his staff from all over the White House. Then he would hide, cackling with delight, in the closet.

He was the master of the picayune, a proud, persnickety executive who exerted absolute control over the trivia of his time. He refused, for example, to allow a telephone in his office. "The President should not talk on the telephone," he said, "it isn't in keeping with the *dignity* of the office."

If he recognized the big issues of the Twenties he didn't do anything about them. Coolidge was a mighty non-leader, a calculating do-nothing. "The President shouldn't know too much," he said, "and he shouldn't do too much." He kept fit, he said, by "avoiding the big problems."

He was a man of sharp, surprising contrasts. Abnormally shy, he was a consummate politician. A good public speaker, he was agonizingly inarticulate when meeting new people. Even after he had been elected President by the largest Republican plurality up to that time (1924), he admitted he felt the same as when he was a boy. "Most of the visitors would sit in the kitchen with Father and Mother," President Coolidge said, "and the hardest thing in the world for me was to have to go through that kitchen door and greet the visitors. By fighting hard I used to manage to get through that door, but every time I meet a stranger I have to stand by that old kitchen door a minute."

This native Vermonter was defeated for public office only once, when he ran for the School Committee in Northampton, Massachusetts, the city he made his home after being graduated from Amherst College. He became a lawyer there and served as City Councillor, City Solicitor and Mayor. He was once Clerk of the County Court, and was elected to both the Massachusetts House of Representatives and the State Senate. Coolidge was three times Lieutenant Governor of Massachusetts, twice Governor; and Vice President of the United States under Warren Gamaliel Harding.

Vice President Coolidge was visiting his home town, Plymouth, Vermont, when President Harding died in San Francisco on August 2, 1923. In Plymouth by the light of a kerosene lamp, Coolidge placed his hand on the family Bible and was sworn in as President by his father, a notary public. In 1924 he was elected President.

He was no backslapper but was an effective vote-getter. A lifelong Republican, his first action as a member of the Northhampton City Council was to propose a resolution of respect for a deceased Democrat.

He was Governor of Massachusetts when the Boston police went on strike September 9, 1919. He had avoided the problem for weeks, passing up all chances for prestrike compromise. When the strike occurred he went into hiding. With cold cunning, Cal waited until after the nation had been shocked by the raping and pillaging of the Boston mobs. Only after the Mayor of Boston called out local units of the State Militia and broke the back of the riot did Coolidge leap in. Yet his timing was so good he reaped the credit as a great defender of law and order. He refused to allow the striking policemen to be rehired, and fired off a telegram to A.F.L. leader Samuel Gompers, which said: "There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, any time, anywhere." With those words Coolidge, the apostle of inertia, created the illusion he was a strong man of action. He rode the phrase to the White House.

His words, once praised for their simple directness, now seem just simple-minded. He said: "When a great many people are unable to find work, unemployment results," "The business of America is business," "The man who builds a factory, builds a temple . . . the man who works there, worships there."

Coolidge was not a man of vision. In his State of the Union address one year before the 1929 crash he reported, "No Congress of the United States . . . has met with a more pleasing prospect, (you should) regard the present with satisfaction and anticipate the future with optimism."

The President of the nation during most of the Roaring Twenties, Coolidge was one of the least roaring, most repressed men.

The country was on a wild spending spree, and Cal Coolidge marked every personal penny he spent in a vest-pocket memorandum book. America was buying on narrow margins, and its President was paying bills on the first of every month and saving thousands of dollars on his White House salary of $75,000. Cal Coolidge, in Northampton, sent his secretary around to settle accounts on foot—it saved postage.

Coolidge was proud of the fact that when he heard shortly after he was married that a local hotel was closing, he bought towels printed with "Norwood Hotel" at a good price. After he left the White House, well-to-do Cal helped his secretary cut labels out of old suits so they could fetch a fair price, but not as souvenirs. He sent her to a nearby town, where she wasn't known, to sell them. When she came back with $20 he bragged, "Pretty good tradin'."

One year his Christmas card to his wife was white cardboard formally engraved "Compliments of the season." She recognized it as one which had arrived with a gift two days before. A freshman Congressman who wanted a Presidential souvenir asked him for a cigar band. Cal slipped the band off a cigar, put the cigar in the drawer, and gave the Congressman just what he'd asked for.

Yet Coolidge could be exceedingly generous. His law partner lost a lot of money in 1931. He said nothing about it to Coolidge, but one morning the ex-President came into his office, put a piece of paper on the desk, said, "And as much more as you want," turned on his heel and went out. It was a check for $5,000.

His bluntness could be savage. At a funeral, Senator Henry Cabot Lodge Sr., moved over to have his picture taken with Coolidge. Curtly, Cal turned away, saying, "I came to bury my friend; it is no time for photographs."

Coolidge was famous for his handshake—a firm grip, a quick tug which moved you along and no chitchat. At an Army and Navy reception in 1928 President Coolidge shook 2,000 hands between 9:05 and 10:10 P.M.; at 10:25 P.M. the dancing was over and the lights out.

IN AN AGE when politicians were long-winded, Coolidge was famous for his terseness. He could probably have been re-elected to the Presidency, but he scotched that with a note to the press. The complete text: "I do not choose to run for President in 1928." After he had returned to Massachusetts he refused to second-guess his successor. "The best thing I can do for the Hoover Administration is to keep my mouth shut," he said.

His stern Yankee face with pursed lips and turned-down mouth led many people to believe that Cal Coolidge didn't have a sense of humor. His lines were delivered straight-faced in a nasal twang, but many times they were truly funny. When he was asked, "What part did you take in college athletics?" he snapped without hesitation, "I held the stakes." One day a Republican bigwig warned him not to support a Congressman who was "an S.O.B." Coolidge answered, "There are a lot of those fellers in the country, and they should have representation."

At a dinner the woman sitting next to him said, "I have made a bet, Mr. President, that I will engage you in conversation for at least five minutes." He replied, "You lose." A reporter asked, "What is your hobby, Mr. President?" His answer: "Holding office." Another time he went to a tree-planting ceremony, where he took a good grip on the shovel, turned over one chunk of earth, and stared at it. The assemblage waited. At last, Coolidge spoke: "That's a fine fishworm." That was his speech.

Another story—some say it's a bit embroidered—is that not long after he arrived in Washington as Vice President, a couple of Senators spiked his punch at a formal reception. Cal never let on he knew and he matched them drink for drink. Finally he stood up, picked a crack in the dance floor and walked it without a waver to the bandstand, spoke to the bandleader, wheeled around and marched the same straight line right back to the table. He gave a tight little smile, and then had another glass of punch.

His wife was once having a fitting for a formal dress when he came into the room. He started to pace off the brocade train, walking on the back of the dress. The dressmaker shrieked, and his wife got down on all fours so he wouldn't tear the fabric. When he had finished he left the room without saying a word.

Coolidge's vicious temper terrified the White House staff. He was enraged when a Secret Service man was an hour and a quarter late escorting Mrs. Coolidge back from a walk. The delay was not the man's fault—Mrs. Coolidge had miscalculated the time it would take—but the Presidential lunch had been delayed. Coolidge had the man summarily transferred.

His wife, the former Grace Goodhue, must have seen a bleak future from the beginning of their marriage. The couple went to Montreal on a two-week honeymoon, and came home after a week. Coolidge had some politicking to do—and of course, they saved money that way. When they arrived home he brought a russet cloth bag from the office for his wife. Inside were 50 pairs of socks which needed darning. He'd been saving them up through years of bachelorhood. "Got more when you're through with those," he told her. When they first went to the White House, Mrs. Coolidge found that the President was making social appointments for her without telling her. One day she suggested to Coolidge that his secretary make out a list of her social engagements. His tart reply: "We don't give out that information promiscuously."

Nevertheless, Cal Coolidge was a surprisingly sentimental man. He carried his mother's picture with him all his life, and even in his 50s he would kiss his father when he met him and when he left him. He wrote his wife taut little love letters every night he was away from her. He had a deep affection for his two sons. One of the boys got a blister on his foot playing tennis, developed blood poisoning and died in days. What agony is contained in Coolidge's utterance to a friend after the funeral: "When he was suffering he begged me to help him. I could not."

He had a deep passion for the Green Mountains of Vermont, where he was born. On September 21, 1928, the President stood on the rear platform of a train at Bennington, Vermont, and started a talk with three extemporaneous, unexpectedly poetic sentences:

"Vermont is a state I love. I could not look upon the peaks of Ascutney, Killington, Mansfield and Equinox without being moved in a way that no other scene could move me. It was here I first saw the light of day; here I received my bride, here my dead lie, pillowed on the loving breast of our everlasting hills."

Coolidge's birthplace was little affected by the Industrial Revolution. He was proud of the fact that "no Coolidge ever went West." He spent his youth in a bucolic community where the men wore peasant homespun woolen smocks and water wheels provided power for saw and grist mills. To the end of his days he slept in bed linen cut from cloth he'd seen his grandmother carding and spinning.

"Vermont is my birthright," he once said. "People there are happy and content. They belong to themselves, live within their income, and fear no man."

He died in 1933. On the day of his funeral in Northampton, Massachusetts, the Mayor ordered the local stores to stay open. "Every nickel counts," he explained. "If the business places close they might lose some sales, and that is exactly what Calvin would not want."

NEEDED: a low calorie hairdressing for fatheads. —BETTY DUVAL

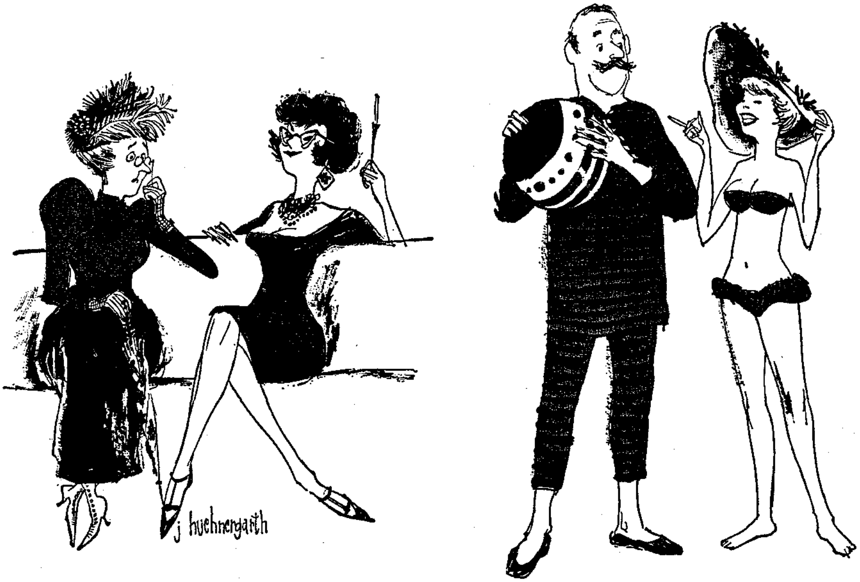
BY AMY VANDERBILT

Modern Manners—the newest status symbol

ETIQUETTE,
WHICH USED TO BE RIGID,
HAS CHANGED RADICALLY.
AN AUTHORITY
TELLS YOU
WHAT'S CORRECT TODAY

NOT LONG AGO, a woman wrote me saying, "I was horrified to see Prince Philip get into the limousine *ahead* of Queen Elizabeth!" A man told me that he had reproved his mother for making up her face in a public restaurant. "This isn't etiquette, is it?" he asked. Their confusion is understandable. In our rapidly leveling society, it's hard

Amy Vanderbilt's Complete Book of Etiquette is the number one best seller in its field—more than 1,100,000 copies sold. Miss Vanderbilt is a journalist in the field of etiquette and the acknowledged authority in this rapidly changing area. She is a member of the famous Vanderbilt dynasty.



A lady now crosses her knees in public—discreetly. Swimming gentlemen no longer need shirts. Bikinis are acceptable, not necessarily becoming.

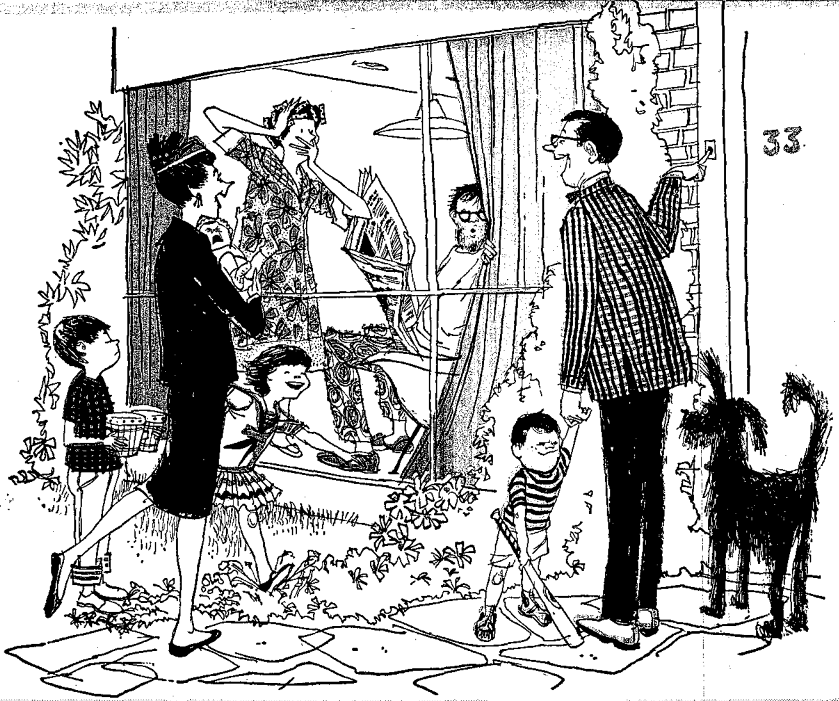
to know what's correct any more—what in 1960 separates the men from the boors, the ladies from the beatchicks. It isn't a sports car or a swimming pool—many of us can afford reasonable facsimiles of these status symbols.

Manners: the real status symbol

Actually, I believe, the real and growing status symbol is good manners. They're more than a symbol—manners are a passport to success, an indication of mental health—according to the eminent Dr. William Menninger—and a practical way of making living happier for us all.

The forms change constantly, of course. Things just ain't what they used to be ("ain't," for example, is now perfectly good manners in informal conversation) and, the young man who reproved his mother for making up in public in a restaurant, found himself looking at the wife of his state Governor making up on the dais at a public dinner!

I settled his confusion by pointing out that it's better to make up in public than appear unkempt. I have seen the conservative Queen of the Netherlands making up in public,



Everybody has a telephone, so there's no excuse for dropping in on people unannounced. Call up first and avoid embarrassment for all.

and I have photos of Princess Margaret applying her lipstick very much in public.

Women should keep their public make-up at a minimum, however, and not apply eyebrow pencil, mascara or pancake. Also, there's no need to make-up at dinner when a powder room is readily available.

It used to be taught that a lady kept her legs crossed at the ankles, if at all. Today women everywhere sprawl in low, modern chairs, in short, tight skirts displaying embarrassing southern exposure. Leg crossing at the knees, now acceptable even among royalty, should be done with care.

Hats and bikinis

Today, for women, hat wearing is generally a matter of taste. In the Episcopal and the Lutheran churches, where some head covering is customary, and in the Roman Catholic, where it is required, all manner of hat substitutes do very nicely—veils, chapel caps, clips and ribbons. The Alice-in-Wonderland velvet band is all any young girl now needs to wear to any religious ceremony. But no woman is ever "wrong" wearing a

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hat—except in her own home (unless at a religious ceremony there).

Some changes in etiquette result from new laws—for example, Civil Rights—or regulations. It wasn't long ago that men were compelled to wear bathing tops. This year, on the other hand, is the one in which the bikini became "decent" in the U.S., if not always becoming.

No help

The virtual disappearance of servants has revolutionized many social procedures. It even caused a vocabulary change. The Harvard Club in Boston no longer uses the word "servant" but "household employee" (also the Government's choice). Without servants, how can one entertain? Are buffet meals proper? When you entertain at dinner, should the hostess clear the table or should guests assist her?

The sensible hostess keeps the clearing of her table firmly in hand. Before seating, she might quietly ask one guest whom she knows well to assist, if capable, but she does not want the whole table to rise up like blackbirds to help.

Formal entertainment has just about disappeared except in the big hotels. The White House has no choice about this, but it has had to make many concessions. There is, for example, not enough of the famous White House gold plate for all courses of a formal dinner, without some quick washing of pieces between services.

Embassies, like the rest of us, use the cocktail party as frequent return for more formal entertainment. Meal for meal entertaining has gone by the board, because for many it is impossible.

Telephone manners

Although my work is more to chronicle, I do occasionally make a social rule. One which has lasted is *calling by appointment.*

Because the average American woman does her own housework and answers her own door, drop-in visiting is unpopular. I counsel that calls be made "by appointment" by telephone. With communication so simple, there is no excuse for a carload of city friends to arrive at a country house unannounced on a quiet Sunday afternoon, when the family is trying to get some rest from the week end's activities and Father's hard week as a commuter.

When calling, remember that most of us don't have time during the day for protracted conversation. Never assume, even if *you* have the time, that the other person is equally free.

It's silly for hostesses to insist on stiffly formal invitations these days. Naturally people should respond to social invitations promptly. But they often do not. The answer? Telephone your invitations and get an immediate reply or send fill-in invitations including your telephone number. Plan buffet meals which are easily expandable—or which can go into the freezer if all the guests don't show up.

Third person

"Why," people ask, "if you believe in the simplification of etiquette, do you say that people should reply to

keeps towels fluffier... clothes softer, fresher

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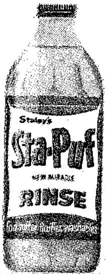

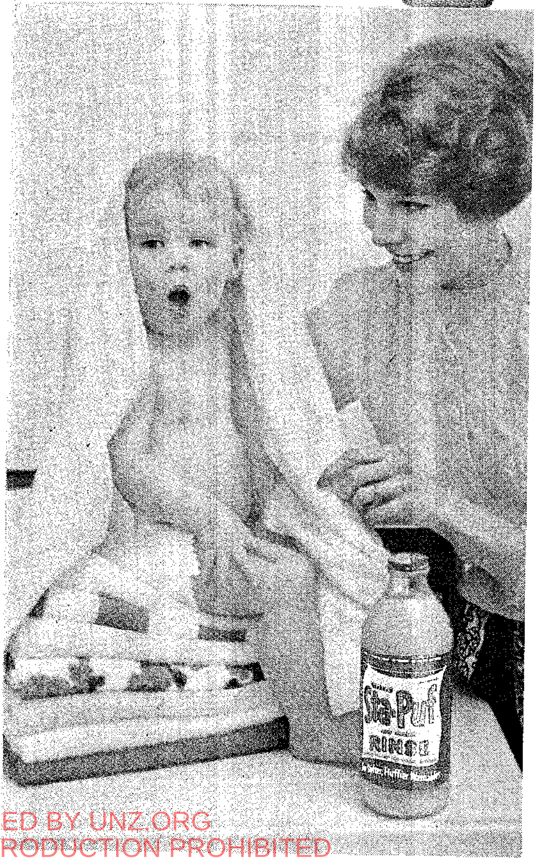

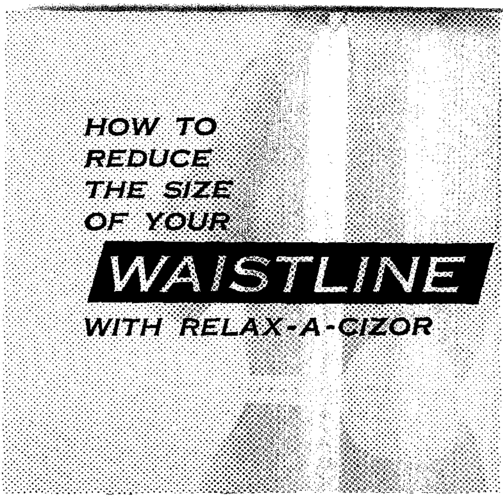

Many women don't realize their oversize waistline is caused by lax muscles—and when these muscles . . . which are much like a girdle . . . are exercised, tightened and firmed, their waist becomes MEASURABLY SMALLER.

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engraved wedding invitations in the third person and in writing?"

First off, replies are necessary only when you've been invited to the reception as well as the wedding. Then you should not assume that replies will be handled by the bride or her family. Frequently, wedding counselors handle acceptances and regrets and do not know what to make of a note saying, "Of course I'll be there, darling. Love, Janet."

Suppose you have been away and return to find an engraved invitation to a wedding that takes place in two days. The thing to do is to phone, and if a household employee answers say, "Mr. and Mrs. John Jackson accept Mr. and Mrs. Jones' invitation to the wedding of their daughter on . . ." and repeat the day and the date. Then note it in your own engagement book. If the bride or a member of the family answers, forget the third person and just talk. It is also acceptable to reply by telegram, using the third person and, of course, not signing your name.

What about formal invitations from charities which include a card asking for your check with your reservation? The only reply needed is your check—if you wish to make a contribution with or without attending the affair.

Big business today includes a return card and stamped envelope with the line: "I will (will not) attend . . ."

Some junior member of the catering staff of the Waldorf, not knowing that it was not correct, once persuaded a bride to have a reply card sent with her wedding invitations to speed replies and make housekeeping simpler. Some people receiving those invitations, and knowing that they were engraved by Tiffany, concluded that this is the new social form. Of course, it is quite incorrect. I believe it is best not to be a maverick in anything so traditional and highly charged with emotion as a wedding.

For men only

If men are going to wear Bermuda shorts in American cities—and there has been some acceptance of this—they should also wear a tie; white, blue or gray shirt; a jacket and *knee socks and loafers.* There is nothing more ridiculous than a man in town in Bermudas, short socks and oxfords, unless it be his female counterpart, in Bermudas or short shorts, a halter, pin curls, no hose or just anklets, and ballet slippers (or even bare feet).

The pastel dinner jacket or the madras jacket *in place* of the dinner jacket in hot weather may be frowned upon by conservatives, but these fashions are firmly ensconced in our land. I bow to them—where color, fabric and accessories are tasteful. However, only black, white (in summer) or midnight-blue dinner jackets are suitable male attire for evening weddings for the bridal party, and cummerbunds should be black or navy.

Parents and children

Regarding children's manners, it's the behavior of the parents that concerns me more.

It is idle to lay down a set of social

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rules for children if the parents flout them. Parents with pretty good manners themselves usually manage to inculcate the same thoughtfulness in their children.

Children often move up a social rung or two as they mature and thus have actual need of more exact social information than they have learned at home. Where the home may fail, schools and colleges attempt to take over in this field. Many corporations (Caterpillar Tractor Co. is one) have seminars on manners instruction. The complexity and size of modern business operations make it impractical for employees to be free-wheeling. There is a rigid protocol which ambitious young people had better learn. The young executive at International Business Machines, for example, who leaves his desk for an outer office without his jacket, or comes in tieless or unshaven, will get a lesson in manners he will not soon forget.

Divorce manners

1960's girl child may *not* be expected to curtsy, except in dancing class, but she must be taught how to cope with the complexities of divorce and remarriage. She must accept without a raised eyebrow her friend Johnny Brown's introduction to his mother who is divorced and remarried. He will say, "Betty, this is my mother, Mrs. Green."

Divorce is often friendly, which gives rise to very delicate social situations. One fashionable New York church accepted a groom's being so attached to his stepfather (more properly, "his mother's husband" in

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this case) as well as to his own father, that they permitted both men to attend him at his wedding, balancing them with both maid and matron of honor. Wedding attendants may be divorcees, and certainly they may be married.

Widows, grass and otherwise

The divorcee (removing wedding band) may use any name she wishes, so long as there is no intent to deceive. If she does not resume her maiden name, it is most graceful for her to combine her maiden surname with her married name, becoming "Mrs. Wentworth Green." With so many divorced women in business however, it is difficult to enforce this social device. A woman who is Betty A. Green on a payroll, however, has a hard time getting anyone to call her Mrs. Wentworth Green. Usually women in business (married, widowed or divorced) who retain the "Mrs." end up having to be "Mrs. Betty." Even the Social Register has had to accept this and lists a number of divorcees as "Mrs. Mary."

I deeply deplore, however, the growing tendency of *married* women to list themselves on their social letterheads as "Mrs. Mary." Many doctors' wives so list themselves in the telephone book, as a means of avoiding out-of-hours home calls.

A widow should retain her husband's name. This is a firm social rule now, though many women don't realize it.

Hat on, or off

I recently saw a movie whose hero avidly courted the heroine without

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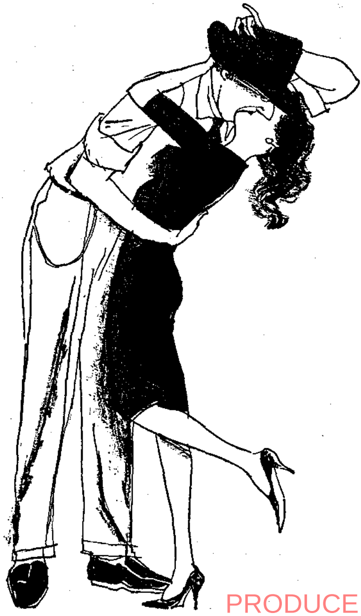
removing his hat—even in the clinches. This kind of example filters through to men and gives them the idea that they no longer have to remove or tip their hats.

The other day a man wearing a sports cap was introduced to me and although he followed all of the amenities (waiting, for example, for me to extend my hand before offering his) he at no time touched his cap. I can only suspect that he may have been bald!

Hat etiquette has, of course, changed. In a business elevator men are now asked *not* to remove their hats for they then take up extra space. A gentleman, however, still removes his hat in apartment house and residential hotel elevators. He also removes it on entering a business office or in the "little shops" of department stores—especially when accompanying a lady. He may now replace it on his head after greeting a lady on the street, but he certainly may *not* do so on leaving church when he has not shaken the hand of the clergyman. I was recently appalled to see a visitor do this and greet our rector with a cigarette in his lips.

Hard-boiled movie heroes make men think they don't have to doff hats.



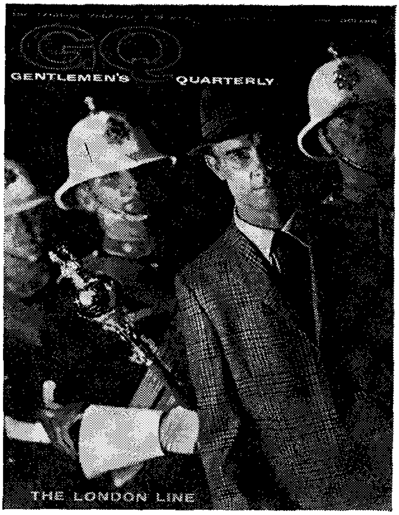
Which brings me to our changed smoking manners. Today a man assumes he should offer a cigarette to any woman he is accompanying. He knows he should light her cigarette before his own (it used to be the other way around when sulphur matches were widely used). Almost no one asks if anyone minds if he smokes—although some men inquire before lighting up a cigar or a pipe. Pipe and cigar smoking after a formal dinner is now acceptable in the presence of ladies, but note that *after*. It is still socially taboo to smoke during a meal or to come to a table with lighted cigarette, pipe or cigar.

Car courtesy

The spread of the small, low taxis has increased social problems. Who gets in first—the lady?—thus, perhaps, ripping her nylons, disarranging her clothes or exhibiting too much leg; or the man?—leaving the lady outside to close the door after her or to hold the umbrella over her own head on a rainy day?

It is now quite acceptable for the man to get into the back seat first. Prince Philip, on visiting the U.S. with Queen Elizabeth, did it

MEET GQ



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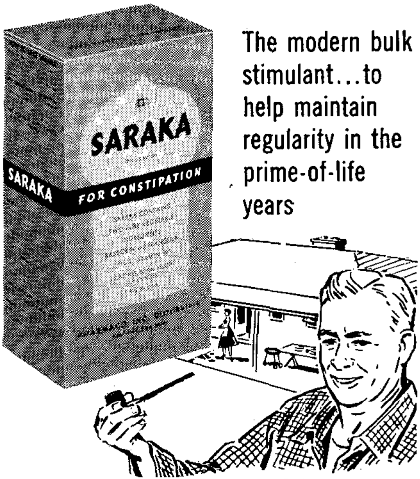

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this way. I still prefer to enter the cab first and have my escort enter second, closing the door, but the new method is acceptable now.

First name, last name

Who has not attended a party where everyone is immediately upon a first name basis, to be asked later, "How did you like the Burtons, whom you met at the Jones'?" The name Burton had never been mentioned—it was Peg and Joe.

Introductions *have,* in fact, become simpler. Less and less do we hear formal phrases such as "May I present" and so forth. Instead, we present the younger to the older, the man to the woman, the boy to the girl, by mentioning the more honored name first. For example, "Mother, this is Betty who is in my class."

Junior employees of either sex are introduced *to* the employer in this way: "Mr. Smith, this is *Robert* Scott (no "Mr."), who will be working in our mail department." The phrase "I would like you to meet" is also used, but it should refer to the more important individual, for example, "Bill, I would like you to meet my parents. Mother and Dad, this is Bill Bolton from college."

Not only in America

Even the Russians have begun to teach etiquette as a state function. They use an etiquette book published by the state. Regularly, *Pravda,* their biggest newspaper, publishes etiquette information such as the following: "After a meal it is essential to pick your teeth with a toothpick—NOT a pin or needle. Bathe once a week. Wash your feet before going to bed."

The Soviets have even decided, too, that there is no better word for what they teach than our word—*etiquette*. This new interesting subject of Russian instruction is called just that—этикет

INTERNATIONAL INCIDENTS

ON REGULAR VISITS to New York, a prominent socialite stayed at one of the best hotels. Active in many charities, she usually spent a great deal of time telephoning, especially before she got out of bed.

This particular morning, she called room service and ordered breakfast. Then she decided to make a few calls. Not wishing to disturb people in neighboring rooms, she retired with the telephone under the bed covers in order to muffle the conversation.

She was so absorbed in her calls that she did not hear the waiter come in with her breakfast. He had quietly laid the table—for two.

—*A. M. A. Journal*

THE PRESIDENT of Israel, Isaac Ben Zvi, and the premier of Israel, David Ben Gurion, both dislike music, but their wives drag them to concerts.

At one of them, Mrs. Ben Gurion nudged her husband and said: "Look, Ben Zvi is sleeping."

Grunted Ben Gurion: "For this you had to wake me?"

—RABBI SAMUEL M. SILVER (*Quote*)

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THE SIZE
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WAISTLINE
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merry mixups

THE CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING CLERK of an Ohio weekly newspaper was gratified, then puzzled, as he read the following unsolicited testimonial from one of his advertisers.

"Gentlemen," the letter began. "Just this past week I was unlucky enough to lose a valuable ring. I immediately inserted an advertisement in your 'Lost and Found' column and, of course, waited. Lo and behold! Yesterday, the very day your paper came out with my ad in your classified column, I found the ring in the watch pocket of my other suit. God bless the TIMES." —ROBERT J. WUNDERLIN

"IN HIS WILL your late employer has named you as his beneficiary," the lawyer explained to the housekeeper.

"It wasn't me," she protested. "I know he had one, but it wasn't me, honestly!" —*Quote*

A SENATOR ONCE DELIVERED a speech in a Swedish community of northern Minnesota. Although he gave what he considered one of his greatest addresses, he was disappointed by the utter lack of audience enthusiasm.

When he sat down, another speaker arose and addressed the group in Swedish. His words were received with thunderous applause. The tactful Senator also applauded lustily. Then he turned to the chairman and asked, "What was that fellow talking about? He certainly went over big!"

The chairman replied dryly, "He was merely translating your speech into Swedish." —JEAN PHILLIPS

"WOULD YOU PLEASE STOP pushing, Madam?" said a harassed conductor in an overcrowded bus to a very stout woman passenger. The lady was indignant. "I'm not pushing," she gasped. "I'm only breathing." —WALTER HOLLY

A DOCTOR, whose medical ability far exceeded the clarity of his handwriting, sent an invitation to a friend who was also his patient to spend an evening with him, adding that there would be music, cards, etc.

The friend, without any explanation, failed to show up. When they met the next day the doctor asked whether his friend had received the note.

"Yes, thank you," replied the patient. "I took it to the druggist and had it made up and I feel much better already." —SALLY STEWART

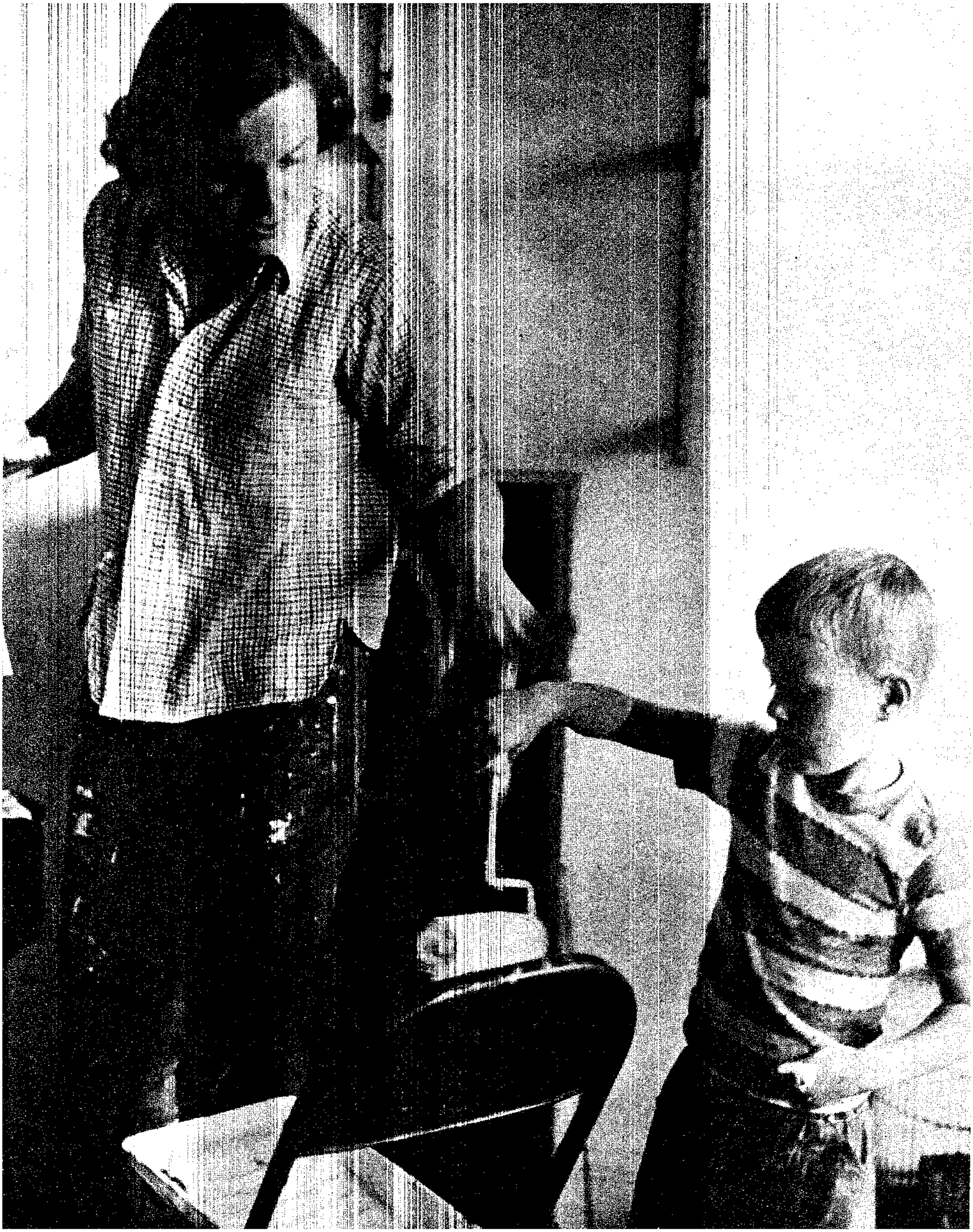
A woman without a man

The scars of her broken marriage remain, yet JoAnn Morton, 29, must fend for herself and her son in the hurly-burly of New York City. Here, in pictures, is her lonely fight to rebuild her life.

Photos by Jacques Lowe Text by Richard Kaplan

"Statistics don't have feelings– I do"

"The toughest problems for a divorced woman are learning to make all the decisions and doing a man's work," JoAnn explains. She had always relied on her husband to paint the apartment; now she does it herself (right). "Statistics show that it isn't unusual for a marriage to fail," she says, "but statistics don't have feelings—and I do." In 1954, JoAnn Walrod married pianist Brooks Morton, whom she had met at Northwestern University. A year and a day after their wedding, their son Blaise was born. "Brooks and I began to quarrel during my pregnancy. His job kept him away from home all but one night a week, while I wanted him with me constantly. We kept telling each other we'd work things out," JoAnn recalls, "but we were wrong for each other." In 1957, she got an uncontested divorce, left Blaise with her parents in Indianapolis and returned to New York. Two years and many problems later, she went back to get him. "I may not have been a good wife," she says, "but I'm determined to be a good mother."



"I never could have survived in New York," says JoAnn, "if not for Greenwich House, a city-subsidized child care center. They charge only $11.50 a week to watch Blaise from 8:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M., while I work uptown." She earns $100-a-week in the production department of a national magazine.

THEATRE
CHILD CARE CEN
DAY CENTE
FOR OLDER PEOP
MUSIC SCHO
46 BARROW ST
CERAMIC SCH
16 JONES ST
GREENWICH HOUSE
COPAKE FALLS NEW

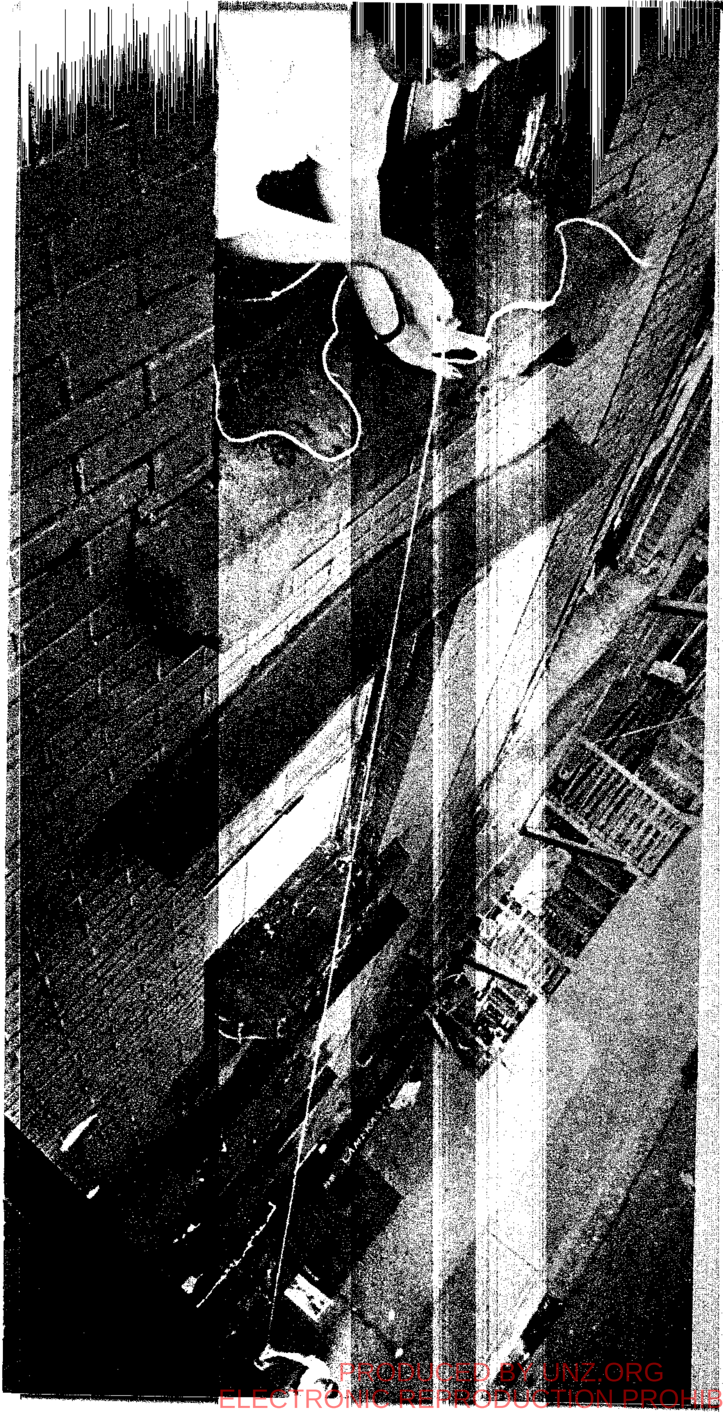
"My parents worry about me and my responsibilities. Recently, they sent Blaise a box of balloons. We had fun blowing them up and tying them to the electric fan with strings. I no longer become upset when my folks suggest that I come home. I tell them I *am* home."

"Our son is the bond that unites us"

"Brooks and I will never stage a tug-of-war over Blaise," insists JoAnn. "We think it's unfair for parents to inflict their troubles on their children. We have no alimony arrangement. Brooks contributes all he can toward Blaise's upbringing. We've considered remarriage, but the same old problems always arose. Today, when Brooks visits us (above),

I find that while we're far apart physically and emotionally, Blaise is the bond that still unites us. And I'm glad Blaise loves his father; I don't feel threatened by it. My son and I have a relationship that only we share. When he asks why Brooks doesn't live with us, I tell him, 'Because Brooks and JoAnn don't get along.'"

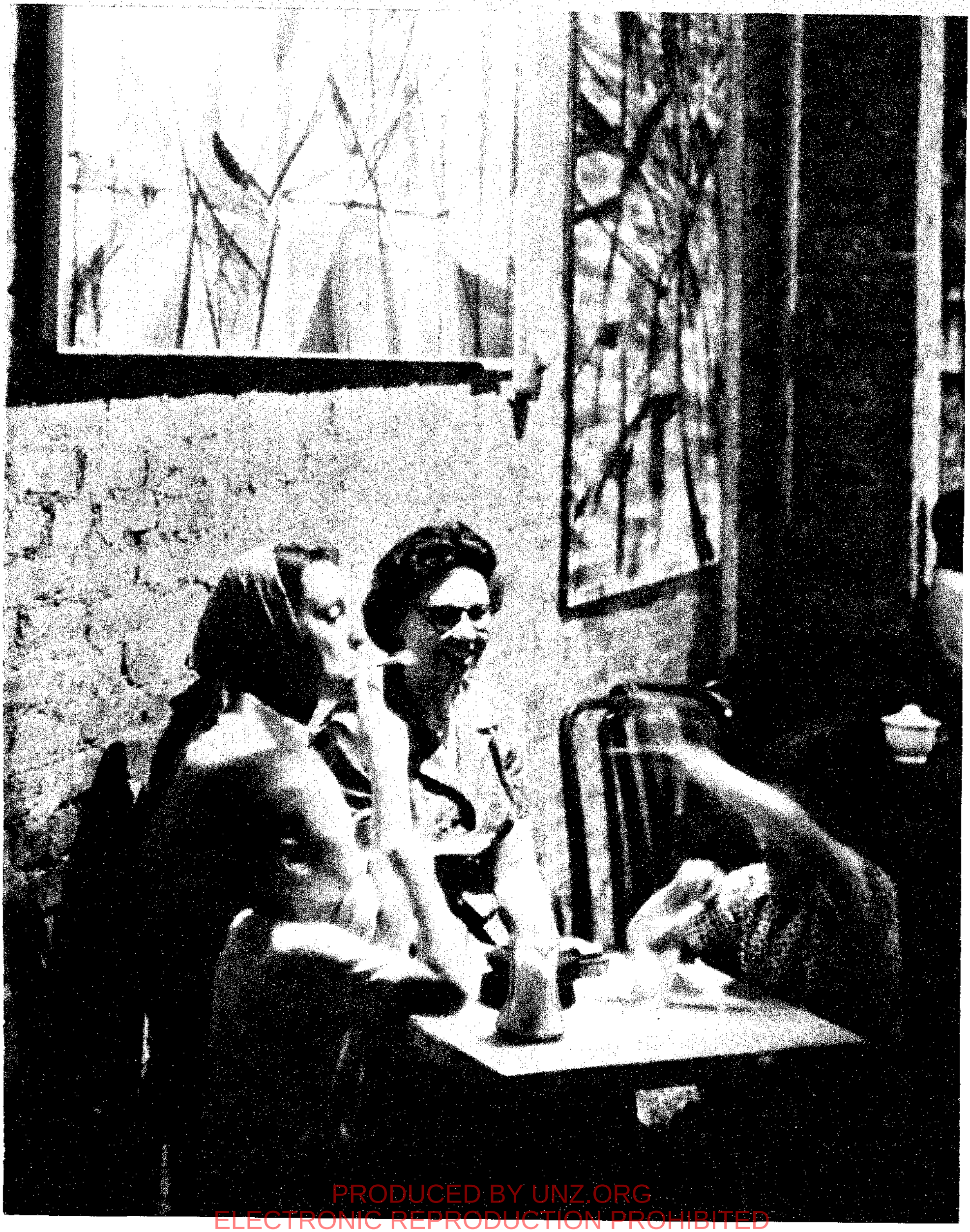
**"If a friend phones when Brooks is visiting us,
he gives me some privacy. But Blaise resents
my getting so many calls. He told one of my dates:
'JoAnn has gone away till next year.'
And sometimes he hands me the phone, saying: 'It's
for you again. It's *always* for you.'"**



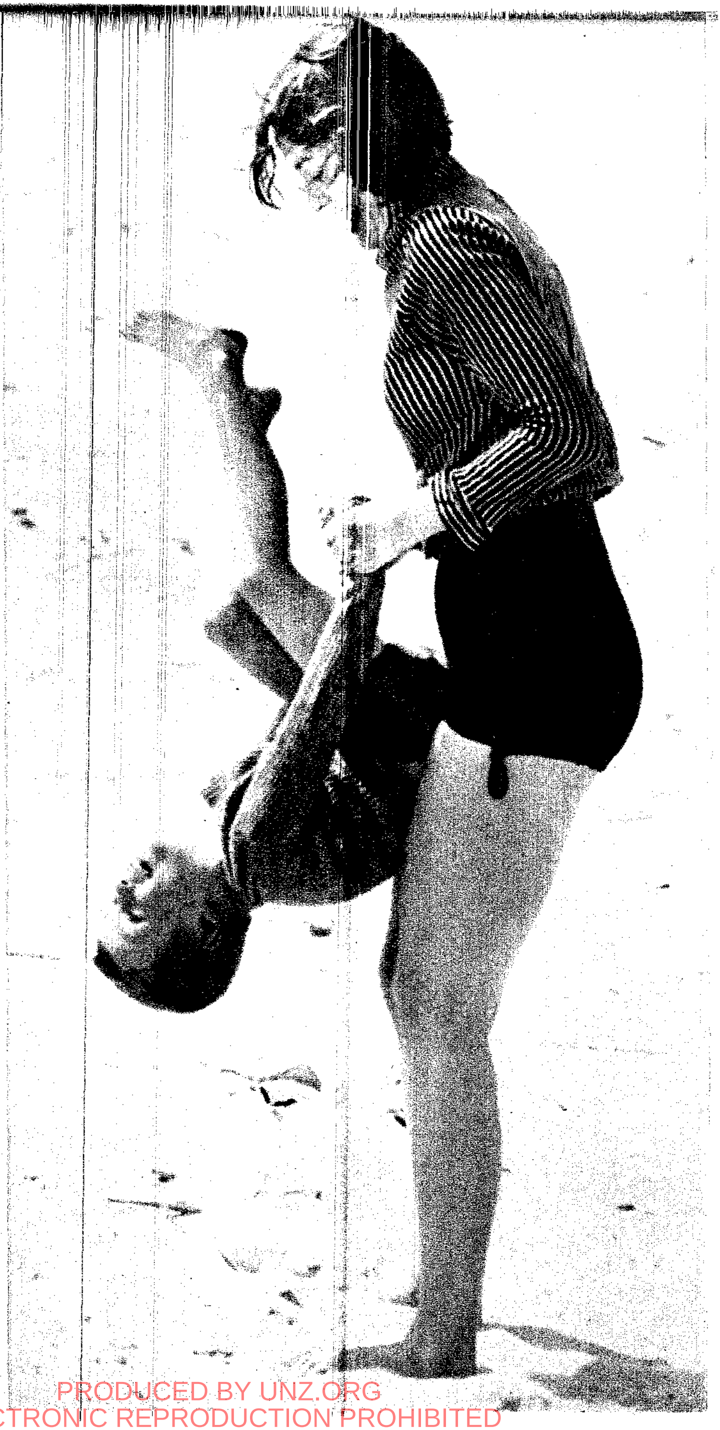
JoAnn lives in a $36.98-a-month, fifth floor walk-up apartment. "When Blaise is sick or asleep, I can't leave the house to shop. So I phone the store for my order, then haul up the groceries in a bucket at the end of a rope."

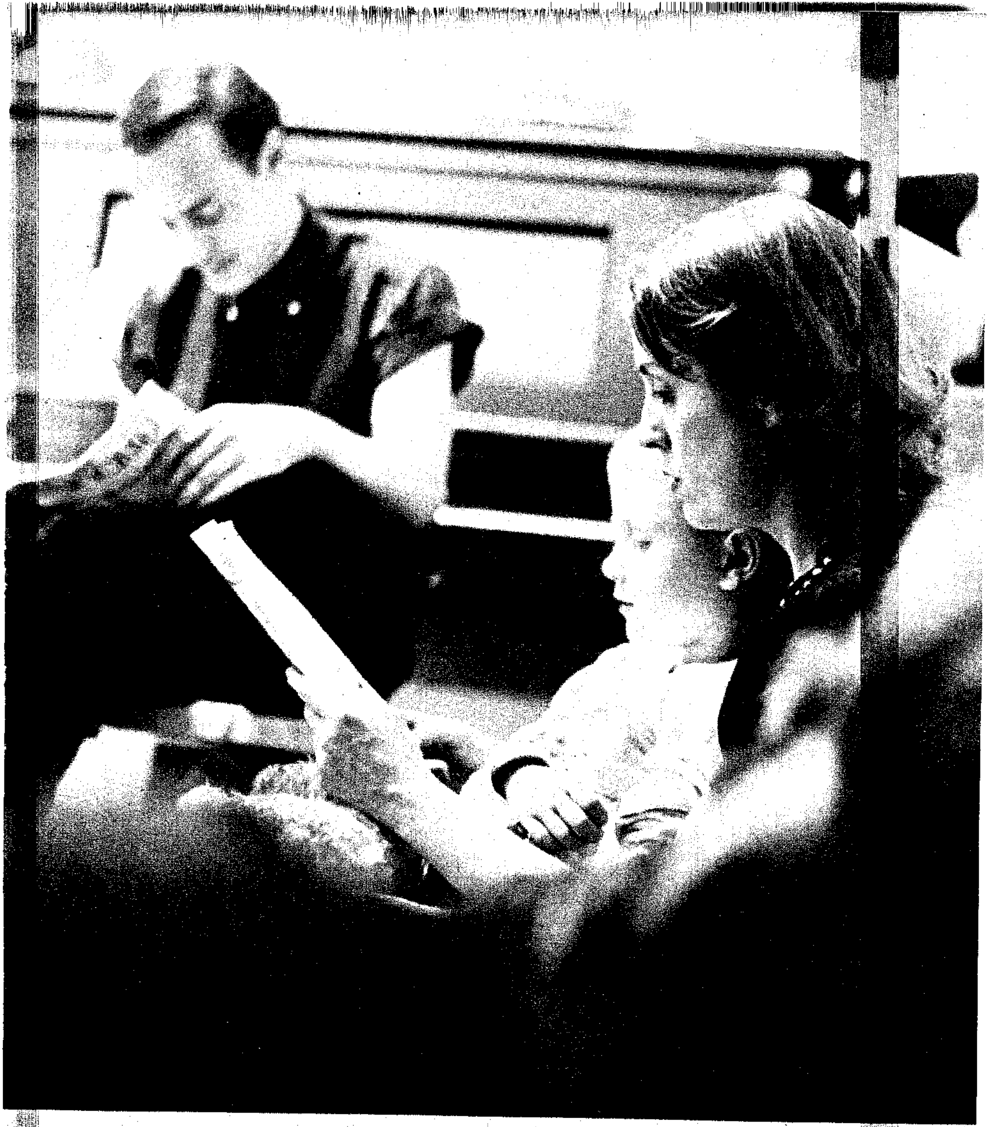
sionally, JoAnn works as a singing waitress at the
pagne Gallery, a Greenwich Village night club. "I make only $3,
tips, but the give-and-take with the audience is exciting."

"I take Blaise to many places where I'd prefer to go alone with a date. If a man wants to take me for a walk, he sometimes takes Blaise along, too."



"I have to be father and mother to Blaise, and often it exhausts me. When we go to the beach, he loves to roughhouse (right) and since there's no man around, I'm elected as his sparring partner. Recently, we both joined a gym. It's a good outlet for Blaise's energy."





"Some men lose interest in me because I have a child. The responsibility scares them. But I don't need anyone who doesn't want my son. I want a gentle, considerate man, the kind who's willing to wait while I finish reading Blaise a bedtime story."

“Sometimes I get so lonely”

“When I see couples in love, I get so lonely,” says JoAnn. “But not so lonely that I’d remarry just to have a man.” To understand her emotional problems better, she undergoes psychoanalysis twice a week, at $15 a session. “It’s the most important step I’ve ever taken,” she declares, “even more important than getting a divorce. Because now I’m learning what my marriage and divorce meant. I think I expected too much love without giving enough. I’ve changed. Before, I felt that a divorce was the end of my world. Now I realize it was also the beginning of a new one.” ♛

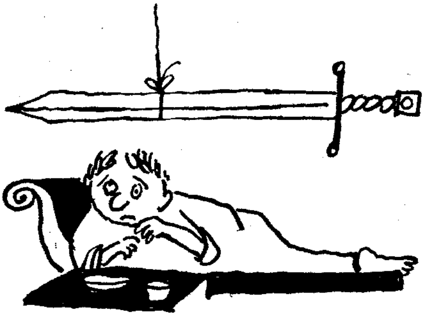
How words work

BY DR. BERGEN EVANS

Author of "A Dictionary of Contemporary American Usage"

Just what is the "sword of Damocles"?

It is a symbol of the worries that prevent people in seemingly enviable positions from enjoying the pleasures and glories of their state. The expression is drawn from a Greek story of a flatterer called Damocles who kept telling Dionysius, the Tyrant of Syracuse, how much he admired and envied him. Dionysius said he would be glad to let Damocles have a taste of the felicity he praised so highly. The sycophant was served a sumptuous banquet but over his head a sharp-pointed, heavy sword was suspended by a single hair.



Damocles, afraid to move or speak lest the thread break, found the meal an agonizing torment.

Why is an improbable story called a *yarn*?

It isn't merely the improbability that makes a story a *yarn*. It is usually something spun out to great lengths, without any motive other than passing the time. To "spin a yarn" was sailor's slang for the long stories seamen told each other about their adventures and exploits, while engaged in work (such as twisting ropes) that permitted hours of talk.

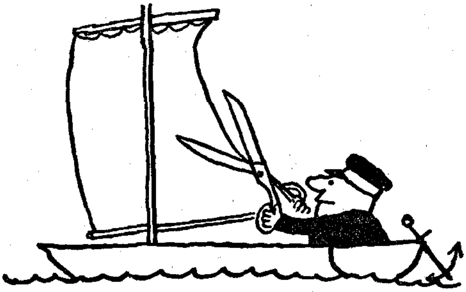
We say a hopeful project *augurs* well. Why?

We mean that the auguries (or omens) are favorable. The word *augur* derives, ultimately, from the Latin word for bird. The augurs were Roman priests who judged, from the flight of birds, whether circumstances were favorable for public functions. To have scheduled some enterprise after an unfavorable augury would have been unthinkable. One event on which the augurs were always consulted was the installation of the chief magistrate; since an unfavorable augury would have shaken confidence in his administration, a favorable report was always handed in. This is the basis of our word *inaugurate*.

The belief that the future can be foretold from bird flights lasted till the middle of the 19th century—and may still go on. Jim, in *Huckleberry Finn*, sees good and bad luck warnings in the ways birds pass overhead.

Is it a reproach to say of a man that he "trims his sails"?

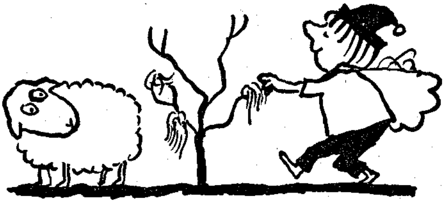
If he's a sailor and the phrase is used literally, it isn't a reproach but praise. To adjust sails advantageously with reference to the direction of the wind and the course of the ship is the essence of good seamanship. But in its figurative use the phrase is disparaging because it suggests that the man referred to is dextrous in pursuit of his own advantage, shifts his principles with the shifting winds and has no fixed line of conduct. His skill in so doing doesn't recommend him, because a man rarely pursues his own advantage cleverly without detriment to others.



Why is *one* pronounced *wonn*?

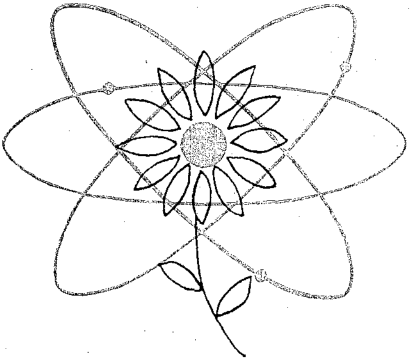
It used to be pronounced as we pronounce *own*. This old pronunciation is retained in *only* (one-ly). In southwest England in the Middle Ages a number of words beginning with a long vowel were, for some reason, preceded by a *w-* sound. Thus *oak* was pronounced *woak* and *oats* was pronounced *woats* and *one* was pronounced *wone*. The ways of words are very strange, and early in the 18th century—hardly more than 250 years ago—this odd pronunciation (its vowel shortened) became, as it still is, the standard "correct" pronunciation.

When someone is daydreaming why do we say he is *woolgathering*?



In its literal sense, *woolgathering* is the act of gathering bits of wool torn from sheep by bushes and other natural obstructions. Since these were scattered over the fields, woolgathering could not be done systematically. Furthermore it was an occupation for children and often attended with frolicking and the magnificent inattention to an assigned task that children are capable of. These things combined to make it a good metaphor for wandering fancies and purposeless thinking. ♛

Fantastic flowers—even sausage-shaped tomatoes—go zooming upward from these irradiated seeds



Atomic gardens of tomorrow—now

BY THEODORE BERLAND

IF YOU'RE an amateur gardener, you can now join in a momentous agricultural revolution by growing an exotic crop of atomic flowers and vegetables that are figuratively out-of-this-world.

The seeds for these fantastic plants come from America's "Atomic City," Oak Ridge, Tennessee, where the world's first and only commercial seed-irradiating firm subjects them to cobalt-60 irradiation. The company—Oak Ridge Atom Industries, Inc.—was founded by its president, Dr. Clarence J. Speas, an oral surgeon, with the encouragement of Dr. Marshall Brucer, chairman of the Medical Division at the Oak Ridge Institute of Nuclear Studies. Since its establishment in January 1958, the firm has sold 20,000 of these "Atomic Energized" seed kits to local gardening clubs and visitors to Oak Ridge.

This year, however, business is mushrooming. Through a sales division in Evanston, Illinois, Oak Ridge Atom Industries expects to sell 100,000 packets in the U.S. and has already shipped 3,500,000 seeds to England. The experimental seed kits also contain non-irradiated seeds to plant as a "control"—against which gardeners can compare their irradiated crop. There are 14 stock varieties: petunia, marigold, zinnia, aster, bachelor's-button, phlox, morning glory, nasturtium, corn, tomato, lettuce, radish, pepper and cabbage.

Here are some of the weird things that happened in the company's first atomic garden:

Petunias: They sprouted two weeks early, blossomed brilliantly and profusely and kept growing until the temperature dropped below ten degrees Fahrenheit.

Marigolds: Instead of growing into bushy little plants, they bloomed into unusual goosenecked flowers that produced twice as many seeds as other varieties, and lacked the usual marigold odor.

Tomatoes: Lush plants grow only a mile from a farm where blight destroyed 1,500 acres of normal tomatoes. Each plant produced 120 sausage-shaped tomatoes. It is believed that these tomatoes can be developed so that they will yield 15 slices each. Normal tomatoes usually produce four to five slices.

Corn: One plant yielded eight ears of unusually sweet, large and juicy corn.

Dr. Speas originally began irradiating seeds because of the poor soil on his hilly, 300-acre farm. Every year he tried to plant grass, but failed because the grass needed fertilizer, and each time it rained the fertilizer was washed down the hillside. In desperation, Dr. Speas consulted Dr. Brucer, who told him how atomic radiation could create hardy new grass and plant varieties. He suggested using radioactive cobalt. In 1957, Dr. Speas received an Atomic Energy Commission license to employ this substance and went into business a year later.

Today, on his farm, Dr. Speas has built a concrete-and-steel radiation shed into the side of a hill. Inside this shed, ordinary seeds are exposed to radioactive cobalt-60, which emits powerful gamma rays. These rays penetrate the cells of each seed, possibly altering their chromosomes, those mysterious, miscroscopic bits of tissue that control every living thing's genetic structure. The result is what biologists call a "mutation." Not all mutations are beneficial, but often they do result in a superior plant or animal. In agriculture, the Golden Delicious apple is one example of a felicitous mutation, and Merion Bluegrass is another.

In 1927, Dr. Hermann J. Muller, of the University of Texas, became the first man to speed up nature's mutation rate artificially. Dr. Muller exposed fruit flies to X rays, then bred them. The result was that he developed thousands of more mutants than he otherwise could have. After World War II, Swedish scientist Ake Gustafsson substituted more easily controllable cobalt-60 for X rays in his experiments.

These scientific advances in the field of plant mutation are particularly important today, when the population of the world is rapidly outstripping its food supply. Many food-furnishing plants are hard to grow. In the years to come, mankind will need new varieties that resist insects and disease, grow most anywhere, and produce more per acre. Irradiation now gives us the chance to develop these mutant breeds on a larger scale, accelerating evolution into an agricultural revolution.

In laboratories across the U.S. scientists are accepting this challenge. Recently, Dr. Walton C. Gregory, of the North Carolina Agricultural Experiment Station, had 100 pounds of seed peanuts X-rayed and gamma-rayed at the Oak Ridge National Laboratory. From these tests he subsequently perfected a hardier, easier to harvest type of peanut. In 1957, farmers started to buy the SANILAC bean seeds produced by Dr. E. E. Down, of Michigan State University, and Dr. Axel L. Anderson, of the U.S. Department of Agriculture. Treated by X rays, this bean can be machine-harvested but is highly disease-resistant. And at Brookhaven National Laboratory, outside New York City, scientists have used radiation to produce the world's first all-white and all-red carnations on the same plant, and a blight-resistant variety of oat.

But now, for the first time, the irradiated seeds offered by Oak Ridge Atom Industries, Inc. give the amateur gardener a chance to lend his soil and trowel to the cause of science. The "Atomic Energized" seeds are safe to handle; they are not radioactive. Simply plant them, then wait to see if what sprouts is sufficiently different. If so, pollinate the best samples and let them go to seed. Plant those seeds the following year. If what grows is the same as the previous year's growth, it's likely you've got a genuine mutation. To find out if these mutations are valuable, write to the Plant Introduction Department, Oak Ridge Atom Industries, Inc., Box 229, Oak Ridge, Tennessee.

Not all "Atomic Energized" seeds mutate, of course. But with such seeds the chance of a mutation occurring is 2,000 to 3,000 times greater than with an ordinary seed of the same variety. And if a freak of nature should occur, it could be commercially valuable. Produce a giant white marigold, for instance, and you can win a $10,000 prize offered by one well-known seed concern. But it's all up to you—and those mysterious chromosomes.

JUST JESTING

A KING AND QUEEN of long ago thought highly of a certain jester, but he risked the royal ire one day by announcing: "An apology can sometimes be worse than the insult that prompts it."

"Either prove that," commanded the king, "or off goes your head."

A short while later, His Majesty happened to bend over and the jester landed a lusty kick on the royal posterior. As the king straightened up, purple with rage, the jester apologized airily, "Your pardon, Sire: I thought you were the Queen." —RAY DOUGLAS

Wars, intrigues
and romance, traced in
125,000 stamps,
make up the "plot" of
this famous book

Scott's—the spectacular of stamps

BY RALPH BASS

STAMP COLLECTORS are a variegated bunch. Neither age nor sex nor condition of servitude is a barrier to their ranks, which include kings and cub scouts, presidents and priests. If they have one thing in common besides a passion for their hobby it is this: universal respect for a thick red-and-black-covered book, *Scott's Standard Postage Stamp Catalogue*. The oldest and largest publication of its kind in the world, *Scott's Catalogue* is the standard authority on matters philatelic. In the book's 2,300 three-column pages, more than 125,000 stamps are either illustrated or priced and dissected in fantastic detail; but besides being indispensable to the collector and dealer, it is also a mirror of the past. Hobbyists trace in it the rise and fall of dynasties, the birth and death of nations. They study ingenious schemes and forgeries, recognize stamps that made some men rich and left others with gnawing regrets.

"Stamp collectors are an international fraternity," New York's Francis Cardinal Spellman has said. "In their common associations, many differences are submerged and they are made one by their common avocation. A small, inexpensive collection, neatly arranged and properly annotated, is far more interesting than a more expensive collection which is only the accumulation of stamps." Most collectors agree with the Cardinal, and arrange and annotate their stamps with Scott's assistance.

IT ALL BEGAN in 1867 when a 22-year-old expatriate Englishman named John Walter Scott invested his entire capital of $5 and set up an outdoor stamp stand in New York. A one-page list of stamps he had for sale, including most of the world's issues, was the origin of the famous Scott catalogues of today. There were comparatively few stamps in those days. The U.S. did not issue postage stamps until 1847, seven years after the pioneering British.

Today the legion of U.S. stamp collectors numbers 15,000,000, and last year's three-day National Postage Stamp Show drew 73,000 persons to the 71st Infantry Regiment Armory in New York City.

But all of this, of course, was undreamed of in Scott's youth, and the Englishman's first efforts were disappointing. Briefly he succumbed to gold fever and crossed the plains with a covered-wagon train. After a few years of profitless adventuring, including a shipwreck off Panama, Scott found his way back to New York and found the formula for success: stamp auctions.

For the first time people could get together, make stamp talk, and bid against each other for rare issues. With the impetus of the auctions, Scott bought and sold stamps and more stamps. Soon he was also issuing catalogues, editing stamp journals and generally earning the title of "The Father of American Philately." Scott died in 1916 at the age of 74, but the business he founded has continued to expand.

The catalogue which evolved from that first stamp list turned out to be by far the best idea Scott ever had. It could not help growing. Governments, large and small, had begun printing stamps by the millions. Small nations such as Monaco and San Marino discovered they could add considerably to their revenues by printing stamps and selling them to foreign collectors. In the midst of this confusion, Scott's stoutly continued to list, price and illustrate every stamp issued, and through *Scott's Monthly Journal* did not hesitate to comment tartly on issues it considered shady or unwarranted.

In 1921, for instance, the *Journal* was upset at learning that Czechoslovakia had issued 230 varieties of stamps in one batch. Acknowledging the receipt of 100 of these, the magazine informed its readers that "we think the other abominations will follow in due course." Commenting on a Hungarian issue of 25,000 sets of five stamps, it stated: "We wonder why they stopped at five, and are duly thankful that it is no worse." And, "the Rumanians appear to have found a new excuse for another issue of occupation stamps." The fiercest blast was reserved for a Macao issue: "We commend this method of separating people from their money to the attention of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Highwaymen. It is much less messy than shooting a man or beating him with a club."

Putting out a stamp catalogue exposes the publisher to endless disputes. English-born Gordon Harmer, the *Scott Catalogue* editor-in-chief since 1946, explains: "If you leave a price as it is, you are accused of doing nothing. If you up a price, the collectors squeal; if you lower it, the dealers get mad." Nevertheless, Scott's prices have been sufficiently realistic to make it a working tool in appraising stamps for estate and income tax purposes.

Neither government authorities nor aristocratic clients intimidate Harmer. He recalls the hard times former King Farouk of Egypt gave him when the *Catalogue* listed Egyptian stamps with those of the British Commonwealth. Farouk insisted Egypt was a sovereign state and he got off a scorching wire to our State Department. Apparently he thought they would put Harmer to the bastinado. Other highly placed collectors who relied on Scott's were King Carol II of Rumania and President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

In tracking down the elusive rare stamp, Harmer has traveled widely. Wherever stamps go, there goes Harmer, and what he does not see in person he hears about from his world-wide philatelic correspondents. One writer related this frustrating episode:

Stepping up to a post office window in Tsingtao, China, in 1949, he noticed that some of the stamps he wanted to buy were imperfect—the perforation ran through the middle. This increased their value immeasurably to the collector, but the clerk noticed the error too. Ignoring his customer's frantic pleas, he tossed the sheet of stamps into a stove. "The mistake of our post office cannot be sold," he said. "We lose face."

Now and then, in attempting to appraise stamp collections, Harmer runs into a natural but troublesome phenomenon. Widows always believe their late spouse's collections are worth far more than they actually are. Harmer theorizes that husbands exaggerate the value of their stamps to justify the time they spend on them when they might be mowing the lawn.

The real job of Scott Publications, Inc., however, is putting together a yearly catalogue that may include as many as 70,000 price and other changes. The attempt to set fair retail prices is never-ending, and the detailed descriptions required are a proofreader's nightmare. The necessity for minute detail is understandable in view of the many counterfeits that have plagued collectors.

One famous character of the '30s, Jean de Sperati, faked stamps so artistically that more than once he was able to brazen out showdowns by insisting genuine stamps were the phonies and not his. The stakes are high. After all, couldn't another British Guiana One-Penny Stamp of 1856 turn up some day? Only one has ever been found, and that one is valued at $50,000.

Aside from the extremely valuable stamps, there are plenty of oddities in the stamp world. One of them was born of a Texas postmistress' wish to oblige. When her customers needed one-and-a-half cent stamps for their Christmas cards she cut three-cent stamps neatly in half. A number of the manufactured one-and-a-half centers got through the mails and are now collectors' items.

Whatever the stamp, Scott has arranged for it to be suitably housed. Along with its catalogues, it issues 24 Specialty Albums which have space for all major issued stamps of the world. Both the Smithsonian and the United States National Stamp Collection are kept in these.

These stamp albums sometimes are uniquely designed. The late Theodore Steinway, head of Steinway & Sons, had a remarkable collection of stamps with musical themes and illustrations. Some of them bore the autographs of Paderewski and other famous musicians, and Scott supplied special handmade albums in which to display them to best advantages.

Frequently a visitor to Scott's plant in New York is brought up short at meeting the production manager. Miss Maud E. Taylor, a slim, dignified lady, is the only woman who has ever run a printing operation of such size and complexity. She has lived with stamps most of her life, her father having printed the *Catalogue* for years until shortly before America entered World War I. But she has never gotten around to collecting any herself.

When the *Catalogue* comes off the press, Miss Taylor's gang works night and day to get out the shipment of more than 100 tons of books. Then they start working on next year's *Catalogue*.

FALLOUT

The fallout, I sigh,
That causes me dread
Isn't stuff from the sky,
It's hair from my head.

—RICHARD ARMOUR *(American Legion Magazine)*

Answers to Quiz on Page 107

1. The Bridge on the River Kwai; 2. The Barretts of Wimpole Street; 3. Gone With the Wind; 4. West Side Story; 5. The Taming of the Shrew; 6. Through the Looking Glass; 7. William Tell; 8. Moby Dick; 9. Lysistrata; 10. The Good Earth; 11. Cinderella; 12. Peter Pan; 13. South Pacific; 14. Babbitt; 15. For Whom the Bell Tolls.

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the book *My Three Lives*
by Teresa Lightwood.
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A CORONET BOOK CONDENSATION

My three lives

by Teresa Lightwood

Nun, nurse and wife — the story of a remarkable woman and her adventures in the Far East

MY THREE LIVES

I WAS NOT born a Catholic. My family became converted to the Catholic faith when I was about eight years old. There was a family baptism which included Father and Mother, three of my four sisters and me, all on the same day.

My childhood was dogged by physical pain. At 11, my legs became crippled with rheumatic gout, and when I was 14 an operation was successfully carried out on both legs, which had to be broken and reset. By this time their misshapenness was creating a marked inferiority. Boys and girls made fun of my bowed ankles and awful knock-knees, until I was unable to walk across a room without self-conscious effort.

In 1920 my adored mother died suddenly following a stroke. This loss was so unbearable that for a while I would talk to myself in the street and peer into the faces of strange women in the hope that I might find my mother still alive.

This was not, however, the basic cause of my entering the convent. For quite a few years I had voiced the strong desire to become a nun. My application was posted off to the London convent where I was to start as novice and postulant. Six months later, on May 23, 1922, I walked into my new convent home.

The novice mistress received me. Soon I would learn her kindness, but at first I sensed only coldness in her greeting: "Well, I suppose I must welcome you." She was appalled at the prospect of a 16-year-old in the novitiate. But this was nothing compared with the shock of my physical appearance. I looked at least 30, she told me, with black rings under my eyes and a haggard air. The mistress reminded me that conversation in the dormitory was forbidden, and that no "extras" were permitted in the cells except a change of underclothing. Owing to my youth, I would be allowed to remain in bed until 5:30 each morning, instead of 4:45.

Fifteen months later, in August 1923, I received the habit of my Order.

There was one other girl postulant with me, and we were wearing our simple novice dresses—long, shapeless black gowns, each topped by an elbow-length cape, and a black net cap held by elastic on the cropped hair. My religious community did not permit the young postulant nun to be dressed as a bride on this sanctified occasion (the normal practice in many Orders).

In the chapel, I trembled while waiting for the bishop's vital question: "What do you desire?"

"My desire is to join the community of X," I answered slowly.

The bishop demanded to know if I was aware of all that this entailed. I replied that I was, and voiced my willingness to follow The Rule in all its perfection.

A moment later I was being led to a small cold room adjoining the chapel, while each article of my new habit was being blessed. Then the clothing was brought for me to put on. When I was fully dressed—except for the veil—I walked from the anteroom to stand once more near the altar rails.

There, the Reverend Mother adjusted the veil around my new black headpiece. On my head she also placed a crown of white roses. It was a symbol of the crown that would be worn in heaven if throughout the years I kept my part of the marriage pact. Then, in a split second—or so it seemed—two years passed. I was 19, and it was August 15, 1925, the day I pronounced my vows as a nun: "To consecrate myself to God by the Vows of Chastity, Obedience and Poverty. . . ."

In the affairs and daily habits of convent life there were many surprises. Acts of penance were never spectacular. Several acts of mortification involved nothing more than going without some minor pleasure of the senses; or in not answering back when harshly spoken to; or not asking for things one needed; or not reading something one desired greatly to read—a letter from home, for instance; or making some enjoyable food unpalatable, perhaps by pouring salt into a dessert.

And there was also the "Discipline," a small whip made of knotted cord to be used on oneself twice or more times each week.

My first experiences of flagellation did not produce the expected feelings of repugnance. Anyone who suspects an element of masochistic enjoyment in the nun's use of the whip on herself should consider the mental and emotional climate that surrounds her as she stands alone and lonely in her chill convent cell, with the knotted cord in her hand. For myself, there was no sensual glory, and, I honestly think, no self-pity in this torture.

In fact, the act of penance that remains most heavily stamped on my memory was not the whip. It consisted of sitting on the low dining bench for a half-hour, or longer, with one foot all the time kept raised from the floor. For several years I never took a meal with both feet on the ground.

In the early summer of 1928, an important visitor to the convent brought an opportunity to alter the pattern of my religious life and work. This was an influential member of the hierarchy, the secretary to the Reverend Mother General of our Order.

One day, carrying a batch of letters to her room, I paused to examine their unusual stamps and postmarks. There were letters from many parts of the world, including one from Siam.

I stood in the shadow of a tulip tree idly wondering about this far-off land and its people, and then, with a sudden sense of guilt, hurried on to deliver the letters. As the secretary slit open the envelopes, I stood by, itching to talk but fearing to interrupt.

She looked up, surprised to find me, and I blurted out that I had often wanted to go out into the world of the foreign missions.

She gave me a cool stare. "Why

do you wish to serve in this way?" she asked.

"All the years I spend here are years of receiving," I said, "and I believe I am now ready to give Him something in return."

"And what do you imagine you will be giving?" she asked.

"To leave my convent, family and country is the biggest sacrifice I can think of making," I said.

She nodded slowly but made no comment. A few days later, however, my spirits jumped when I learned she had passed on my craving to the Reverend Mother. It was not long before I was clutching a letter declaring that I should prepare to depart for Siam as soon as my final vows were pronounced.

On the October morning when I left the convent, I took one last look at the tulip tree, its foliage glowing in the weak October sun like an orange umbrella. It was an aptly exotic farewell sight before sailing to the yet more exotic world of Bangkok.

After a one-month journey, I reached the Gulf of Siam and sailed up the Chao Phraya River to the docks of Bangkok.

Even today, I remember how I shaded my eyes from the sun as they rested for the first time on the half-naked figure of a woman in native dress. In 1928, Siamese women and girls still wore the *pah-nung*, or trouser skirt: about four yards of material wound tightly round the body, draped between the legs and fastened high at the rear. In front it covered the knees, but the thighs were revealed at the back, and above the waist there was nothing.

With my rigid code of convent modesty behind me, a code which forbade the nun even to undress in the presence of another sister, the sight of this woman naked to the waist and talking casually with a young man on the public highway was disturbing to say the least.

The Bangkok convent was located on a narrow dirt street with a *klong*, or canal, on each side. The long white building, standing in a garden of green lawn and tall flame trees, gave a misleading impression of gracious living.

One day I walked into the bathroom and turned to hang my towel on the hook. Dangling there by one spindly leg was a queer creature, bright green and gold, with a frog's face but a body that was larger and thinner than a frog's. I decided that someone like Sister M., an incorrigible practical joker, might be up to another of her tricks, so I stretched out a hand to examine the object.

The yell I gave when the eyes began moving brought Reverend Mother rapping at the door. When she saw the creature she hustled me out of the bathroom, slamming the door behind us.

"A lucky escape for you," Reverend Mother said grimly.

"But what is it?" I managed to ask, still trembling.

"A flying frog. A poisonous and very dangerous variety," she said. "They squirt the poison out whenever they are attacked, and it may mean total blindness, if the stuff gets into your eyes."

Everyone stared at my white habit. "Is it a man or a woman?" one girl asked.

A shock of a different kind—an earthquake—was another high-spot of those early years in Bangkok. One evening, standing in front of my small window, I was fascinated to see that the tall trees outside were swaying back and forth. At the same moment the entire house began to creak, the walls and cupboards of my room were cracking and falling, and my bed was sliding toward the middle of the floor.

Shouts came from the corridor and from the garden. I heard the word "earthquake." I rushed to the bed, sat on it and held firmly to the poles of the mosquito net, waiting and watching for the world to end. Then, just as suddenly as it began, the earthquake rocked itself out. When it was over Reverend Mother led us into the convent chapel which had remained serenely undisturbed.

In mid-1933, after recuperating from a bout of tuberculosis, I left Bangkok on the long rattling train ride to Chiang Mai, a hot, heavenly mountain fastness where a new convent had been founded.

At Chiang Mai, as in convents everywhere, particular friendships, attachments and the smallest signs of special affection are severely forbidden. A nun is not even permitted to touch a child with any mark of affection. It was with a very jaundiced eye that one Reverend Mother at Bangkok gave me a severe reprimand after observing that some of the orphan girls who worked as my kitchen helpers were showing signs of a "crush" toward me. I found the whole situation strangely sad. I hardly knew how to behave coldly toward girls who were, after all, roughly my own emotional and mental age.

Our cumbersome religious habit was another drawback. It was most unsuitable for tropical countries. When I first went to Bangkok we were dressed in the orthodox black habits, heavy affairs that could not be washed even once a week, and it was sometimes possible to smell an approaching nun from several yards' distance. After three or four years, however, Reverend Mother obtained permission for us to dress in white, not only at Chiang Mai but also in the community of Bangkok.

We were also allowed two changes of costume each week. Arrayed in the cool white splendor, my first visit to Chiang Mai market place caused a minor sensation. Everyone stared, and a young Thai girl asked her mother: "Is it a man or a woman?" Both child and parent were surprised when I turned to answer for myself, speaking in Thai.

At the beginning I found that a good method of learning the Thai language was by studying the signs and advertisements on the doors and windows of shops, written in English and Chinese as well as Thai;

and for a long time I had the convent girls in stitches as a result of my verbal blunders.

Every summer Chiang Mai missionaries moved up to the hills for a long vacation during the hottest weeks of summer—but even this holiday often was not entirely clear sailing. One day Reverend Mother, the nuns and a few of our girl boarders from the convent school went for a picnic—despite the rumor of a tiger loose in the vicinity. Amat and Luko, our Thai gardeners, were detailed to act as guards.

We set out in early morning. After a while we were compelled to walk in Indian file through tall grass so high that it was impossible to see beyond the two or three nuns immediately ahead. Amat was in front, Luko at the rear, both men armed with guns. Amat's large dog padded alongside of us.

Most of our girls, and I imagine most of the nuns, were plainly scared. I asked Reverend Mother if it might not be a good idea for Amat to fire his gun, which might at least frighten the tiger away if it were nearby. Reverend Mother agreed.

Amat was delighted with his chance to fire a few shots and the reports seemed more like those of a cannon. The results were disastrous for Reverend Mother. Unaware that Amat's dog stood directly behind her, she took a sudden backward step and fell over the poor animal. She was herself convinced that the tiger was beneath her—and the shock was quite enough to bring on the heart attack that followed. Somehow, we got Reverend Mother safely home, and she recovered a few days later.

As always, the feast days were a wonderful time of relaxation. But twice a disgraceful scene was enacted—both involving nuns who became slightly tipsy. I was one of two offenders. It was a feast day when one of our Bangkok sisters had adventurously concocted a homemade wine which turned out to be more potent than any of us bargained for. I had left my wine untouched through the meal. At the end I sipped it and decided to drink it.

When Reverend Mother rang the bell for grace, I tried to stand—only to discover that my legs refused to support me. I flopped back in my chair and sat giggling all through grace. The sisters tried their hardest to keep straight faces without much success. And when Reverend Mother passed between the tables on her way out, she merely leaned over and ordered me to sit still until I had recovered.

Not far from the convent at Chiang Mai, the road is rocky and treacherous. One day in 1938 it also become a bitter symbol that led to the beginning of the end of my life as a nun.

I was out walking with Sister J., a young American, and a party of our convent girls. Dressed in my clumsy habit, I stumbled and fell, the base of my spine receiving a nasty blow on a jutting rock. For five or ten minutes it was agonizingly painful and by the new year of 1939 I was dispatched for a three-week hospital stay. It soon became clear that some type of spinal injury had been caused. In July, Reverend Mother called me to her room, announcing flatly that I was to sail for Europe. As I left the room, I felt convinced that I would never again set eyes on Bangkok, Chiang Mai or the gentle Thai people.

At 33 I was on my way out, feeling only bitterness. Shortly before I left, I noticed on the grass a few yards away, a snake about a yard in length, its raised head slightly swaying. Squatting on a branch of a low bush was a sparrow, almost mesmerized by the serpent.

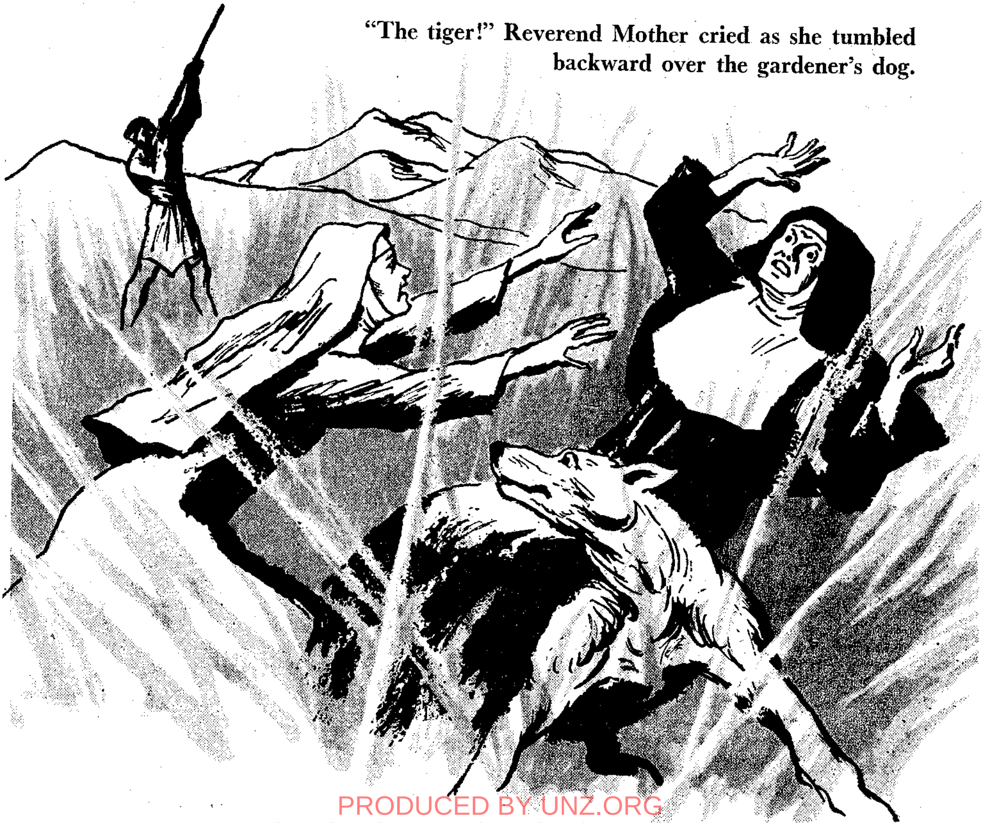
Slowly, the snake crept toward the bush. The sparrow dropped from its branch and hopped two feet nearer to its doom.

From where I sat I saw the bird's terrified quivering.

Then there was a darting, flashing strike from the snake, and the sparrow was in its mouth.

I jumped from my chair, picked up a length of sawed-off plank, and began beating the life out of the preying snake. No one could have been more surprised than I when suddenly the little sparrow was disgorged. It fell from the snake's jaws, lay still on the grass, then miracu-

"The tiger!" Reverend Mother cried as she tumbled backward over the gardener's dog.



lously shook itself and flew off. The snake lay dead at my feet.

I was vaguely shocked by the venom of my attack. Perhaps I too yearned to set myself free as I gave the sparrow its unexpected freedom.

I sailed for Europe the next day. At Dover, an English nun was waiting to escort me to a convent in Westgate-on-Sea. But by the end of 1941 I was moved back to London, and into—of all places—the convent I had first entered as a girl of 16. New buildings had appeared since my departure; the old regime was altered, more in keeping with the times; the old Superiors were both dead. Only one thing was unchanged: the tulip tree on the lawn.

Several new bouts of illness deepened the despondency that had grown since I left Thailand. By the summer of 1942 I was facing—for the first time and with great terror in my heart—the thought of renouncing the religious life. One day I confided this misery to the Reverend Mother.

"This spirit of misery," she said, "comes only from the Devil. You must strive to overcome it."

It is impossible to convey the panic I felt during these weeks of penance and prayer. I went sleepless most nights, and once, having dozed off and then wakened in fear, I got up from bed, crept along the corridor and made my way to a bathroom where I knew a pair of nail scissors was kept. Without a mirror, I cropped my entire head more closely than ever. Taking tufts of hair between two fingers I clipped it all over, close to the scalp, until the effect must have been hideous. By making myself such a sight that I would never dare to be seen in public I reasoned the danger to be faced by a renunciation of my vows would be temporarily warded off.

To this day I cannot be altogether certain of the reasons that led to my renunciation. One of my friends may have hit the nail on the head when she asked in a letter: "Were you, perhaps, subconsciously in rebellion for the simple reason that you could no longer serve in *your* way? A rebel because you knew your life among the Thai people gave *you* your deepest feelings of calm and satisfaction?"

But, in spite of my resistance, I felt forced to go once more to Reverend Mother, with a request that I should be allowed to join a nursing order with duties in foreign missions. The answer was an unyielding no. I then asked to see a priest with whom I could discuss my problems. Again the answer was negative.

At last I could stand it no longer. In normal times any request by a nun to be released from her vows would be dispatched to Rome, but as we were at war, these problems were handled by the apostolic delegate, a bishop living a short distance from the London convent. I asked to be taken to visit him.

In the company of Reverend Mother and one of her assistants, I was ushered into the presence of His Eminence. I recounted briefly the story of my years in the East, the impact of my various illnesses, the sense of deprivation I felt at my re-

"My child," the priest said, "you are a round peg in a square hole."

call, and the strains which ever since had built up to a state of such unhappiness that I no longer thought it possible to remain in the cloister. He asked what type of work I wanted to do. Without hesitation, I told him I would gladly be a nurse.

He said: "My child, I believe you have suffered considerably. But I would like you to return to the convent for two more weeks. Meditate and pray. Talk with the priest. And return to me if your mind is unchanged."

Oddly enough, a new priest was at the convent to hear our confessions. I repeated the whole sorry story, and I was almost amused by his response.

"I think, my child," he said, "that you are a round peg in a square hole. It may be better for your life to change that situation."

It was as if a weight had been lifted from my heart—though not in such fashion as to make it glad. Rather was I drained of all feeling.

So, for the second and last time, I went to the Pope's delegate. After a formal short speech that released me from my vows, I came away a "secular"—a nun in dress only.

Reverend Mother escorted me in silence back to the convent. She instructed me to collect some "civilian" clothes from one of the sisters: a plain dark blue jumper, a plain dark grey skirt, a blue beret and a utility raincoat.

It was a dull and unfashionable outfit, yet to me it might as well have been some strange native costume of another age.

I walked up the long flights of stairs to my cell and took off my habit. The nun's underclothing was to remain in my possession. So were my thick black stockings and black shoes. I dressed in the skirt and jumper, jammed the beret over my clipped hair, then returned to Reverend Mother's office for the final interview.

She looked at me with some distaste. This was a moment of shame, if anything, for the whole convent. I felt like a criminal. She then handed me five one-pound notes. These, and the outfit I stood in, were my total resources after 20 years of the cloistered religious life.

"Good-by," she said, without feeling. I said good-by and was almost at the door when I remembered the last act, which even Reverend Mother had forgotten.

I took off my gold ring, that glorious symbol of the marriage with God, walked over to the desk avoiding her eyes, and placed the ring on the leather-bound blotter that lay in front of her. She said no more. Neither did I.

I walked slowly to the street to find my way to a London bus stop and ride to my sister Edna's flat.

The first few days were lonely and altogether lacking in the freedom at which one supposes a newly released nun might begin to marvel. Instead, the flat itself became a kind of strait jacket. Venturing two or three times as far as the local shops to buy bread and groceries, I felt unbelievably stupid, knowing nothing about the prices of foods or any other merchandise. Nuns may have to be resourceful at times, but they make no real decisions, great or small. Now I was being forced to decide where to walk, what bus to take, which street of shops, what to buy, what to eat, how to cook it when carried home, and so on. And each of these was a matter of vast worry and confusion.

No less troublesome was the problem of clothes—especially the ordeal of buying my first brassière. I had never known my bust measurement and the salesgirl thought me daft as she passed the tape measure around me. Yet what could I say? We nuns did wear a kind of brassière under the religious habit but they were homemade and rather shapeless, designed to compress the breasts and hide the curves.

Two unexpected sources of comfort and relaxation emerged during those first nervous weeks. One was the sheer physical enjoyment of taking hot baths at leisure, with large towels, scented bath salts and all. A convent bathroom was quite bare save for a bathtub and a wooden chair.

The second consolation was radio. I found that I could listen all day. To this very day, Judy Garland singing *Over the Rainbow* sticks in my memory.

But an unexpected emergency arose in the illness of my eldest sister, Phyllis, who lived near Sheffield, where I was born. So I packed my bags and took the train to set about the task of nursing her.

As a Red Cross commandant, Phyllis was well acquainted with hospitals and as soon as she was well enough we went to visit one hoping that I could be accepted as a nurse in training.

Before Christmas I was installed in the nurses' home, starting my lecture course and learning my duties. After a few months, I was moved from the female ward to a male ward, largely because I had no nonsense about me. It was no blasé quality that allowed me to strip a male patient without embarrassment. Fundamental biological differences between men and women still meant little or nothing to my mind. Convent life had left me with speech so simple and direct that people tended to see double meanings everywhere.

"Why don't you get married, Lightwood?" one of the nurses once asked.

"I've no time," I replied innocently. "I've been neglecting my anatomy revision quite long enough."

When the laughter subsided the girl went on: "Surely you'd like to make some man happy?"

"Why should I waste time making *one* man happy," I said, "when there are so many in great need?" It took me a long time to live down the gaffe. Without a doubt, one of the most significant changes was my discovery of the facts of life. Aside from my physiology and other textbooks, I had with me on holiday a short treatise dealing with the problems of the marriage relationship. At 16, when I entered the convent, I knew nothing whatever about marital intercourse and the birth of children. The effect of the discovery of the facts of life in my 38th year sent me into a flood of tears.

By the winter of 1945 I was again jumpy and discontented, longing for the Far East. For no particular reason, or so it seemed at the time, I sat up till the small hours writing a long letter to my old Superior in the Bangkok convent. I ended it with what I suppose was a cry from the heart, expressing my deep attachment to Bangkok and Chiang Mai.

Weeks passed and no reply came. Then I reached home one evening to find an envelope with a Thai stamp.

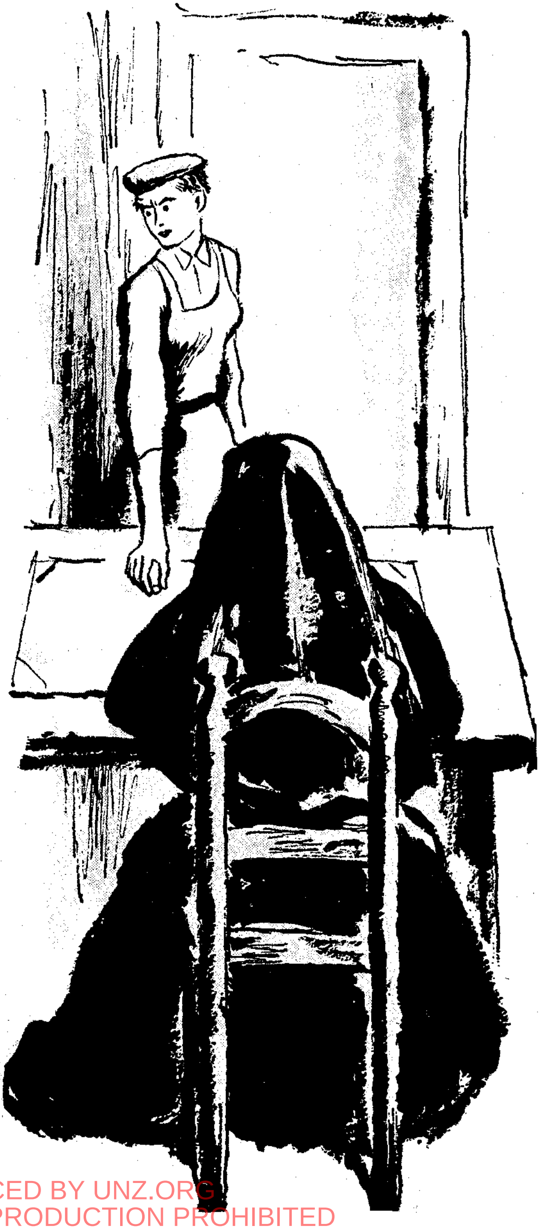
As I raced upstairs with the letter, tears rolled down my cheeks. But by the time I had finished reading it the tears were changed to tears of excited release from tension. It asked: Would I be interested in returning to Thailand to establish the country's first Catholic maternity hospital?

Interested!

My reply—little more than yes, yes, yes—was in the letter box long before midnight. I went without supper, climbed into bed, and for the first night in many a long year I dreamed sweetly.

The man who was planning

"Ashamed to meet Reverend Mother's gaze, I removed my ring and placed it on her desk."



this hospital was a young Thai doctor called Thui. I told him I would come as soon as I had learned midwifery. I left London by flying boat six months later, bound for my beloved Thai city of canals.

Doctor Thui was an agreeable looking man of about 30. But his hospital was a sinkhole of sweat, blood, babies and unwashed bodies—the floors thick with muck. It was all so terrible that normal feelings of nausea were bypassed. It was my heart, not my stomach, that felt sickened.

The hospital had some 70 beds, although over the next four months there were often as many as 100 maternity cases in the wards; and since no woman ever stayed more than four days after the delivery of her baby, our turnover was rapid. We delivered an average of over 400 babies each month, and twice there were more than 500 births.

New Year's Day, 1948, was perhaps the most memorable crisis I shall ever know. Without consulting me, the hospital's Chinese steward, Ah Kim, had given every qualified nurse and midwife a whole day's holiday. I had only a handful of probationers to help me cope with our 100 patients.

By lunchtime we had 28 mothers in the last stages of labor and 16 babies were born within a few minutes of each other as we rushed like scalded cats from one patient to another. Forceps here, bowls of hot water there, scissors and dressings and chaos everywhere. I had one woman literally on the floor in labor at my feet, while I was striving to get some life into another baby who had suddenly stopped breathing.

Next morning I could hardly believe the news that not a single one of our mothers and newborn infants had perished.

In the spring of 1948, a controversy arose over the employment of my best nurse. She was a highly efficient Thai girl, and the only trained Thai nurse among the otherwise Chinese nursing staff. The Chinese resented her, however, and before long we were facing a staff crisis. What the Chinese wanted was the Thai girl's instant dismissal. I did some quick thinking. Knowing the girl was doomed no matter what I decided, I told the hospital chairman that I would ask her to begin looking for a post, adding, however, that I must also dismiss four Chinese girls who consistently refused to work. I was quite surprised when everyone agreed to my proposals.

Next morning I discovered that the Thai nurse had been fired by the hospital manager. Her room had been locked and she was refused entrance to the premises. Straight away, I summoned the four Chinese nurses to issue the news of their dismissal. One of the girls spat upon me; another issued dire warnings that my life would soon come to an end. Ignoring all this, I went to the hospital committee chairman and announced that I could not remain in the hospital unless the Thai girl was reinstated. I think this was what they had been waiting for, and a few days later I was without a job.

But a new challenge soon arose. Miraculously, early in 1949, I re-

Suddenly, the "bundle" moved. Inside was the other twin—still alive!

ceived an offer from a wealthy Chinese who owned St. Joseph's Hospital, one of Bangkok's small private institutions. He suggested that myself, Dr. Thui and two of his colleagues should take over the maternity block.

"It's too good to be true," I told Thui. "But it *is* true."

A mere dozen babies were born during our inaugural month at St. Joseph's. In the second month there were 25 deliveries, followed by 60. Before long we had our first month registering 100 births, and after that it was a steady progress.

One of our chief obstacles was our patients' insistence on primitive birth techniques. One poor Chinese woman began protesting loudly when I trundled her into the delivery room and onto the table. I would kill her, she said, if I tried to make her deliver the child in this fashion. I asked how she thought it should be born, and was not surprised to learn that she was one of the thousands who were accustomed to squatting on the floor. She was already climbing off the table when I told her, "You cannot have your baby like that in *this* hospital. Unless you get back on the table I shall send you home."

Reluctantly the woman complied. When it was all over she gazed rapturously at her child and told me that she had never known such an easy time before.

Four days before Christmas 1949, a small, doll-like Chinese woman, married to Se Thieng, an ice-cream vendor, gave birth to the identical twins who were later christened Mary-Josephine, and Josephine-Mary—and nicknamed Mary and Jose. My first glimpse of the twins, who weighed exactly two pounds each and were more than two months premature, made me long for an oxygen tent and an incubator. How Jose survived was a marvel. Her existence was not discovered till the mother was brought to the labor room, and the child when found was still encased in the sac of waters. A nurse had lifted the apparently lifeless bundle from the bed and placed it in a basin ready to be buried the next day.

But shortly before I was called to the ward, an observant student nurse looked into the receptacle. Suddenly, inside the basin there was a movement. The student called the midwife, and this was roughly the point at which I arrived.

We tore open the sac and removed the small creature. Like her sister she was just skin and bone; they were both the size of scraggly spring chickens.

For the next six weeks it looked as if neither nursing skill nor divine intentions would give them even an extra ounce of weight and vigor. By the end of the first month, they were barely holding their own. I worried a lot, and went sleepless, and noticed the beginnings of an overwhelming desire for the continuing health of these unwanted infants. Girl babies, an economic liability, were not welcomed by poor Chinese. Twin girls were positively disastrous, omens of ill-luck, and although the custom has disappeared, it was not unknown for female babies to be found dead in a sack.

The mother barely acknowledged them and the father pleaded with me to adopt them.

But I was already over 40, a spinster with the background of convents. It was absurd to think of myself as a capable modern mother. After a few weeks the mere business of getting milk for the twins became a major problem. Se Thieng could not afford a penny toward it. Neither could the hospital. My own salary, barely enough for the needs of one person, certainly would not meet the twins' milk bill.

Then came a sudden and joyful turning point. Toward the end of the second month, both babies began gaining weight—ounces a day until at eight weeks, fantastically, they had doubled their original birth weight. I almost wept with delight. But several large tins of dried milk were essential each month. So I worked out a scheme for giving English lessons to Thai students, and my weekly earnings were just enough to cover the milk bill.

The great decision to adopt the twins was made about the start of their sixth month. I had taken them to my room after our evening jaunt, and sat for a while nursing them in a rocking chair. Soon they were both asleep in my arms.

Jose suddenly awakened. For a half-second there was a mildly startled look on her face. Then she became aware of me and the whole expression changed. Her eyes, lazy, peaceful, and her lips, compressing in a series of blissful smiles, suggested the perfect peace that comes only with perfect confidence in maternal nursing and love.

The eyes closed again, the head drooped, the sleep was resumed. From that moment I determined to keep the twins.

The arrangements for adoption were soon completed and with my Chinese twins I was the proudest parent in Thailand.

We were never long between one crisis and the next, however. In the 12th month I noticed both girls developing enlarged glands on each side of the neck. It was TB. The battle was on again.

Often during the first year Se Thieng would visit us. There was no doubting his affection for the twins. After a while I gently stopped these visits, explaining the importance of creating a family unit in which the children knew they belonged to me. Se Thieng intelligently grasped this point. On occasional visits, he would stand watching them from afar. Then he stopped coming. Doubtless he was anxious that I was not the type who would use them merely as servants as soon as they were old enough to fetch and carry, as often happened with Thai families.

Just as the twins were shaking

My reaction to Peter amazed me. "I could marry a man like that," I thought.

off TB came one of those strokes of ill luck to which I was accustomed. I collapsed while on duty and was put to bed for a month. It was heart trouble, and the doctors sent me off to England, leaving the twins at St. Joseph's. I flew back to Bangkok two months later for the twins.

Another chapter was about to begin—in the hills and dusty towns of India, in beautiful Kodai Kanal and slovenly Serampore, where I was sent to establish a sanitarium for ailing old people.

It was in the course of my work in Serampore that I first met Peter Blackburn, a humorous bachelor about my own age. He was born in India, ran his own small spice business and lived with an elderly aunt who had befriended me soon after my arrival. I sat talking over tea with his aunt when in walked nephew Peter, tall, middle-aged and, I decided, the perfect illustration of what is called a distinguished bearing. In a flash I was telling myself: "Don't be a fool!" For it suddenly hit me that my true, spur-of-the-moment reaction had been the instant—and for me astonishing—reflection: "I could marry a man like that."

During the next 12 months, I paid only occasional visits to Mrs. Blackburn. Sometimes Peter would be in the house, sometimes not. Still less frequently I would meet him in the street while shopping in Calcutta—but we never did more than pass the time of day.

One evening I received a letter in which he asked, surprisingly, if I would come as soon as possible to give Mrs. Blackburn whatever comfort I could, as she was dying. I went the next morning. When death finally came, I performed the last Offices, then sat for a while talking with Peter. And that, to all intents, was the end of my brief acquaintanceship with Peter Blackburn.

Out of the blue, months afterward, we ran into each other at the home of an agreeable Indian couple who were intent on matchmaking. They began inviting Peter and me more regularly to tea. The wife kept harping on the plight of "poor lonely Peter"—and one day, after I grew distinctly bored with this refrain, I told her: "If the man is so poor and lonely, for heaven's sake let him find someone to marry."

"That's exactly what he would like," she said. "But what Peter needs is a really capable wife and friend, an English woman who can help with his business, who is not afraid of hard work, who is a good companion, and has the same religion . . ."

An hour or so later the message began to sink in. When it did, it made me suddenly furious with Peter Blackburn. "The blighter is doing it the Indian way," I said to myself angrily. "And if he hasn't the guts to ask me himself, properly, honestly . . ."

Then, with what I suppose could be viewed as a kind of womanly logic, I vowed never to see him again—and straight away made plans to pay him an early visit, to discover if I could fathom his intentions.

The first time he took me out we talked about his business. The second time we talked of books and music. The third time, he reminisced about his childhood.

At the end of one enjoyable day, we shook hands a good deal more affectionately than usual, and Peter said, simply: "I count you the best companion I ever had." Although I did not say so, I realized well enough that he was certainly the best companion I had ever had.

Nevertheless, several more months rolled by before the issue was brought to a head when it was suggested that I should start work far away in the north at Dehra Dun. One evening, I announced I would have to go there. Peter's response was forthright. "In that case," he said, "I think you should ask them to find someone to take your place. . . . I want you to marry me."

There was no more to be said.

There we stood in the Catholic church on that November day, guided slowly and peacefully through the same ceremony that millions of women before me had looked upon with no less joy, though not, I imagine, with the same unbidden thoughts and pictures flashing from out of the past.

Standing next to Peter, I glanced down at my new high-heeled shoes and soft silk dress with jeweled clips, and I could barely suppress a smile at the thought of the frivolous hat resting on my newly styled hair. Vaguely self-conscious also of the earrings I now wore, the sheer nylons, the discreet make-up, the bridal bouquet—all the trappings of an indisputably earthly wedding—how phenomenal it seemed alongside the recollection of my novice's vows, the distant years of the pledges to a heavenly lover.

Chastity, Obedience, Poverty . . .

In the church, as Peter placed the ring on the third finger of my left hand, it was impossible to suppress one further scene from the past. Three years to the day after my profession at 19, the bishop had placed a ring on the third finger of my right hand. I was pronouncing my final vows, those perpetual vows from which a nun may be released only by the Pope himself.

With all that God has given me, I should be a far, far better woman than I am . . . but it cannot be denied that I am a far, far happier woman than ever I was.

THOUGHT PROVOKING

A TRAFFIC SIGN in a busy Australian no-parking zone admonishes:

"Don't even *THINK* of parking here!"

—MRS. B. V. SCOLLAN

The dashing newsmen of PARIS MATCH

They'll peep at one Princess, play Cupid for another—even crash St. Peter's gates for a hot scoop

BY RAY KERRISON

A PAPAL SERVANT, magnificently outfitted in a velvet jacket, ruffled collar and white stockings, briskly ushered dignitaries of the Roman Catholic Church to their places in the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican in Rome. But at regular intervals, he stopped and began furtively fiddling with his jacket. A Vatican official watched his antics with mounting concern—and suspicion. Pope Pius XII was consecrating new cardinals in a majestic ceremony, and this was no way for a papal servant to behave. Circling for a closer look, the official saw to his astonishment that the servant was poking a tiny camera from his jacket and snapping pictures of the ceremony in violation of a strict Vatican rule. Confronted by guards, who whisked him out of the cathedral, the "servant" cheerfully admitted he was an impostor. In reality, he was a photographer named Walter Carone. Within a week, his spectacular pictures—the first ever shot at a cardinals' secret consecration in the Sistine Chapel—were being viewed by millions, splashed in vivid color in *Paris-Match,* a unique French picture-news weekly with a circulation of 2,000,000.

By gate-crashing St. Peter's, Carone was carrying on the tradition that has made *Match* the demon of European journalism. Vatican officials had told Carone it was "impossible" to photograph the cardinals' ceremony, so he simply rented a 13th-century servant's costume and walked into the Chapel.

Carone is one of 50 daredevil photographers and reporters who work for *Match.* Formerly a sports magazine (from which it derives its name), *Match* sells for 80 centimes (about 16 cents) and looks somewhat like *Life* magazine. It is produced in a buff-colored old building above a hairdresser's shop just off the Champs Elysées. The greatest wonder is that it is produced at all. To a visitor, the staff seems to spend most of its time playing poker, throwing darts and dropping water bombs on pedestrians in the street. A record player blares jazz all day and poodles roam the office at will. Says one staffer: "We don't believe in bureaucracy."

For each issue, editors smother the floors with thousands of photographs, then gingerly tiptoe between them barefooted to choose the 60 or so pictures they will use. The staff, hired almost exclusively for its youth, good looks and thirst for adventure, is equally at ease parachuting into a war or reeling off a *cha cha* at a royal ball.

In their reckless pursuit of news, four *Match*men have lost their lives and dozens have been shot, battered, arrested and imprisoned. Lloyd's of London is the only company that will insure their lives. A parachute drop costs $2,000; a hotspot like Algeria, $1,500; and other assignments, less than $1,000. But facing danger has its reward. *Match*men are among the highest paid reporters in Europe (up to $150 a week), and their contracts call for a six-week paid vacation each year.

A dashing blend of imagination, courage and brashness has given *Paris-Match* innumerable world scoops. In England a few years ago, 200 newsmen milled outside a mansion for a story that had captured the world's imagination—the romance of England's Princess Margaret and Group Captain Peter Townsend.

Squads of police guards and Scotland Yard detectives blanketed the estate to keep reporters out, but they didn't daunt *Match*men Philippe Le Tellier and Philippe de Bausset. They strolled off to one side, dropped to the rain-soaked ground, and began crawling toward a garden path

Daring Matchman Daniel Camus photographed wedding in plane flying at 20,000 feet. Then the honeymooners bailed out (right), with Camus close behind.

they hoped Princess Margaret and Townsend might use. They camouflaged themselves with leaves and settled down to wait for the lovers to put in an appearance.

Four hours later, the Princess and Townsend emerged, hand-in-hand, for a walk. Quietly, Le Tellier clicked his shutter. Moments later, however, two detectives spotted the daring photographers, arrested them for trespassing, threatened them with deportation and demanded the film from their camera.

With a Gallic gesture of resignation, Le Tellier handed over his film. But what the detectives did not know was that on all ticklish assignments, *Match*men change film immediately after shooting and replace it with a blank roll!

Le Tellier and de Bausset were released after two hours and promptly dashed to Paris with their exclusive pictures.

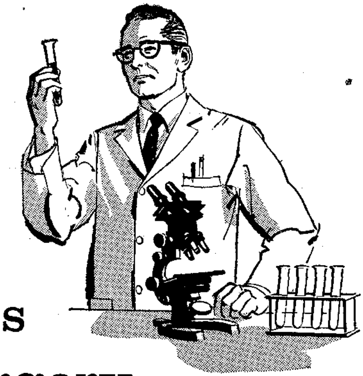
Two of the best correspondents *Match* has had in its 11-year history were Jean Roy, a husky, swashbuckling Frenchman, and Jean-Pierre Pedrazzini, a tall, blond Swiss who had been raised in France. Both were shot to death within two weeks of each other.

A teenage hero of the French resistance movement during World War II, Roy took his daredevil spirit to *Paris-Match* after VE-Day. In 1950, *Match* dispatched him to Indo-China to cover the war against the Viet Minh Communists. A d'Artagnan with camera, Roy turned the front lines into his own private playground. Under heavy fire, he calmly stood up to take pictures. He also roamed behind Red lines, told French generals how to fight the war, and stowed away on parachute missions. For six months the French command bombarded *Match*'s Paris office with letters and cables demanding the withdrawal of "this madman," and finally the magazine reluctantly complied.

In 1956, Roy again put on his battledress and red beret for the invasion of Suez. Within a week, he had "liberated" three jeeps from the Egyptians and scrawled "Balzac-0024"—*Paris-Match*'s phone number—across them. In one village, he found women and children near starvation while tons of food lay locked in a depot nearby. British officers warned Roy that looting was punishable by the death penalty, but he backed his jeep up 100 yards, then drove full tilt at the depot door, breaking it open. The happy villagers poured in to seize their first food in weeks. Thereafter, in dozens of villages throughout Egypt, Roy was known as "the red angel."

In Port Saíd, Roy's jeep ran out of gas. Boldly, he drove up to a British Army headquarters with a document signed, he announced haughtily, "by the highest French authority." As he sped off, tank filled, an officer glanced at the signature. It read, "Philippe Petain, Maréchal de France."

Soon after, Roy persuaded his friend, American photographer David Seymour, to join him in a dash from the British to the Israeli lines. Roy took the perilous short cut through the Egyptian Army. A fusillade of bullets killed him and



Now Possible to Shrink and Heal Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Science Finds New Healing Substance That Stops Itch, Relieves Pain In Minutes As It Shrinks Hemorrhoids

By John E. Knight

A WORLD-FAMOUS institute has discovered a new substance which has the astonishing ability to shrink hemorrhoids without surgery. The sufferer first notices almost unbelievable relief *in minutes* from itching, burning and pain. Then this substance speeds up healing of the injured tissues all while it reduces painful swelling.

In one hemorrhoid case after another, "very striking improvement" was reported and verified by doctors' observations—even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing.

Most amazing of all, this improvement was maintained in cases where doctors' observations were continued over a period of many months. All without the use of narcotics, anesthetics or astringents of any kind. The secret is the new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) — now offered in both *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®.

In addition to actually shrinking piles—Preparation H lubricates and makes bowel movements less painful. It helps prevent infection (a principal cause of hemorrhoids).

Only Preparation H contains this magic new substance which quickly helps heal injured cells back to normal and stimulates the regrowth of healthy tissue again. Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easier to use if away from home) are available at any drug counter. Complete satisfaction is guaranteed or money refunded.

(*Advertisement*)

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010

Seymour. Ironically, a cease-fire had been signed at about the time they set out on their fatal mission.

Roy's colleague, Jean-Pierre Pedrazzini, had the features of a movie star, the physique of Tarzan and the lust for life of a boulevardier. His name sped around the world when he dived underwater to snap pictures of Princess Margaret swimming in the Bahamas. Angry police collared him, beat him, ripped his clothes and jailed him, whereupon the horrified Princess told him to "buy the best suit you can find and we will pay for it."

When the Hungarian revolution erupted in 1955, Pedrazzini borrowed a flashy sports car in Vienna and drove, without visas or official papers, into the heart of battered Budapest. In between shooting pictures of the bloody uprising, the 29-year-old photographer fired real bullets at the Russians.

On his second day in Budapest, Pedrazzini was taking pictures when a tank flying the rebel flag rumbled toward him. As he raised his camera to photograph it, the tank turret swung in his direction and a machine gun jumped to life. It was a disguised Soviet tank, and Pedrazzini fell, gravely wounded.

A fellow *Match*man got him to a Budapest hospital, where he underwent two operations. "How were those last pictures?" he murmured. "Did they make the magazine?"

He was assured that they had. Transferred to a Paris hospital for further treatment, Pedrazzini died four days later—on the eve of his first wedding anniversary. Three years earlier, Marshal de Lattre de Tassigny, one of France's most revered soldiers, lay dying in that same hospital. To get a picture, Pedrazzini had clambered to the roof of an adjoining building, jumped to the hospital roof, lowered himself to the Marshal's window and stole in. Pedrazzini's picture of de Tassigny on his deathbed was so shocking in detail that *Paris-Match* could not publish it. But several of his other pictures highlighted a ten-page story spread.

INEVITABLY, *Paris-Match* makes news as well as covers it. In its tenth anniversary issue, it splashed the picture of two parachutists being married in a plane flying at 20,000 feet. After the ceremony, photographer Daniel Camus crawled out onto the wing of the plane, snapped the newlyweds bailing out arm in arm, then leaped himself.

And the 1955 Cannes Film Festival was a dull affair until Pierre Galante, a *Match* executive, persuaded Prince Rainier of Monaco to open his palace to beautiful movie actress Grace Kelly, so that cameramen could photograph her in the grounds and on the throne. Galante introduced the couple and thus triggered one of the decade's greatest front-page romances. Galante himself made more news later when he married actress Olivia de Havilland.

At one time, *Match* also employed a young reporter who dabbled in movie direction. He frequently used his girl friend to model clothing for the magazine. Her name: Brigitte Bardot. The reporter was Roger

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Vadim, who became her husband, then her ex-husband.

Paris-Match is the creation of 71-year-old Jean Prouvost, a textile and wool baron, who entered publishing as a hobby. *Match* was limping along as a sports magazine when he bought it in early 1939 and turned it into Europe's first illustrated news weekly. Within three months its circulation zoomed past the 1,000,000 mark.

When German occupation forces closed *Match,* Prouvost moved to Lyon to publish a weekly called *Sept Jours.* To beat the tight German censorship, he set up a team of news smugglers. When American planes arrived in neutral Switzerland, Prouvost's men swarmed aboard, scooped up magazines and newspapers left behind by passengers, then smuggled them to Lyon. The magazine often needled the Nazis by deliberately switching captions on pictures to ridicule the invaders. After 15 visits from the Gestapo, *Sept Jours* was shut down for good.

Prouvost resurrected *Match* in 1949, renamed it *Paris-Match,* and launched it with a nucleus of professional executives and unskilled reporters—ex-pharmacists, out-of-work actors and students. "Any young man with reasonable intelligence can become a good photographer or reporter in six months," he said, explaining his unorthodox hiring policy. "I want only one quality in my men—a passion for living."

Roger Thérond, managing editor of *Paris-Match,* likens his job to bossing a commando outfit. "We're poised for instant action anywhere," he says. At 1 A.M., Thérond received word of an outbreak of fighting in Spanish Morocco. He phoned staff reporter Benno Graziani at a swank society party in St. Moritz, Switzerland, and ordered pictures. By 6 A.M. Graziani was on his way by plane. He arrived in Morocco at midday, jeeped to the front lines, got his pictures and caught the evening plane to Paris. He dropped his pictures at the office, made the next plane to St. Moritz and rejoined the party, still in progress.

"They didn't even miss me," he says.

HOW'S THAT AGAIN?

"DID YOU SEE the license number of the car that knocked you down?" asked the policeman of the indignant lady.

"No," was the reply, "but the woman driving it wore a black turban trimmed in red. And her coat was green with an imitation fur collar."

—MICHAEL VALENTI

A MOTHER, whose child was just learning to say the Lord's Prayer in unison at church, was surprised to hear him say, "Our Father Who art in Heaven, how'd You know my name?"

—H. J. SNIDER

A LADY TOURIST in South America was admiring an alligator-tooth necklace. "I suppose you value these much as we do a pearl necklace," she said. "Not exactly," replied the native. "Anybody can open an oyster."

—FRED MCGUIRE

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BY JOHN WESLEY NOBLE

The lady who repainted the town

Business booms and civic pride blooms when Connie Field inspires townsfolk to give Main Street a face lifting

FIVE YEARS AGO the picturesque San Francisco bayside community of Tiburon awakened to a sorry prospect. A modern shopping center was being built near the outskirts. Established businesses soon would be vacating Main Street for the new location. The quaint old waterfront buildings, badly in need of paint and repairs, would be an invitation, the 900 townspeople feared, to gimcrack shops and eyesore saloons breeding rowdiness.

Thanks to Constance Field, a talented housewife with a passion for paint and order, this did not happen. At her urging, the people turned out one festive week end and gave their waterfront an overnight face lifting. Instead of a slum, the old business district became itself an exciting new kind of shopping center.

For Connie Field it was only a beginning. Without pay, and sometimes at expense to herself, she carried the Cinderella treatment to 23 other towns from the Golden Gate to the Rocky Mountains. After her face lifting, in each case, business improved immediately and the town turned enthusiastically to other civic improvements.

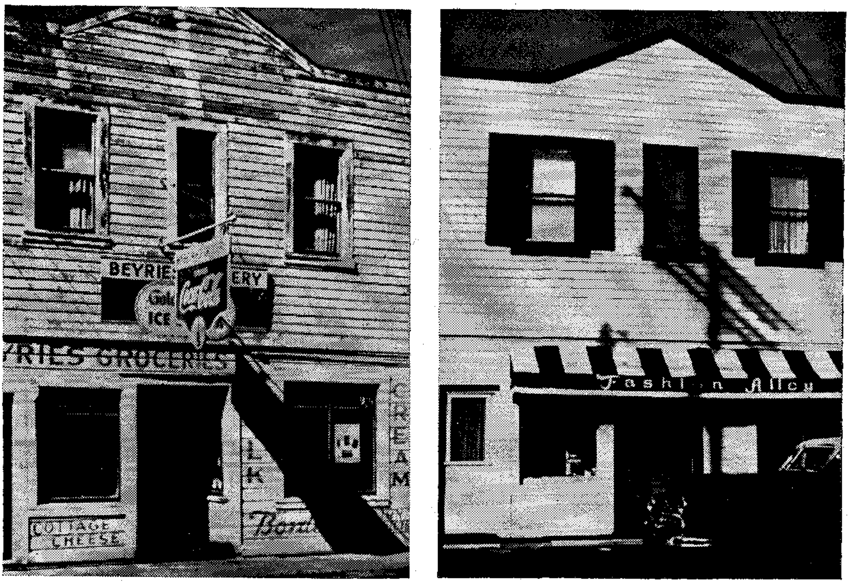
If 1955 was a year of decision for Tiburon, it was also for Connie and her business-executive husband, Palmer Field. The previous August they had brought home a newly adopted baby and Palmer had undergone a serious cancer operation.

They had bought a house in the old hill section overlooking the business district—banks wouldn't make property loans there—and were remodeling it. Connie, a brown-eyed, gently graying woman of 42, had been an interior decorator for 20 years in New York and on coming to Tiburon kept her hand in by helping decorate the schools and recreation center. Why, she wondered, couldn't the town "be done over" as she was doing her house, with inexpensive alterations, landscaping and paint?

She broached her plan to the local art colony at a dinner at her home. Main Street was losing the bank, post office, grocery, barbershop and drugstore. If the owners wouldn't spruce up the buildings, the townspeople who had to look at them would. "When they're attractive," she said, "maybe we can persuade smart specialty shops and restaurants to move in. We'll do just the fronts. If the owners like that, they'll finish the sides and backs." The paintup-prettyup was set for the last week end in September.

First a line sketch of the street was made by John Falter, the well-known magazine artist. It reduced all buildings to original basic lines, blanking out the hodgepodge of commercial signs. New signs in simple, tasteful lettering were indicated, ugly old windows were reframed and gingerbread and landscaping suggested to break harsh lines. Then Mrs. Field chose a color scheme blending the backgrounds of bay and hills. The finished sketch showed a charming old town in

Before and after photos of store refurbished in Tiburon paintup show how dilapidated shopping district was transformed by fresh color and trim.



muted greens, charcoal and pastels.

"Get everyone into the act," Connie urged. "Particularly the women." This, she was to find, is a "must" for any successful town paintup. Enthusiastic women built up a storm of publicity and got people to work. Pressured by women, the Chamber of Commerce agreed to buy necessary insurance for the week end. Another women's committee made sandwiches, cakes and pies to feed hundreds of hungry workers. A baker donated more cakes, a restaurant salads, a bar owner made up a huge batch of chili beans.

Palmer Field persuaded W. P. Fuller & Co., the paint manufacturing company for which he works, to contribute enough paint to do the job as "a test of materials." Local teachers signed for the pharmacy; the Cove Players, a theatrical group, took the antique shop, a group of writers the coffee shop, and the fire department the bakery. As the town went to bed that Friday night, there was only one sour note—some antisocial soul stole 12 gallons of mixed paint.

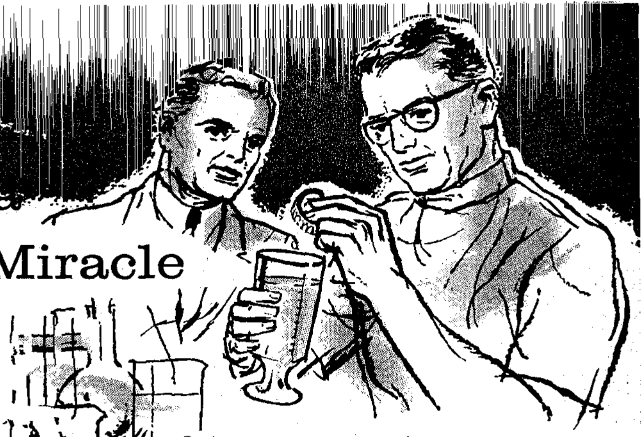
The two days were a spectacle. Starting at 8 A.M. Saturday to the shrill of a kilted bagpiper, 250 men, women and children swarmed over the old buildings with brushes and rollers. The shopping center architect was there with a brush; a noted bone specialist directed a teenage paint team from his first-aid station in the barbershop. Grandparents stayed home and baby-sat; children ran errands and cleaned brushes. Sailors from the nearby submarine net station bobbed up with tackle for the heavy jobs.At noon each day all hands gathered at long tables in the square by Hogan's Boat House to eat and listen to the 12th Naval District Band. Each afternoon there was free beer for thirsty workers. At 4 P.M. Sunday the job was done. A Dixieland band struck up a tune and everyone danced in the street. Even the barnlike old garage, soon to be torn down, wore a new face.

Results came swiftly. Owners did paint the backs and sides of their buildings, some even adding gay murals, and rents jumped from $25 to $150-$200. Fifteen new businesses—including the restaurants and smart specialty shops Connie Field had promised—moved in. A waterfront lot bought a few months before for $5,000 sold for $20,000. A new playhouse for movies and stage plays was built. The Chamber received letters from all over the world and the community experienced a civic unity it had never known.

A few weeks later the railroad town of Portola (population 2,261) called the Fields. The little Sierra Nevada community had been trying unsuccessfully for years to approve water bonds; it wondered if a community face lifting might also raise civic pride. Connie and Palmer (now much improved after his operation) drove up and told the Tiburon story. A week-end paintup party was organized, with master sketch and color suggestions by Connie. It almost topped Tiburon's. The water bonds passed at the next election. Portola won an oil company's $500 award for civic effort, built a

The D The Atom Produced a Cosmetic Miracle

BY
MARIANNE LYNAUGH



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Two years ago, in a nationwide sampling campaign, Dentists throughout the United States were given Extar samples for trial by their own patients. Results further confirmed what A. J. Parker Co. had suspected, and what they previously had proven in their own tests. Here was *the* ultimate answer to that embarrassing deposit, tartar.

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swimming pool for its youngsters, and heard the die-hard objectors admit: "Guess we did need a little sprucing up."

The picturesque gold-mining town of Weaverville, California (2,576) was next. Widening a highway had removed old elm trees along Main Street, leaving the quaint brick buildings naked as plucked hens. A supermarket was building at the outskirts, merchants feared a drop in tourist trade, and town fathers were unable to win approval of sewer bonds. Connie's color sketch, in rich reds, emphasized quaint second-floor balconies and spiral iron staircases. Her plan called for special teams of garden club ladies to plant new trees.

For two days the mountains echoed to paintup party festivities—shouting children, the ubiquitous bagpiper, the old mining camp horseplay of firing an anvil into the air with black powder. Weaverville passed its sewer bonds, attracted new tourists and, three years later, still is thanking Connie Field for brisk real-estate sales.

Others wanted the formula, too. Colorado's Governor Stephen McNichols, for his state's Centennial, asked the Fields to direct paintup parties in four historic towns, Georgetown, Black Hawk, Central City and Fairplay. At Fairplay, Connie made one of the happy little finds of town painting. A drugstore closed years before by the owner's death turned out to be a museum-piece frontier pharmacy with fixtures and stock intact. There, in some old wooden bins, Connie found remnants of paint pigment which once was bought dry, mixed with whale oil by the painter and applied. In this town she was able to duplicate the authentic colors of the '80s.

Buckley, Washington, a community of 3,412 in the shadows of the Cascade Mountains, had been suffering since the decline of its lumber mills. Its most important remaining "industry" was the Rainier School for retarded children. In 1958, with a shopping center rising beyond the town limits and merchants worried, they sent for Connie Field. She called a town meeting with veterans and church groups, literary, school and garden clubs, and showed Buckley how to reap the same benefits as other towns.

One other thing Buckley achieved. At the height of the festivities, townspeople suddenly found teams of retarded children working beside them, just as appreciative of the beauty they created as anyone. Today the school with its 2,000 children and 600 employees is an integral part of community planning.

There have been problems, of course. The distributor for a popular soft drink wanted to put his metal signs back on the Tiburon buildings. At Weaverville a bank wanted to redecorate in Arizona sandstone. Both matters were solved by letters to the head office. One Sunday in the summer of 1959 in Poulsbo, Washington, Palmer was beset by factions split over playing jazz or hymns on the public address system during the paintup. He played the church music. Churches are vital to every paintup; in most towns, pews are reserved for worshippers to come in their painting clothes.

Paintups, for the Fields, have proved a richly rewarding personal experience. New-made friends visiting San Francisco now stop by the Fields' home. "We had to keep in touch," Connie explains, "because we had promised them our idea would improve their civic affairs. We are eternally grateful we did."

Before they knew it, five years had passed and Palmer was out of danger, all trace of the cancer gone. Tiburon (now a town of 2,500) had elected him president of the Chamber of Commerce in 1956. From their charming, remodeled home on the hill—where, thanks to Connie, banks now lend money—they look down to the blue bay and waterfront business district which attracts shoppers for miles around every week end.

Obviously Connie can't reach all the blighted, funny-looking towns in America that need face lifting. For one thing, the baby she brought home in 1954 is now a schoolboy and there are matters like P.T.A. to consider. But she has compiled a little manual to help. It suggests several successful color schemes, alphabets of lettering for signs, and the "Do's" and "Don'ts" of town painting, from selling the original idea to cleaning the last bucket.

Some things are "musts." Everyone in town *must* be in the act. Newsworthy men and women should be recruited first, so others will follow. "Make everyone a general," Mrs. Field urges. "Above all, get women on your teams. They respond to color. They love to paint towns." It *must* be well organized and *must* be done fast, preferably over a week end, so people can see the results of their work. It *must* be fun and there *must* be an economic reason for it. If, as the Fields did, you also have compelling personal reasons, so much the better. You well may lift your spirits as you lift your town's face. ♛

CARTOON QUOTES

CUTE DEB in a swank night club, showing her friend a snapshot of her fiancé:

"It's not a very good picture of him—his yacht in the background is all blurred." —*A. M. A. Journal*

FRAZZLED BABY SITTER to parents returning home later than arranged: "Don't apologize—I wouldn't be in a hurry to come home either." —*Tick Tocks*

"MISS JONES," said the baffled office manager, "how do you do it? You've been here two weeks, and you're already one month behind!" —MARK STEVENSON

Coronet Family Shopper

Coronet invites its readers to browse and shop at leisure and in comfort, among the many products, services, educational and sales opportunities, offered in this special section. Your complete satisfaction is the goal of both Coronet and the advertisers represented here each month.

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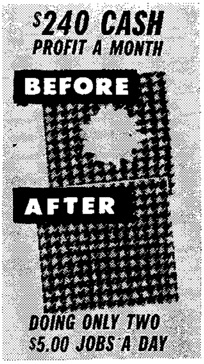

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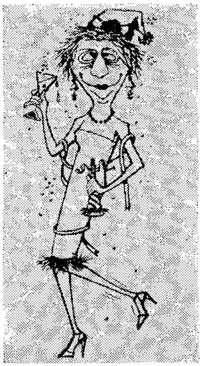

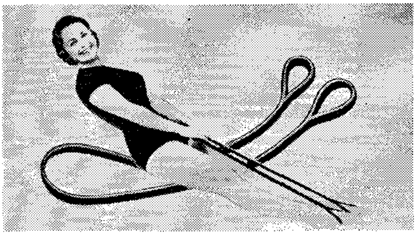

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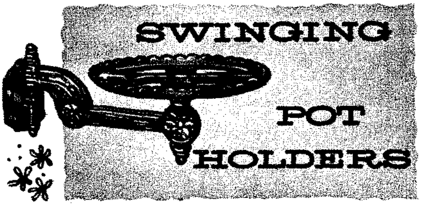

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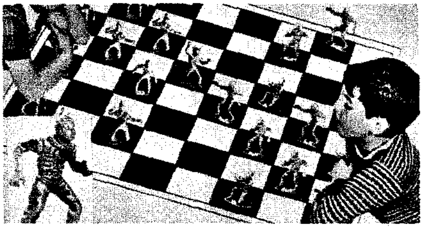

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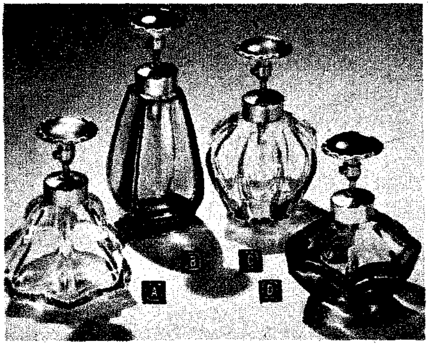

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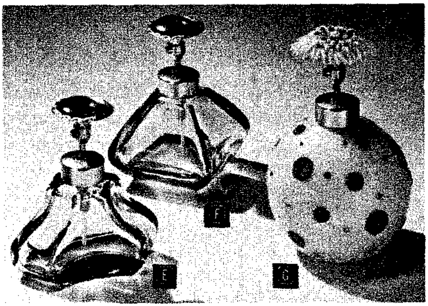

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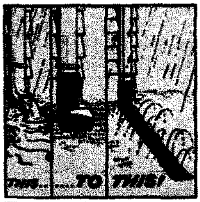
For Coronet Readers...A selection of the newest mail order items

LIFE-SIZE SANTA DOORMAN

Illuminate your front door with his personal "Merry Christmas"! Or let him identify your home with your family name. Made of weather resistant, lacquered paperboard, 5 feet x 21". Comes with special mounting tape. State name if personalized. Plain Santa Doorman, $1.00. Personalized Santa Doorman, $1.50. Electric Santa Doorman with outdoor lites, $2.98

AUTOMATIC RAIN SPRINKLER

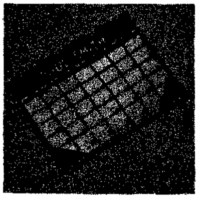

THIS... ...TO THIS!

Ends washouts! When it rains Sprinkler unrolls and sprinkles! Carries water away from house and puts it where it's needed. Does away with gutted, gullied lawns due to water rushing from drain pipe. Wind and wear resistant plastic, 8 ft. long. Installs easily on round or rectangular spouts. Great value. Special low price of only 88¢ each, 3 for $2.50.

ELECTRIC SOLDERING IRON

Mends and repairs 1001 household items. Comparable in design and service to $5.00 models. Repairs radio and TV sets, broken metal toys, appliances, household wiring, jewelry. Tip is replaceable. 60 Watt. 115-120 Volt. 10 in. long. Saves you hundreds in household repairs. $1.98. Straight handle Soldering Iron, 30 Watt, $1.00. 6 feet of Solder, 29¢.

GIANT MONTHLY DESK CALENDAR

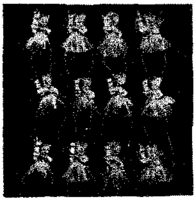


Keeps the whole month's appointments, occasions, memos always in full view! At a glance you know your schedule for 30 days. Eliminates embarrassing mistakes and forgetfulness. 12 calendars handsomely bound in gold-stamped personalized plastic leather case. 11¼"x9". Jet Black or Old Ivory. State name and color desired. Unusual, useful gift. Only $1.00.

MINIATURE SLIDE RULE TIE CLASP

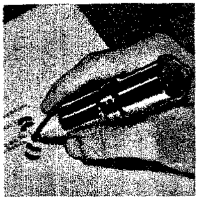
And the tiny slide rule really works! Order the handsome tie clasp in Gold-Tone Plating for only $1.10. Have it in Sterling Silver for $3.30. Matching stationary Slide Rule Cuff Links in Gold-Tone Plating, $1.10 per Pair. Sterling Silver $3.30 per Pair. Beautifully made. Look far more expensive than these low prices. Usually sell for more. All prices include tax.

HEAVENLY ANGEL LITES



For a Christmas tree that's "out of this wrold", 12 celestial dolls! Each is 3" tall and holds a replaceable light bulb. All are dressed in frothy nylon trimmed with sparkling golden stardust. Silhouetted with gleaming golden wire for sturdiness. In glowing pink, snow white or rainbow assortment. Give 1st & 2nd choice. Set $3.98. 6 extra bulbs 59¢.

ELECTRIC ERASER

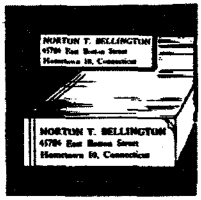


Whisks away errors fast! Just push the button, and this battery operated wonder removes typewritten, ink or pencil errors! Fast and neat. No more holes through the paper because the Electric Eraser works by rotation, not pressure! Gleaming metal, 6 in. long. Comes with 4 replacement tips and 2 brushes. (Battery not included.) A real find at only $1.49.

PERSONALIZED SATIN LABELS

For anyone who sews, knits or crochets, a stamp of quality on the lovely things you make! Available in eggshell, flesh, nile, white, grey, maize. Choose from 4 styles: Hand Made By; Fashioned By; Made Especially For You By; Hand Knit By. State name, specify style and color when ordering. 15 Labels for $1.00; 40 Labels for $2.00; 60 Labels for $3.00.

NEVER WRITE YOUR RETURN ADDRESS!



Here are 1000 gummed labels printed with your name and full address to save your time and energy! Just wet and stick. Terrific for all stationery, books, checks, records and packages. Handsomely printed in blue on white stock. Please state name and full address in 3 lines when ordering. Order a good supply at this low price! 1000 labels, only 88¢.

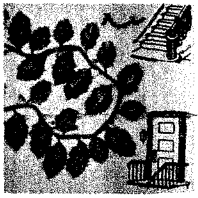
LIQUID 24 KARAT GOLD

Liquid GOLD

Like King Midas, you can now transform unsightly metals into shimmering golden treasures! They'll never tarish, nor will they ever need polishing. Liquid Gold plates copper, brass, bronze, steel, tin, iron, nickel, etc. Easy to use. Requires no special equipment, electricity or skill. The supply sent will plate 100 square inches. Costs you only $1.00.

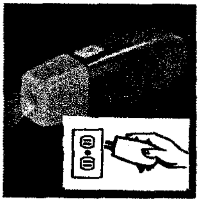
from SPENCER GIFTS, *Z-11 SPENCER BUILDING, ATLANTIC CITY, N. J.*

9 FEET OF EVERLASTING HOLLY—98¢



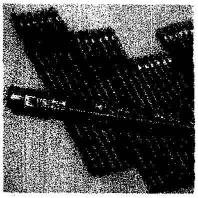
Deck your halls, stairways, doors with boughs of full, rich holly! Use this bright holly garland indoors and outdoors. See your home sparkle with gay holiday spirit! Realistically-molded green leaves and vivid red berries are of durable polyethylene. Weather-Resistant! Washable! Non-Fading! You'll use it every Christmas for years. 9 feet of Holly, only 98¢.

RECHARGEABLE FLASHLIGHT



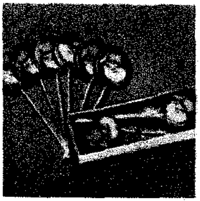
No more expensive, annoying battery replacement! This battery lasts forever. Just recharge by plugging in your home electric socket . . . as often as necessary. The magic is in the noncorrosive cadmium cell. 3½ inch plastic case in bright assorted colors. Rechargeable Flashlight is so compact it fits easily in pocket or purse. Never buy another battery! $2.95.

24 PENCILS WITH YOUR NAME



We'll print your name in brilliant golden leaf on these fine quality pencils! It costs you just about 4¢ each for 2 dozen pencils personalized with any first and last name. No. 2 lead topped with pure rubber erasers. Hexagon shaped—won't roll off desks, tables, etc. For businessmen, students, housewives. State name (one imprint per set). Set of 24, only 98¢.

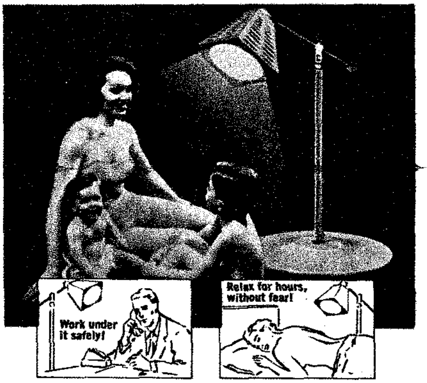
SANTA CLAUS LOLLYPOPS!



You can't lick Santa's picture off these pops! Made from an old European recipe of the finest ingredients possible. These are good! Santa's picture stays on till the very last lick because it is baked right through the center . . . an art practiced only by expert confectioners. Each lollypop is bright red, 2½" diameter, on 5" handle. Set of 6, 59¢.

SNUG KNEE WARMERS

Recommended for quick, soothing relief to sufferers of arthritis, bad circulation, foot and ankle ailments! Promotes circulation! Made of 100% French spun, zephyr virgin wool with stretch construction—assures snug, comfortable fit for men and women. Regular Size (for average people) Pair $1.98. Extra Size (for heavy people) Pair $2.50



New Safe "Health-Tan" Sun Lamp
CAN'T BURN

**relax under it! work under it!
let children play under it!**

Enjoy ultra-violet tanning for hours without burning! So safe you can work under it, relax under it, let the kiddies play under it! New scientific principle blocks out burning rays! . . . passes only long tanning rays! Enjoy the healthful benefits of ultra-violet and concentrated heat for hours at a time. Aches and pains, skin problms, colds, stiff muscles, and of course pale, unhealthy looking skin—are benefited by varying degrees of ultra-violet and heat. "Safe-T-Sun" Lamp guaranteed not to burn when used as instructed. UL approved. Adjusts 7"-61" in height, arm extends 25". Snd $10 now, pay balance of $29.95 plus shipping charges on delivery, or send $39.95 now, we prepay delivery.

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SPENCER GIFTS, Z-11 Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J.

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	(Enclose a check or money order with your order) **TOTAL ENCLOSED**	

CIVIL WAR SOLDIER FIGURINES

Soldiers of the blue and grey come alive in this new centennial set of china figurines. Officers and enlisted men of the American Civil War are detailed, hand-painted in careful natural colors. Each 6" figurine is authentic in uniform. Each stands on its own base so they can be arranged to your liking in *office, home, den or study. Unique new gift for the* year marking the one hundredth anniversary of the war. Remarkable value—priced just $7.95 for the complete set of 4 ppd. From Greenland Studios, Dept. CO-10, 3735 NW 67 St., Miami 47, Florida.

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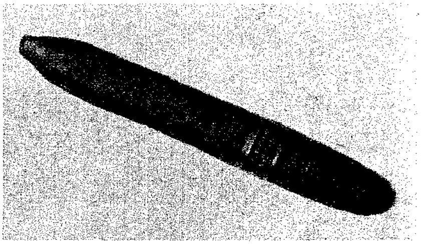
I. R. Fox, fur specialist, restyles your old, worn fur coat into a glamorous *new cape or stole. Special* price, $22.95 complete, includes remodeling, new lining, interlining, monogram, cleaning, glazing, mink, beaver, extras add'l. The results—a luxurious-looking cape or stole! All work guaranteed . . . we are bonded fur specialists. Send no money! Just wrap up your old fur coat, mail it to us now. Send your dress size and height on postcard. 2-3 week delivery. Pay postman $22.95 plus postage when new cape arrives. Or send for free style book now! 25 new styles to choose from. Write: I. R. Fox, 146 W. 29th Street, Dept. C-14, N. Y. 1.



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Men like Vice-Presidente cigars. Hand-wrapped blends of finest long filler and leaf wrapper tobaccos. Men enjoy their unique, exotic flavor. Women like Vice-Presidentes for their pleasing aroma. Everybody likes the price of Vice-Presidentes. Makes a wonderfully welcome gift at Christmas and all year round. 25 for $3.25. Order yours today from South Pacific Sales, 25 California Street, Room 337, San Francisco, California.

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$3.95

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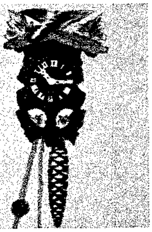

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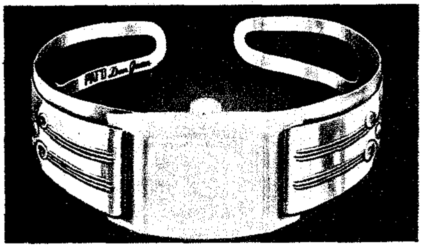
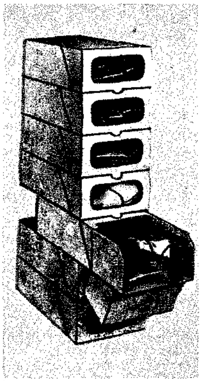
From the Black Forest of Germany direct to you . . . . Excellent time keeper. Lowest price ever. With weight and pendulum. Finished in Antique Walnut. Hand carved. Cuckoos in a pleasing lovely voice. Send $3.95 for Regular Model or send $5 for Deluxe Model. No C.O.D.'s. Sent Postpaid. Sold on Money Back Guarantee. Best Values Co., C-78, 403 Market St., Newark, New Jersey.



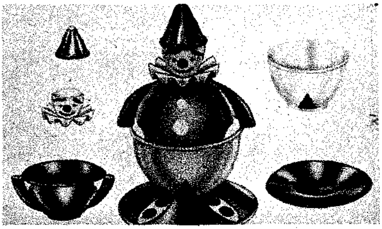
CLASP-ON WATCH BAND FOR MEN

Contoured to comfortably fit the wrist, will not twist or turn, maximum dial visibility. Non-magnetic, perspiration-proof. Can be taken apart with ease and cleaned—no other band has this feature. Sml-Med-Lge ⅝" or 11/16" lug widths. All stainless steel only $4.95. With beautiful embossed yellow gold filled adj. clips, $9.95 fed. tax incl. At your jewelers or order direct. Free brochure on request. Don Juan Watch Bands, 29 E. Madison St., Chicago 2, Ill.

WINDOW SHOE DRAWERS—69¢

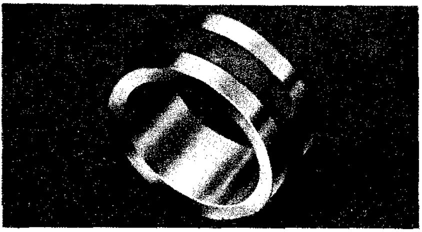


Great value! The least expensive and best way yet to store your shoes. Keep closets neat, shoes dust free! Inexpensive Shoe-See Drawers stack up prettily in your bedroom ...closet floor or shelf... under the bed. Crystal-clear windows let you select, at a glance, the pair of shoes you want. Drawers slide out without disturbing other boxes. Attractive white and gold leatherette design on sturdy fiberboard—many times stronger than regular shoe boxes. Get one for every pair of shoes you own! Shoe-See Drawers only 69¢ postage paid. Three for $1.98, six for $3.69, twelve for $6.98. You must be pleased or your money back! Order from Sunset House, 231 Sunset Building, Beverly Hills, California.



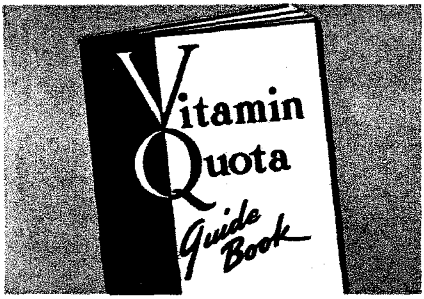
CHILD'S TOY BECOMES EATING SET

Exciting new take-apart toy clown turns into a cup, bowl, plate, egg cup and salt shaker. Children from 6 months to 9 years old love this brand new, irresistible plastic clown. As a colorful, educational toy it keeps children amused and occupied for hours. As a 5 piece eating set it perks up appetites . . . makes food more appealing . . . makes mealtimes a real pleasure for children and parents too. $1.98 each, 2 for $3.49, 3 for $4.95 Ppd. Ridgewood Products, Dept. 10-CO, 565 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



CHARMED CIRCLE

This stunning silver and turquoise band is the smartest of fashion accents . . . unusual and beautiful as a wedding or friendship ring. Hand made of Sterling Silver and inlaid with choice azure-blue-turquoise. An Heirloom gift. In all men's and women's sizes. Send actual ring size. Postpaid with Federal tax included. In Sterling Silver, $9.95; in solid 14 Karat Gold, $54.00. Send for Free new Fashion catalog. Miller's 4877 East Speedway, COR-10, Tucson, Arizona.



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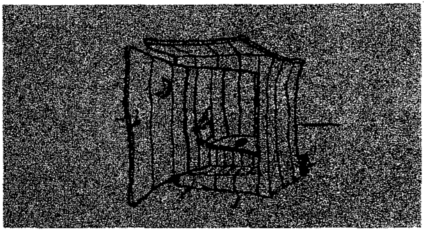

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The world's first and original. Here are 12 unique designs for that neglected room. Inspired illustrations of historic bathroom accessories from royal "thrones" to early American specialties. Authentic, amusing decor for The John on a 1961 calendar. Be the first in your neighborhood to display this unusual calendar. Delightfully different to own and give. Order your Bathroom & W.C. Calendar today postpaid, only $1 from Greenland Studios, Dept. CO-10, 3735 NW 67 St., Miami 47, Florida.

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Cuff Links-Tie Bar-Charm. Exclusive new process reproduces your favorite photo on lifetime metal; guaranteed not to scratch, wear or fade! Simply send any size photo and specify items; photo will be returned. (If desired, separate photos can be used on cuff links). Satisfaction guaranteed. Solid sterling or 10k gold filled Cuff Links, $35; gold or silver Tie Bar or Charm, $20. Ppd. inc. tax. Diner's Club accounts honored. Ber-Tals, Dept. Q-2, 1253 S. Halsted, Chicago 7, Ill.

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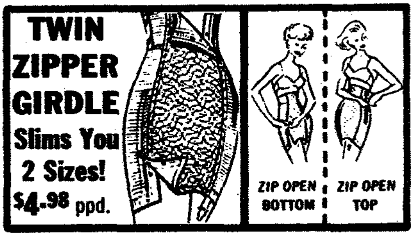
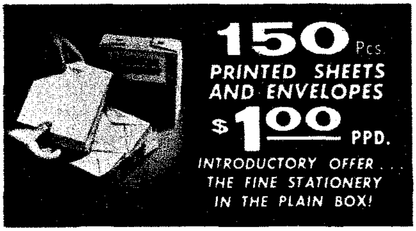


Lightweight, comfortable "Hip-Ease" trims 4" off—molds tummy, hips, thighs in smooth "slender silhouette" look! Zip top down, nip bottom up—roll up and put on like hose! Smooth power elastic g-i-v-e-s as you move. Never "rides up." Patented Comfort Control adjusts from tight to loose in seconds, without disrobing. White. Specify reg. or panty style; present waist size, from 24" to 40". $4.98 ppd. Nancy-Ellen, c/o Spencer Gifts, Z-14, Spencer Bldg., Atlantic City, N. J. Make check or M.O. payable to Spencer Gifts.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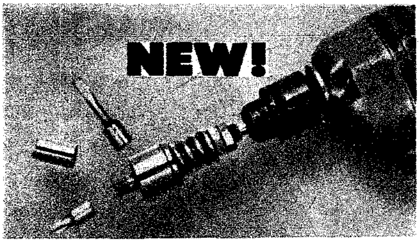

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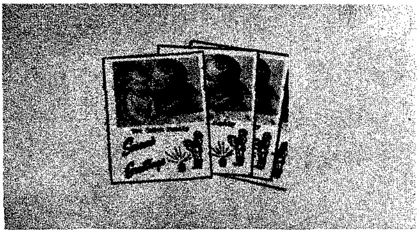
New invention converts your electric drill into a torque wrench. Fits ¼", ⅜", ½", drills. Drives screws & nuts to desired pressure; automatically "slips" when pressure limit is reached. Makes for faster and neater work on cabinets, furniture, etc., adjust torque by tightening or loosening nuts. Compl. with slotted and Phillips screwdriver attachments for only $8.95, ppd. Orders shipped within 3 days of receipt. Make check or M.O. payable to House of Tools, P.O. Box 6745, Bexley, Ohio.



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New! For the first time—your own favorite black and white or color negative combined with cheerful holiday greetings and personal name imprint on one luxurious 3½ by 7 inch photographic Kodak card, faithfully reproduced. 15 B & W cards only $1.50;; 15 color cards only $3.75 from your own negative. Add 25¢ for postage and handling plus $1.00 for name imprint per order. Prices include envelopes. Send negative with cash, check or M.O. or write for free samples & quantity discount prices to Photo Mail, Box 216, CO Madison Square Station, N.Y. 10.

IF YOUR CHILD IS A POOR READER

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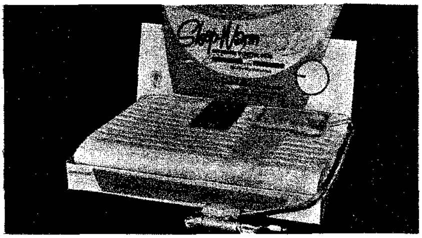

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Enjoy Comforting Warmth that induces revitalizing Sleep. Sleep-Warm Footwarmer—Zone-warmer, lies flat under bottom sheet. Select desired warmth with 3-way control. Completely safe gentle Rising warmth—makes any bed cozy and warm. Recommended by doctors. Made of highest quality Sanforized ® sheeting, with genuine Celacloud ® fill, U.L. Approved. 5 Year Guarantee. Full or Twin Bed Size. Only $12.95 ppd. or $3.00 Bal., COD plus chgs. Dept. C-10, Box 606 Muskegon, Michigan.

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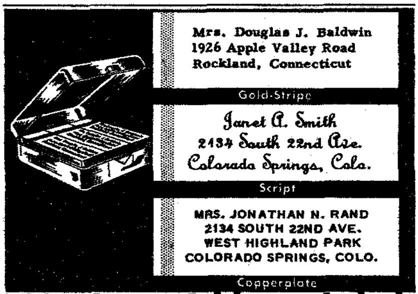
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500 Name-Address Labels
Low As 25¢ Per Set!

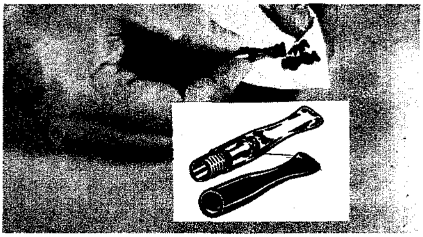
500 gummed Economy labels printed with any name and address or any wording up to 4 lines, just 25¢. 1½" long. In plastic gift box, 35¢. 5-day service.—For superior quality, order Gold-Stripe labels. De Luxe paper-rich gold trim—up to 4 lines. Set of 500, 50¢. 2" long. In plastic gift box, 60¢. 48-hour service.—For extra distinctive labels—deluxe paper-rich gold trim-order Script, up to 3 lines, or Copperplate, up to 5 lines. Set of 500 in free plastic gift box, just $1.00. 2" long. 48-hour service. Postpaid. Money-back guarantee.

WALTER DRAKE & SONS
2910 Drake Building
Colorado Springs 11, Colorado

(Continued on next page)

IT'S GREAT TO BE TALLER

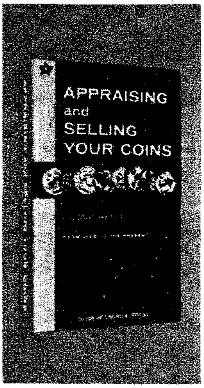
Now at last it's easy to add all-important inches to your height! Just step into a pair of height increasing "Elevators" shoes and instantly you are almost 2 inches taller. You are a big man—with new poise and confidence—the kind of man everyone looks up to! "Big" men everywhere wear "Elevators" with no one the wiser—"Elevators" look exactly like other fine shoes. Feel comfortable the minute you put them on. Send today for exciting free booklet. 34 styles. Write Brockton Footwear, Inc., Dept. 210A, Brockton 68, Mass.



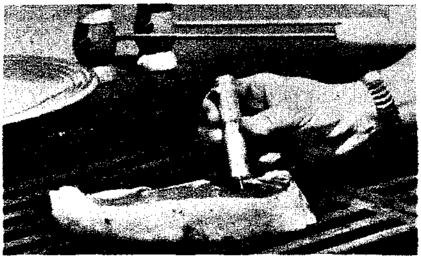
ENJOY WORRY FREE SMOKING!

Use the new sensational Tar Gard that traps over 80% irritating high temperature tars from regular and filter cigarettes. You can actually see the tar removed! Tar Gard relieves irritation to the nasal, throat and lung tissues. No Filters—No Cartridges—No Crystals in Tar Gard. Money back Guarantee. $1.95 postage paid, check or money order. No C.O.D.'s Tar Gard Sales, Inc. P.O. Box 2772 Dept C-1, San Antonio, Texas.

DID YOU PAY $20 FOR A STICK OF GUM?

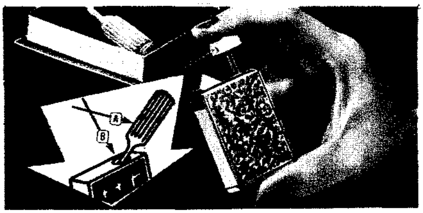


Yes, and perhaps $950 for a soda! It is likely that someone bought an item today and paid for it with a coin in circulation that was worth many times its apparent value. One such dime, worth $950 may be in your pocket or purse right now! To help you recognize such coins and establish their cash premium value. Gimbels offers complete, illustrated book crammed full with information and exciting reading. Send for it today. Find out what Gimbels will pay for any U.S. coin or bill from 1652 to present. Money back guar. Appraising and Selling Your Coins, Published by Coin and Currency Institute $1.95, ppd. Send for free literature. Gimbels Coin Dept. C 10, N.Y.C. 1, N.Y.



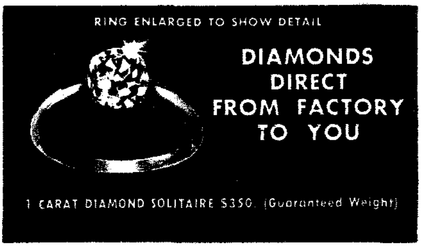
STEAK TESTER ENDS GUESSING

Take the guesswork out of broiling steaks with Steak Tester that gives the precise degree of doneness. This precision tool instantly tells you if meat is rare, medium or well done. And it is guaranteed for dependable performance. Use it outdoors or indoors. Enjoy the compliments of guests by serving their steaks exactly as they like them. Perfect gift too, for a proud chef. $4.95 postpaid from Greenland Studios, Dept. CO-10, 3735 NW 67 St., Miami 47, Florida.



PERFUME COMPACT

Cannot Spill—Easy to Fill. This Florentine-inspired purse atomizer is as convenient as a lighter & as easy to operate. Light pressure on the plunger releases a fine mist of perfume. Not a drop lost through messy funnel filling. A unique & simple to operate non-breakable plastic injector A draws perfume from the bottle. Injected into a sealed compartment^B, guards against leakage and evaporation. Delightful to use. Flattering to give. Comes gift wrapped for $5.00, ppd, tax incl. Charlo Buyers, Inc., 311 West 50th Street N.Y.C., N.Y.


RING ENLARGED TO SHOW DETAIL
DIAMONDS
DIRECT
FROM FACTORY
TO YOU
1 CARAT DIAMOND SOLITAIRE $350 (Guaranteed Weight)

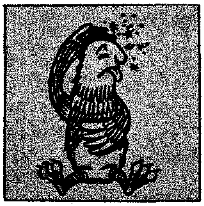
SAVE ⅓ to ½ on GENUINE DIAMONDS

Long established diamond importer and manufacturer of diamond rings and fine diamond jewelry now selling direct to the consumer at price far below retail . . . 10 day inspection period . . . no obligation . . . have them appraised, if you desire! Ideal for investment! Write today for Free illustrated Brochure showing item illustrated above and other stlyes of equal value. Benj. & Edw. J. Gross Co., Inc. (Dept. C10), 64 West 48th Street, New York 36, N.Y.

100 LITTLE DOLLS—1 PENNY EACH

100 Dolls made of Styrene & Synthetic Rubber—only $1. Baby dolls, Nurse Dolls, Dancing Dolls, Costume Dolls, Cowboy Dolls, Bride Dolls & many more, in exquisite detail up to 4". Not made of paper or rags but of Styrene & Synthetic Rubber. Money Back Guar. Send $1 & 25¢ for pstg. & hdlg. for each set to: 100 Doll Co., Dept. M-43, E. 47th St., N.Y.17.

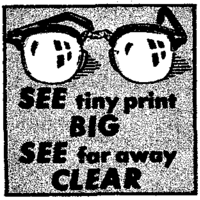
BAR BIRDS COCKTAIL CALENDAR



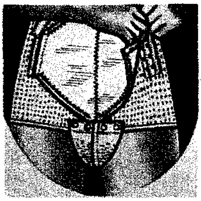
Bar stool Bird-Watcher's Delight! A Calendar for tipplers who sometimes forget the date. Mad Characters ranging from Beatnik Bongo Bird to Cockeyed Rooster. Plaster near home or office oasis and always know when it's tomorrow, or at least next week. Yes, 1961 calendar is reliable. Ppd. Only $1 from Greenland Studios, Dept. CO-10, 3735 NW 67 St., Miami 47, Florida.

BIG SAVINGS ON READING GLASSES

Pick magnifying lenses that help you see better if you do not have astigmatism or eye disease. Folks over 40 save big money on quality ground reading or bifocal lenses (or your RX). Smart modern frames. 100% satisfaction or full money back. Over 100,000 satisfied customers. Send for Free 14-lens Test-Yourself Kit. Advance Spectacle Co., Inc., 537 S. Dearborn, Chicago 5.



HEALTHFUL SUPPORT—SLIM LOOK



New. "West Point" with Power Panel flattens abdomen up to 4 inches. Relieves aching back. With detachable fly front pouch, non roll top. Sizes 26-50. Specify waist size. Order today on 10 day money-back guarantee. $3.98 (2 for $7.59) postpaid. Extra pouches, 75¢, 3 for $2. Magic Mold, Inc., Dept. W5K, 149 South Main St., Freeport, L. I., N. Y.

FOR YOUR CAT-OWNING FRIENDS

The perfect gift is Cats Magazine. Each month it's filled with helpful articles, pictures, poems, fiction, features, and news—all about all kinds of cats. Send $4.00 for first subscription, only $3.00 for each additional one. We send special cat-design gift cards to arrive just before Christmas. Cats, 570 House Bldg., Pittsburgh 22, Pa.

AFTER BREAST SURGERY

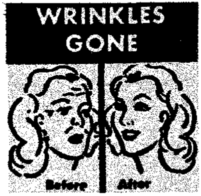
Look and feel normal again . . . even in bathing suit, sweater. Like natural breast, Identical Form adapts to body movements. Fits any well-fitting bra, never slips. Doctors recommend its equalized weight, normal contour. Regain complete comfort and confidence. Write for free lit., where-to-buy. Dept. C, Identical Form Inc., 17 W. 60 St., N. Y. 23, N. Y.

SEE SAMPLE PHOTO—YULECARD

Send neg. with 10¢ (after Dec. 1, 15¢). Returned with Deluxe embossed Yulecard, descriptive folder. Black & white, 20 for $1 & 35¢ shipping (if no neg. send photo & 50¢) Color photo: Send neg. or slide and 20¢ & 5¢ post. With envs. & folders: 10-$1.89 & 35¢ shipping; 25-$4.75 & 55¢; 50-$9.25 & 65¢. Satis. Guar. Yulecards, Dept. 24, Quincy 69, Mass.

LOOK MANY YEARS YOUNGER

Temporary Wrinkle Remover. This is the sensational liquid you heard beauty editors rave about. It won't banish wrinkles forever. But it will remove wrinkles for a period of about 6 to 8 hours (wonderful for that special date). Works instantly. Special Offer! Return this ad with $1 & receive a regular $2.50 bottle ppd. Lechler, 560 (C-10) B'way, N. Y.



KILL THE HAIR ROOT!

Now you can destroy unwanted hair permanently, in the privacy of your home, with famous Mahler Epilator! Acclaimed by thousands who, after reading our instructions carefully, learned to use the Mahler safely and efficiently. Send 10¢ today (pstg. & hdlg), for "New Radiant Beauty." Mahler's Inc., Dept. 320V, Providence 15, R. I.

WANTED: MOTEL RESORT MANAGERS

Men-women! Qualify for hundreds fascinating well-paid executive positions now open with luxurious Motel-Resorts Coast-to-coast. Pick location, climate! Employment assistance. Experience unnecessary. Learn at home, spare time. Free booklet, write Motel Managers School, Dept. C-10, 612 S. Serrano, Los Angeles 5, California.

(Continued on next page)

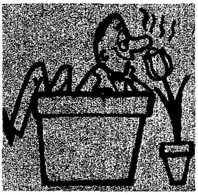
FOR BIG OR TALL MEN ONLY

We specialize in large sizes only! Sizes 10 to 16; widths AAA to EEE. Dress, sport, casual, golf shoes, insulated boots, sox, slippers, jackets. Also dress and sport shirts with bodies cut full 4" longer than usual. Sold by mail *only, satisfaction* fully guaranteed! Write for your free style book today! King-Size, 3260 Forest Street, Brockton, Mass.

NEW NATURAL HAIRPIECE FOR MEN!

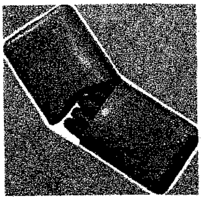
Now!—a realistic hairpiece, by Louis Feder. Looks, feels like your own *hair; friends invariably* approve. Comb it, sleep in it, swim in it—it's hurricane-proof! Individually designed. Choice of styles, including popular crew cut. Average price, $170. Write for Booklet S, "The Only Solution to Baldness." House of Louis Feder, 545 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 17.

WHISKEY SCENTED TULIPS



Talk about "potted" plants! Beautiful tulips lack a scent. These amaz. realistic flowers of life-like polyethylene are fitted with a vial to hold your favorite whiskey. Liquor rises to tulip bulb. Makes world's most uniquely perfumed flowers. Comes in hilarious *gift box. $1.50 ppd. from* Greenland Studios, Dept. CO-10, 3735 NW 67 St., Miami 47, Fla.

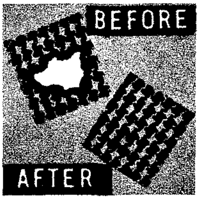
DELUXE PIGSKIN CIGAR CASE



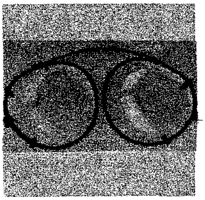
Here's a slim attractive and mighty efficient pigskin case that assures full protection to your cigars, keeps them factory fresh and perfect. Holds 5 cigars of any length, ready for your smoking enjoyment. 3 initials stamped in gold at no extra charge. A wonderfully welcome gift. $3.50 pp. D. P. Ehrlich Co., Dept. C, 207 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

LEARN REWEAVING AT HOME

Improved step-by-step invisible reweaving home study course teaches you "inside" professional secrets that few know. Work is pleasant, enjoyable. We supply all equipment at no extra cost! Write for Free info. No obligation. No salesman will call Do it now. Eastern School of Reweaving, 73 Main St., Dept. D-100, Hempstead, NY. Lic. by the State of NY.



"CLIP-ON" MAGNIFIERS—EASY READING

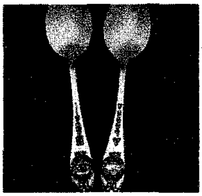


Now, "Clip On" these wonderful magnifying lenses on your regular prescription-made eye glasses (not bifocals). Help make small print read bigger. Clip on and off . . . fast. Only $4. pair, postage prepaid. If *C.O.D. charges added.* Satisfaction guaranteed. Order today from Precision Optical Co., Suite 39-M, Rochelle, Illinois.

16¢ + 29¢ + $1.37 + 33¢ + 9¢ = ?

Keep tabs on supermarket spending with "Clicker"! Add pennies, dimes, dollars by pushing its buttons and know exactly what you've spent! Save embarrassment, keeps you within budget, "checks" the checker. Totals up to $20.00. Terrific gift! $2.00 ppd. Free gift catalog. The Light-House Inc., Dept. C-1, Plymouth, Mass.

50 NEW STERLING SILVER STATE SPOONS



Each coffee spoon has authenticated state seal with name, date and number of Statehood. Spoons are 4¼ inches long, weighing over 5½ pennyweight of sterling silver. Complete price, $2.00 each, includes taxes and postpaid. No C.O.D. Satisfaction guaranteed. Chandelier House of Gifts, P. O. Box 681, Central City, Colorado.

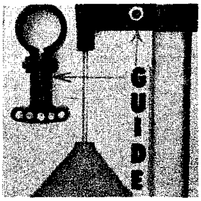
ESTEE DELICIOUS DIETETIC CANDIES

DIETETIC
FANTASIA

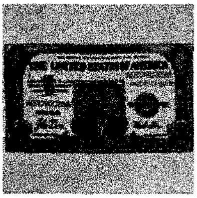
No sugar or salt & so low in calories. Special introductory variety direct from world's largest mfgr. 3 Dietetic assorted boxes (Milk Chocolates, Fruitdrops, Chocolate covered Cookies), plus pkg. dietetic Hard Candies. All 4, only $2. ppd. The best Dietetic candy you ever tasted or money back. Free Catalogue. Estee, Dept. C1, 42 Jumel Pl., NYC 32.

STOP JIGGLING TOILET HANDLE . . .

with new plastic toilet tank guide. Precision made. No rust, no corrosion. Saves steps and water. Easy to install. Fits all standard 1" outside diameter overflow pipes. Long guide bearing means water shuts off every time. Guaranteed 5 years. Guide patented. No COD or stamps, please. Send $1 ppd to TG Guide, Box 192, Jefferson, Oregon.

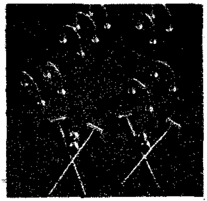


THE FAST BUCK TOWEL



Here's how to clean up on big money. It's a thirsty white cotton towel 15" x 26" with a *funny, phony* reproduction of a buck covering all of it. Great for the bar; a fun gag in the bathroom. Give it to the guy who always talks about "cleaning up." Just $1.25 ppd. from Greenland Studios Dept. CO-10, 3735 NW 67 Street, Miami 47, Florida.

TABLE TOP CROQUET SET

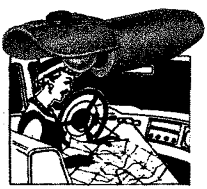


Now you and your family can play croquet indoors. Wonderful game that will test the skill of every member in the family. A miniature replica of the regular outdoor lawn kind. Our table set consists of 4 mallets, 4 balls, and 9 wickets, all polished solid brass. Order today. Only $1.00 Ppd. The Added Touch, Dept. CR 10, Wynnewood, Penna.

COLLEGE AND OTHER STUDENTS

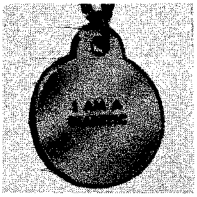
Now it is not necessary to carry "that old jagged" compass. With ordinary pencil (pat cap) and plastic rule you always have compass on hand. For math and science classes and at all times a compass *is needed. Very convenient.* Order today. Only $1.00 pp. Comparule, 242 Portage Trail-W. Ext., Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio.

HANDY PLUG-IN DASH LITE



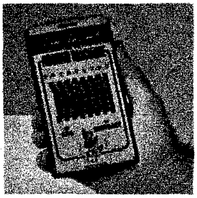
Plug into car lighter at any angle. Light's on to read maps, count change, write. No battery, switch. Hood prevents windshield reflections, sheds light safely below driver vision. Magnet "stores" it on any steel part. Sturdy plastic with replaceable bulb, only $1. Full moneyback guaranteed. Jarco Products Co., 6568 N. Sheridan Rd., Chicago 26, Ill.

HEART—DIABETIC—ALLERGY TAGS



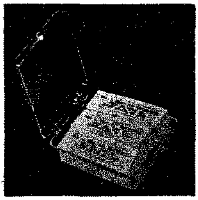
A "must" for everyone with a medical message. Helps to safeguard against receiving wrong medication in case of accident. Stainless Steel Disc; available as Bracelet, or with Neck Chain or Key Chain. Medical message engraved on one side: $2.00. For name, address, phone number on reverse side, add $1.00. Antin's 114 Baronne St., New Orleans 12, La.

ADDING MACHINE



$1.97 ea. or 2 for $3.49. Add—Subtr.—Mult.—Divide. Does all 4 operations. *Handles 9 columns of numbers.* Settle for no less. Leatherette case. Lowest price adder made in America. Beware of cheapened foreign imitations. Money back guarantee. Agents wanted. $1.97 add 4% tax in Pa. Tom Thumb, Dept. O-50, P.O. Box 5066, Philadelphia 11, Pa.

$1 FOR 100 PRINTED NAME

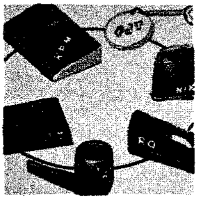


and address sparkling labels, nicely printed with a lovely Plastic box for just $1 postpaid! Worth much more! 5 orders or more at 75¢ per order! Money Back Guarantee. 300 Name & Address labels 50¢. Same fine printed quality but No *Plastic Box, Free Fund* Raising Plan! Tower Press, Inc., Box 591-KT, Lynn, Massachusetts.

LIVE OR VACATION LUXURIOUSLY

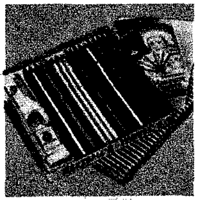
in Mexico for $180.00 per month. Female maids $12 per month, chauffeurs $30 per month. Gin, Rum, Brandy 80¢ fifth. Filet Mignon 50¢ lb. Sports, night life. Send for personal report—tells what Mexico *has to offer you. Only $2* for illus. 48 page booklet. Stone of Mexico. U. S. Office, Dept. 417, 836 N. Fairfax, Los Angeles 46, Calif.

200 RAISED GOLD INITIALS—$1.00



Earn extra money! Sell new Gold Monogram Kit, 200 initials. Personalizes any possession. Monograms metal, leather, etc. Made of metalized Mylar by Dupont. Self adhering, permanent. Raise money for charity, church, school, club. Order sample kit, plus profit making discounts. $1.00 ppd. Imperial Monograms, 150-26K Hillside Ave., Jamaica 32, N. Y.

NOW! A NEW WAY TO EARN MONEY

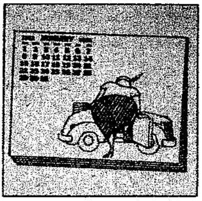


At home, full or part-time with new Photo Painting Pencils. Earn money now by coloring photos, snapshots, and Polaroid prints. Studios and friends will pay to have photos colored. Rush $4.98 for complete coloring Kit (includes 18 pencils) or send for Free instructions. Marshall's, 171 N. 9th St., Bklyn. 11, N.Y. At photo art & hobby stores everywhere.

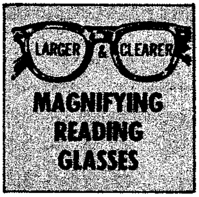
(Continued on next page)

GIRDLE GAL CALENDAR!

Here's an uncanny 1961 Calendar with a fresh aspect on the subject. Not a sweater girl among the dozen backside beauties. Dolls in unflattering shapes, sizes and situations. The awful truth exposed—uncensored, uninhibited. Men, hang it for a whole year's revenge! Ppd. $1 from Greenland Studios, Dept. CO-10, 3735 NW 67 St., Miami 47, Fla.



SEE, NEARER, CLEARER AND LARGER



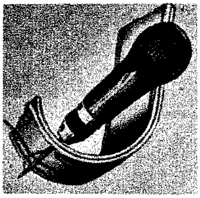
Wonderful new clip-on magnifiers fit over your regular prescription glasses. Help you see nearer, clearer and larger. Fits all glasses. Use in home, office or shop for fine print or fine work. Converts your distance glasses into reading glasses. Send $3.95 or order C. O. D. 30 Day Money Back Guarantee. Nu-Life Prod. Dept. C-312, Cos Cob, Conn.

KEEPS PIZZAS PIPING HOT

Tired of eating your take-home pizza cold? Then carry it home in new Pizza Porter that keeps pizzas piping hot till ready to eat. Quality made of washable vinyl; Fiber glass insulated; zips closed to keep heat in. Jaunty red & yellow—perfect gift for pizza lovers! Send $2.98 to The Pizza Porter, Inc., Dept. C11, 148 E. Seneca Tpke., Syracuse 5, N. Y.

PIZZA PORTER

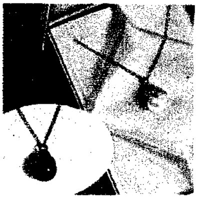
SEWS LEATHER & TOUGH MATERIAL



Speedy Stitcher repairs Car Tops, Sports gear. Anything made of Leather, Canvas and other tough materials. Easy push-pull action makes lock stitches like machines. Comes with 3 different needles, bobbin, waxed thread, illustrated directions. $1.98 postpaid or C.O.D. plus fees. Supplies available. Sportsman's Post, 366 Madison Ave., Dept. A-831, N.Y. 17.

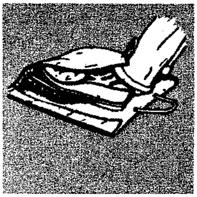
2 RARE PEARLS FOR PRICE OF 1—$4.95

Precious white & rare black cultured pearls are interchangeable on the 14 Kt. gold chain to grace Milady's lovely throat and highlight any costume! Smart gift box and certificate of genuineness included. Money back guarantee (add 10% fed. tax). Hobbies Unlimited, Box C-11, Oakland Gardens Sta., Flushing, N. Y.



COZY & WARM IN STADIUM OR BLIND

Keep feet warm at football games, (hunting or fishing) even in zero weather with New Outdoor Footwear Heater. Operates all day on 3½ ozs. lighter fluid. Safe. Compact. 15 ounces. Ideal gift. Order today. (You'll want several for Xmas). No C.O.D. Complete @ $10.95 ppd. Sportsman Footwarmer, Inc., P. O. Box 623, Waco, Texas. (Salesmen wanted)



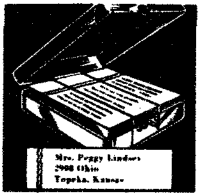
40 GENUINE PHOTO CHRISTMAS CARDS

Season's Greetings
Family

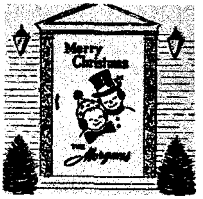
with your photo & name $1.00. Free. 40 envelopes. Send snapshot or neg. We photograph it & make 40 Photo Christmas cards on glossy stock and print your name on each. Add 25¢ post. & hndlg. each set. No C.O.D.'s. No orders accepted after Dec. 13. Money-back guar. Photo King, Dept. P-5, Box 3255, Grand Cent. Sta., N. Y. 17.

500 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS 25¢

World's greatest Label offer! 500 Gummed Labels printed with Any name and address, 25¢ per set! 4 sets (same printing or all different), $1.00! Two-tone Jewel-type plastic gift boxes 10¢ extra, 4 for 25¢. Order as many sets and boxes as you want. Money-back Guarantee! Order Now! Western Stationery Company, Dept. 848, Topeka, Kansas.



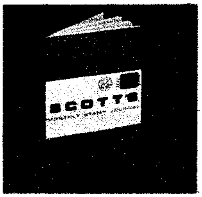
GIANT CHRISTMAS DOOR GREETER



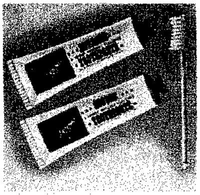
An attractive personalized addition to your home. In bright Christmas colors on quality weather resistant long lasting material. Use it Christmas after Christmas. Easy to install, will cover door from top to bottom. Full size (3'x6'). With your last name beautifully hand printed. Only $3.98. Card Mart Company, P. O. Box 5, Forest Park Sta., Springfield 8, Mass.

STAMP COLLECTOR'S JOURNAL

Get more fun out of stamp collecting with Scott's Monthly Stamp Journal. Learn the stories behind the stamps. Get latest stamp news. Keep up with stamp-world events. Each copy carries pages of new-issue information. Fully illustrated. Special introductory offer: 3 issues $1. Send your dollar today to Scott—Dept. C-4—Box 402 Radio City, N. Y. 19, N.Y.



WHISKEY FLAVORED TOOTH PASTE



At last, here's real he-man tooth paste—genuine 6 proof stuff that's the best argument yet for brushing teeth three times a day. Full 2½ ounce tubes are flavored with genuine Scotch or Bourbon. Why fight oral hygiene—enjoy it! Specify Scotch or Bourbon. Just $1 per tube from Greenland Studios, Dept. CO-10, 3735 NW 67 St., Miami 47, Fla.

WHAT BOOKS ARE YOU SEEKING?

Name the book—we'll find it for you! No matter how old or long out-of-print. Fiction, non-fiction. All authors, all subjects. We search 'till we locate the books you desire, and then quote prices courteously, with absolutely no obligation on your part. Simply list the books you wish—our staff does the rest. Write Books-On-File, Dept. DI, Union City, N. J.

NOW!
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BOOKS
LOCATED!

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Save up to 50% on over 760 sewing supplies. Name brands used by every home sewer. Zippers 9¢, seam-binding 1¢ yd., sewing thread 1200 yds. 30¢, sewing machine bobbins 10¢, nylon lace 40 yds. $1. Start saving money, send 25¢ for catalog today, to world's largest sewing supply center. Newark Dressmaker Supply, Dept. 2T, 140 Halsey St., Newark 2, N. J.

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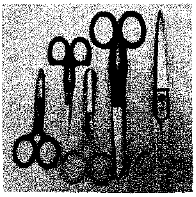
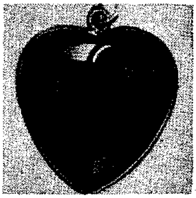
See complete selection of ladies wide shoes in new styles, trim 'n slim for Fall. Choose from all heel heights, all sizes 4 to 11, widths C to EEE. Shown new pointed-toe "May" with 2⅛" heels. In Black Suede; Black or Red Calf. Only $9.95 ppd., money back guar. Order now or get free catalog. Syd Kushner, Dept. C-10, 733 South St., Phila. 47, Pa.

GENUINE SOLINGEN SCISSOR SET . . . $2



Sent postpaid and duty free direct from Europe to you! Made in Solingen, Germany, famous for knives and scissors, this 5-piece set includes 7" household scissors, 6" sewing scissors, 4" pocket scissors, 3½" nail scissors, 3½" embroidery scissors. Save money at only $2 for the set. Order from: Heritage Bldg., Ft. Worth 12, Texas. No CODs.

PRECIOUS JADE HEART—$10



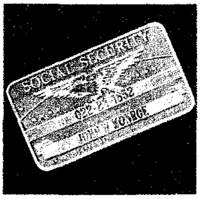
Genuine precious jade, age old token of affection good luck. Ideal gift. Heart circled in gleaming 14K gold, wear it as pendant, on charm bracelet. Perfect cut polished jade, approx. 1", weighs 10 carats. $10 postpd & tax incl. Larger heart, 20 carats, $12.50. Highly fashionable. Guar. International Gem Corp., 17A Maiden Lane, New York 38.

1000 NAME & ADDRESS LABELS $1

Mrs. Arthur H. Robinson
1035 Thurmal Avenue
Rochester, New York

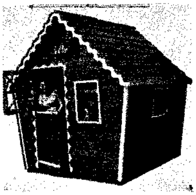
Any 3 different orders $2 ppd. Your name & address handsomely printed on 1000 finest quality gummed labels. Padded. Packaged with Free Plastic Gift Box. Use them on stationery, books, cards, etc. Special—Save Money. Any 3 different orders $2. Satisfaction guaranteed. Handy Labels, Dept. 987, Jasperson Bldg., Culver City, California.

LIFETIME SOCIAL SECURITY CARD



Your full name and Social Security number is engraved on this wallet-sized (3½ x 2) reproduction of your SS card. Gives you permanent, positive identification. In two-tone wafer-thin aluminum—indestructible from water, fire, etc. Send name and number (please print). $1.00 ppd. Write for catalog. Zenith Gifts, 5000 P. O. Bldg., Brighton, Mass.

REDWOOD PLAYHOUSES



World's largest manufacturer of children's playhouses sold only factory direct. 6 diversified models to choose from, priced from $49.95. Many have used our playhouses for storage, pets, tools, etc. Write for free illustrated catalog. Order early for Christmas. We ship anywhere. 5 Stop Patio Furniture, Dept. C, 11343 Camarillo St., North Hollywood, Calif.

ABSOLUTE USELESS TOOLS!

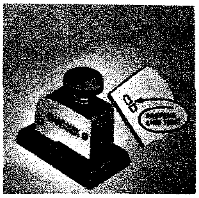
THE USELESS PLIERS

For the man who does not like to do it himself. Gold plated tools that won't work—a screw driver that won't turn a screw; pliers that are cast solid; a tape measure with inaccurate numbers; a hollow-head hammer good for nothing. Gift boxed with guar. and instr. for putting off the job. $1.25 ea. ppd. Greenland Studios, Dept. CO-10, 3735 NW 67 Miami 47, Fla.

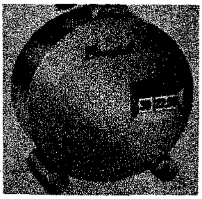
(Continued on next page)

STAPLE-LESS PAPER FASTENER

Remarkable stapler fastens papers by a clever method that utilizes the paper itself. Never buy staples. Never run out. Never ruin fingernails removing staples. Will clip up to 10 regular sheets every time—never fails. Money saving handy helper for home and office. $2.69 ppd. from Greenland Studios, Dept. CO-10, NW 67 St., Miami 47, Florida.



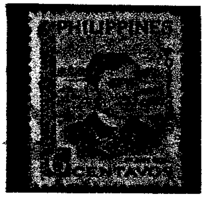
FORCES YOU TO SAVE $100.00 A YEAR



automatically. Get Perpetual Date & Amount Banks. 25¢ a day keeps Date up to date. Also totals amount saved. Forces you to save daily, or Calendar won't change date. Use year after year. Reg. $3.50. Now only $1.99 ea.; 3 for $5.75; 6 for $11. Add 25¢ per bank postage. Date Bank, 300 Albany Ave., Brooklyn 13, N.Y. Sold by mail only. Prompt delivery.

FREE! 100 WORLDWIDE STAMPS

Send now for new, Free collection of 100 all-different Worldwide stamps. New issues of the year—pictorials, commemoratives. Get Togo "Sumit" stamp, Netherlands KLM, South African, Antarctic, many more. Send for this valuable collection and other stamp offers on approval, today. Rush reply, 10¢ for handling to Garcelon, Dept. OCRX, Calais, Me.



STOP EYEGLASSES FROM SLIPPING

No need to push up ever-sliding glasses. Keep your glasses snug-fitting with a pair of Ear-LOKS. Soft, elastic tabs stretch easily over ends of ear pieces. Invisible, Comfortable Fit all plastic eyeglass frames, men, women & children. 59¢ a pair, 2 pairs $1.00. No C.O.D.'s. Satisfaction guaranteed. Dorsay Products, Dept K-2, 200 W. 57 St., New York 19, N. Y.

FUNNY BATHROOM DOOR BELL

Here's a sure way to speed up bathroom traffic. If you're waiting, ring once. Ring twice when you mean Now. Three rings mean to forget the whole thing. Silvery bell and ringer mounted on decorated hard wood, size 8½ x 3½. A cute bathroom decoration and party funmaker. Just $1 ppd. Greenland Studios, Dept. CO-10, 3735 NW 67 St., Miami 47, Fla.

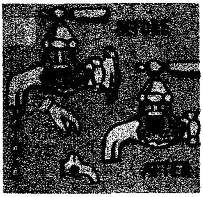
the GOTTA-GO bell

YOUR DEAL, PARTNER!

You can't lose with these Giant Playing Cards! Over Half a Foot High. More than a novelty, there is practical appeal which will keep company entertained, win or lose. An original gift, wonderful fun, supreme quality. Only $4.00 a deck, 3 decks for $10.00 ppd. Order today! Galentine Novelty Co., Dept. D, 519 E. Jefferson Blvd., South Bend 17, Ind.

TEXAS DECK
GIANT SIZE

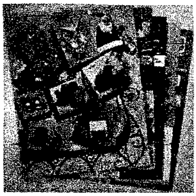
BALL SEALERS STOP LEAKY FAUCETS



Stops drips and leaks where others fail. Easy to install—just drop in—no screws or tools needed. Made of sturdy neophrene to resist hot water, grease, oil, etc. Lasts 10 times longer than old-fashioned flat washers. Never wears out inner seat. Kit of 12 Ball Sealers to fit any faucet. Only $1. ppd. Guar. Damar's, 56-J, Damar Bldg., Elizabeth, N.J.

600 EXCITING DIFFERENT GIFTS

Unusual and distinctive gifts in this superb selection of toys, salt & peppers, jewelry, games, ceramics, imports, housewares, ornaments, ribbons & wraps and many other gifts. Solve every gift problem. Get free illustrated 4-color catalog today. Write: Adriane, Inc. 6-990 Finch Bldg., Merchandise Mart, St. Paul 1, Minnesota.

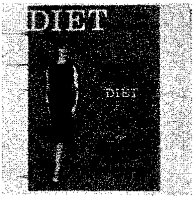


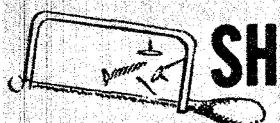
THE ENCHANTING GIFT THAT GLOWS

bringing 175 hrs. of warm candle-lite for Christmas, birthday, anniversary. Soft light for patio, pool-side, dining, dancing, to light your secluded rendezvous! Pink, red, green, blue, yellow, white 4" x 7". Only $3.50 ($5 Value) pstg. pd. Cont. U.S. (2 for $6) add 4% Calif. Gift Shop, Pine View Lodge Resort, Blue Jay, Calif. (Dealer Inquires Invited).

AN UNUSUAL NEW DIET BOOK

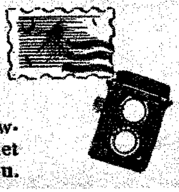
is now available for people interested in maintaining a healthier, happier life through painless weight control. It's the brand new 1960 edition of Diet Treasury, top tips for every dieting problem! Send 35¢ to P.O. Box 402, Radio City Station, New York 19, New York ($1.00 brings you this year's Diet Treasury along with volume II and III) Act Now!





SHOPPING GUIDE

Classified



The special Shopping Guide below offers you a showcase of many unique products and services. Coronet hopes you will find items of interest and value to you.

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TALL-GALS of all ages buy shoes Direct by Mail. Smart 5th Av. styles as low as $5.95. Perfect fit. Sizes to 13; AAAAA to C. Send today for new Free 32-page booklet ET. No risk to you with Money-back guarantee. Shoecraft, 603 Fifth Ave., New York 17.

SEW Aprons at home for stores. No charge for material to fill orders. Quality, service and reliability are the backbone of our business. In our fifth successful year. Write: Adco Mfg. Co., Bastrop 40, Louisiana.

RID Home of Bugs with amazing Bug-Nix Pads—scientific killer of Ants, roaches, silverfish, water bugs, carpet beetles, crickets, brown dog ticks! Moneybk. guar. 12-pad pkg. $1.00 ppd. V. S. Babcock Co., Dept. C-1, Box 61, San Francisco, Calif.

BEAUTIFUL good-for-your-feet shoes in world's . . . largest size range: 1 to 13, AAAAA to EEEEE . . . Free 32-page Catalog shows style variety (from $10.95) for all occasions. Perfect fit insured or money back! Solby Bayes, 45T Winter Street, Boston 8, Mass.

CAKE Decorating. Amazing new method. Learn fascinating art at home. Easy instructions, step by step illustrations and designs. Decorate your own cakes and cookies for all occasions. Details free. Decorating Institute. Box 648C, Wantagh, New York.

SIZE 2½ to 14 AAAAAAA to D. Large assort. of colors & leathers in Lucky Stride Flats & Little Heels $10-$14. Save 50¢ pair—order 2 or more pair. Ppd. Money back if returned unworn in 5 days. Free Catl'g. Dressy Flats, Dept. C9, Box 111, Malverne, N. Y.

$15.00 THOUSAND possible, addressing envelopes, postcards at home for advertisers! Longhand, typewriter; Full, sparetime; days, evenings. Satisfaction guaranteed. Further details free. Economy Publishers, Box 2580-W, Greensboro, North Carolina.

FREE—Latest Discount Catalog! Save, make up to 50% on nationally known gifts, jewelry, toys, wedding invitations, greeting cards. Agent's bonus offer on Cards—25 Boxes Free! Big money makers. Elmcraft Chicago, 5930-L South Western, Chicago 36, Ill.

KNITTING YARNS at 40% savings! Buy direct from manufacturer. 500 actual samples, 25¢. Eskimo Yarns, Dept. K5, 368 Grand St., New York City.

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FOR THE WOMEN

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KILL the hair root! With the famous Mahler Hair Removal Epilator, you can destroy unwanted hair permanently in the privacy of your own home. Send 10¢ for "New Radiant Beauty" booklet to Mahler's Inc., Dept. 320S, Providence 15, Rhode Island.

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FREE! New 56 page Catalog illustrating 332 different, unusual Jewelry, Gift items personalized with symbols of professions, trades. Write for Free unique Catalog today. Professional Gifts Corp., Box 69C, 160 Fifth Ave., New York 10, N.Y.

I'LL send you Free stocking sample newest advancement in hosiery since nylon. Patented, full-length. Stays up over-the-knee without supporters, without girdle! Nationally advertised price $1.95. Make money introducing to friends at $1.00 pair. American Mills, Dept. 696, Indianapolis, Indiana.

EXPERIMENT with "Sleep Learning"! Fascinating, educational. Use your phonograph, recorder or amazing new "Electronic Educator" endless tape recorder. Self hypnosis, self-improvement, vocabulary, language courses available on tape and record. Astonishing details, sensational 2-item catalog available Free. Write: Sleep-Learning Research Ass't, Box 24-P, Olympia, Wash.

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BEAUTIFUL Sheer Nylons, 1 yr. replacement guarantee against runs, snags; 6 prs. postpaid on credit; pay $5.95 after trial or return 5 prs., worn pr., free. Color card for 3¢ stamp. Nat'l Merchandisers, Box 1975, Dept. 1, Little Rock, Ark.

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50% REDUCTION for limited time on some patterns of Sterling Silver flatware. All heavy weight. 4-piece place settings as low as $13.80. 44-piece sets as low as $160.00. Sent for free brochure. Arthur Stuart Company, Box 4084, Albuquerque, New Mex.

(Continued on next page)

FOR THE MEN

BE TALLER. You can be impressively taller, raise your business and social potential. Staturaid shoes help you win new heights in life. Choose elevation you desire. 35 styles. Send for photo catalog, C-5. Joseph Burger, M'f'r, 781 E. 142 St., New York 54, N.Y.

GAME WARDEN, Government Hunter, Forestry, Park and Wildlife Service announce job openings regularly. Enjoy outdoor work, good pay. Complete information Free! North American School of Conservation, Dept. 90AA, 810 Dodsworth, Covina, Calif.

BEER 26¢ gallon. Easy to make your own. Retired Brewmaster's private home stock recipe gives you one of the best beers. Perfect, clear, sparkling. Delicious. All you want. Low cost. Easy. Simple. No odor. Complete easy instruction sent to you for $1.00 bill. Brewmaster, Box 2234 Oakland 21, Calif.

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"8 MISTAKES Parents Make." Every parent should have this new book about child training. It is free; no obligation. Simply address Parents Association, Dept. 13510, Pleasant Hill, Ohio.

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SAVE! Make leather moccasin slippers within hours. Everything in kit. No tools, experience. Full sizes, 4-11, incl. Men, women. Use yourself or for Christmas gifts. Money-back guarantee. Special $1.00 ppd. Larson, Dept. 204, 820 S. Tripp, Chicago 24.

GENEALOGICAL supplies to record your family story. Charts 8½ x 11". Family Record chart space for 12 children. 6 generation Lineage Charts, may be extended easily. 50¢ doz. 15¢ postage. Samples 15¢. Hazel Eilers, 2522 Thayer Street, Evanston, Illinois.

MODERN PERSONALIZED "Slim Line" Photo Christmas Cards with the extra large picture area for your favorite photo. Send negatives for specialty introductory offer, 20 cards with envelopes $1. Value Labs, P.O. Box 38, C, C.I. Sta., Brooklyn 24, N.Y.

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LOANS. Entirely by mail—$600 or Less For Any Purpose. Strictly confidential. Repay in 24 low monthly payments. Employed men, women eligible anywhere. Write: Budget Finance Co., Dept. A-90, 114 S. 17, Omaha 2, Nebr.

BORROW $100 to $600 By Mail. Quick, Easy, Private. No Co-Signers. Repay in 24 small monthly payments. For the amount you want write today to Dial Finance Co., 410 Kilpatrick Bldg., Dept. K-24, Omaha 2, Nebraska.

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CLUBS and Church Groups, earn $100 to $500 cash plus 24 handsome sturdy card tables. No deposit. No risk. In 17 years have satisfied over 3,000 plan users. Write for details: F. W. Mathers, Advertising Card Tables, Dept. CT, Mt. Ephraim, N. J.

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YOUR club, church or group can make $50 to $500 to $1,500 or more year after year. Amazing plan. It's easy and it's fun. Write for Free details. Products, Box 116-M, Glencove, Illinois.

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COLONIAL INN, 300-rm. complete resort Motel. Ocean-front, 181st St., swimming pools, 500 ft. private beach, dancing, entertainment, Teenager's Nite, Club, Supervised Kiddies' playroom. Low summer rates, free TV, parking. Write for brochure.

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INVENTIONS and ideas wanted for immediate promotion on cash or royalty basis. Patented or unpatented. All types considered. Send for free "Invention Protection Form" & copyrighted booklet, Casco, Suite 309, Medical Science Bldg., Wash. 5, D.C.

PATENT Searches, including copies of related patents, $6.00. Original "World-Wide" Airmail service to inventors, attorneys & mfrs. Free record form & "Information Every Inventor Needs." Miss June Hayward, 1029 Vermont Ave., N.W., Wash. 5, D. C.

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COLOR film—Kodachrome, Ektachrome, Kodacolor and Anscochrome, processed and/or printed under most rigid controls. Send for complete price list free! For finest color finishing money can buy—it's Acme Color Photo Lab. Box 6025K, Minneapolis, Minn.

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KODACOLOR Trial Offer: enlarged prints from your Kodacolor negatives 15¢ each; or your 8 exposure Kodacolor film developed, enlarged only $2.00; 12 exp. $2.50. Return this ad with trial order or send for price list. Sun Color, Dept. C, Englewood, N. J.

25 QUALITY Bill-fold size photographs . . . only $1.00. Printed on beautiful double-weight silk paper. . . . Send your negative or picture (any size) and just one dollar (no additional charges) to . . . Photo-Mail . . . Box 108 . . . Danville, Illinois.

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200,000 COLOR-SLIDES (17,000 subjects) covering the United States, Brussels Fair, & 75 foreign countries. Send 15¢ for 88 page US Catalog; 3¢ for each foreign list to Capt. M. W. Arps, USN, ret., Box 1715, Washington 13, D. C.

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SEE the World in Color. 8mm-16mm Kodachrome movies. Alaska, Hawaii, America, Europe, Africa, South Seas, U. S. National Parks. Also War and Rocket Test films. 185 subjects. Low prices. Write World in Color, Box 392-C, Elmira, N. Y.

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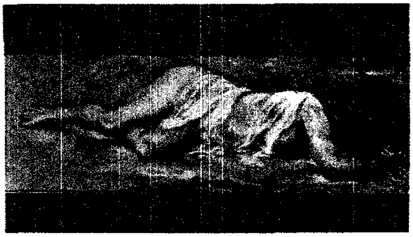

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ludicrous legalities

BY WILL BERNARD

IN MAINE, the legislature once passed a law authorizing the S.P.C.A. to put old cats, dogs and people out of their misery.

IN TEXAS, the legislature passed a resolution declaring that Texas skies are bluer than Italian skies.

IN KANSAS, a law required escaped jackasses to pay for damage they did.

IN KENTUCKY, it was made a criminal offense to fire a gun that wasn't loaded.

IN VIRGINIA, pedestrians were declared subject to a fine if they let themselves get hit by a car.

IN WISCONSIN, a lawmaker proposed that parents could avoid liability for a child's mischief if they would post conspicuously on the child a sign with eight-inch red letters on a white background saying: "BEWARE OF WILD CHILD."

IN KENTUCKY, a lawmaker offered a bill forbidding tobacco auctioneers from chanting indistinctly.

IN TENNESSEE, the legislature decreed that owners of domestic animals could not run at large.

IN WISCONSIN, a barber in the legislature proposed a ban on whiskers.

IN KANSAS, a legislator proposed a ban on corsets.

IN MISSOURI, a legislator proposed the selection of a watermelon inspector to be known as "The Official Plugger, Muncher and Taster of the State of Missouri."

IN MASSACHUSETTS, lawmakers weighed a bill to forbid hens from wearing trousers.

IN INDIANA, a legislator, fearing that convicts were being pampered, offered an "Anti-Jailbird-Flower-Senders Bill."

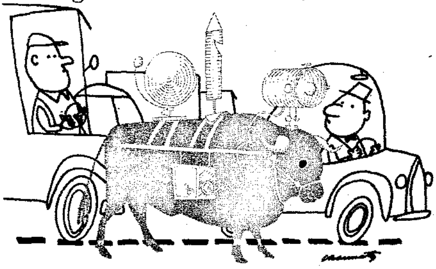
IN A KANSAS community, local lawmakers, fed up with a certain popular song, decreed a fine for singing, humming or whistling it between the hours of 6 A.M. and 10 P.M.

IN ILLINOIS, a lawmaker proposed that bachelors should henceforth be called "Master" instead of "Mister," so the girls would know the matrimonial score right away.

IN MISSOURI, the legislature specified all the ingredients to be used in the manufacture of beer, left out the water.

IN TEXAS, when the legislature was debating a bill against Peeping Toms, lawmakers proposed three exceptions: (1) one-eyed peepers; (2) peepers over 50 years of age; (3) members of the legislature.

IN NEW YORK, under a proposed traffic law, a bull on the highway had to be equipped with a bell, a headlight and a whistle.



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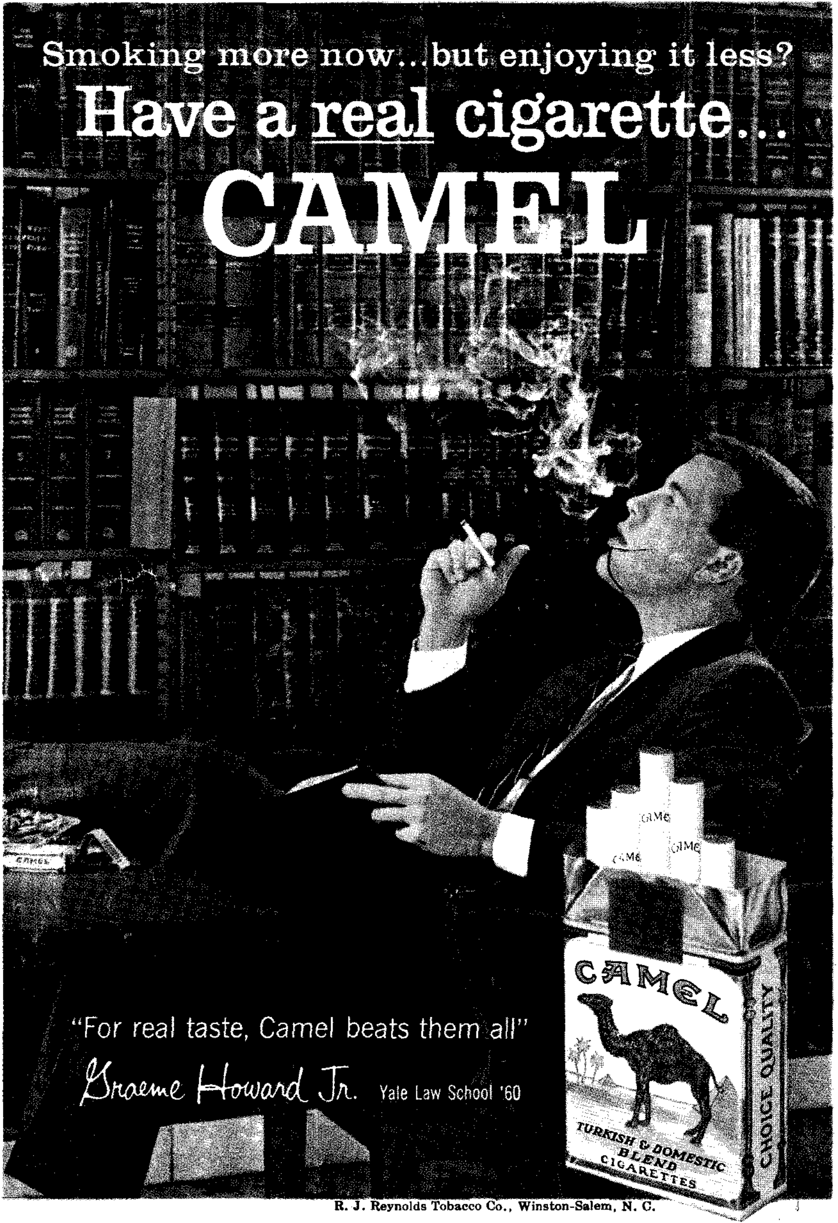
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